clc 96000432
(cont.)

X Collection

INDEX

Page: 1

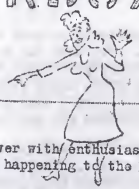
Barcode Number	Box Number	Total of Volumes	Call Number
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS 0 019 583 899 9	1309B	242	PN4827-PN4827.Y
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS 0 019 583 900 1	1310	232	PN4827-PN4827.E

CHATTERBOX

#337

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee, Wis.
April 1950

Eighth Chat



Hello again all you nice people!,

Enthusiastic Irma is just bubbling over with enthusiasm and news. But who wouldn't with all the nice things happening to the M.A.P.C.?

First of all I want to tell you that the Milwaukee Club has just received a Fifty Dollar check from The Milwaukee Home Show Home Committee. We had an Essay Contest on the Home Show Home. The individual winners will receive book prizes.

First prize winner in the Essay contest was E. Percy Grover, Horicon Wisconsin. This should go a long way to prove to Percy that we are not "kidding" when we tell him he has talent!

Marian Atwell was the second prize winner. She deserved to be in the winners class even if her Essay had not been as excellent as it was. The handicaps that girl works under! She rushed in at dead-line time, and handed me her entry with, "On the first draft the baby almost drank ammonia, and the furnace exploded. On the second draft my husband threatened to divorce me." Poor Marian. Seems her husband objects to her juggling a frying pan with one hand while typing with the other. Men are such unreasonable creatures!

Third prize went to Dee Tucker. Her entry, in the whimsical mood, was one of the most beautiful things I have ever read. If I had been the judge ---.

Congratulations to all of you! And a great big Thank You to the other members who sent in their entries. Larry Lawrence said that all the entries were so good that he had a hard time picking the winners. That should make all of you feel pretty good.

Somebody asked where the Chatterbox came in. What a question! Among the "also ran's" naturally. But she didn't miss out altogether--

The Thin Man and this editor were guests of The Milwaukee Real Estate Board at a luncheon on Tuesday March 21st. Actually the honor of going with our Eddie belonged to Percy, but since Percy lives out of town, I was elected to represent him and collect our check.

The food was delicious, the people delightful, but - - maybe the 300 or so people attending the luncheon thought they were hearing castanets - my teeth and knees kept pretty good rhythm. For once, the Chatterbox lived up to the first part of her name!

Why all this commotion, you ask? Well, I was told I would have to make an acceptance speech before that crowd! Lucky for me, it did not turn out quite so gruesome. My "speech" finally boiled down to about two sentences. (I think!)

X-PN 4827

#338

CHATTERBOX



THE MAN SAYS- "THIS IS A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION" - BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Chat 3. Vol. 2,

December 1950

X-PN 4827

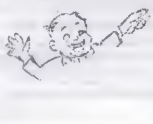
Bring on the Brass Band, Crown and Scepter! Hail to the new King of Fiction! Mary Frame, our Laureate Recorder, need worry no longer about bestowing the Fiction Award for 1951. No one could surpass the Tale of Green by Eddie Daas in last month's The Man Says! And to think that one lone pair of green ear-rings (priced forty-nine cents) could bring out all that hidden talent! Verily - verily - life is full of surprises. Come to think of it, though, it might be fun to go on a shopping spree like that. But, I'd have to add one very important item, namely one New Husband! And considering that I've had this one for umpty years and I'm kind of used to the guy-well, I don't know. Still - I've never had a hat that cost $9.98, and that Dream of Paris, yet - stop giving me ideas, Eddie, I'd probably have a heck of a time finding me a new husband!

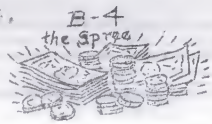
That "whipped cream" etc., item is pure libel! Who wanted the cream? And who was foolish enough to go and get it for The Thin Man? Huh?

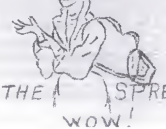
****

The boys are threatening me with mayhem if I don't get through talking about the Milwaukee Convention in this issue. So don't blame me if I just skip over the Saturday and Sunday events.

Saturday morning was taken up with a business session, and about all I remember about that is that suddenly somebody said "Irma Reitci, is our new President." Just when I was beginning to feel a nice, warm, glow, Charley Hoins jumps up and says something about a speech from the new President. Now, I hate to say this, but - that Eddie Daas does have his good moments, and I could have kissed him when he calmly informed the "congregation" that Irma would make her acceptance speech that evening at the Banquet. The fact that this was the first I knew about the "acceptance speech" didn't matter just then. For the moment I was saved, and my heart started beating again. In fact, it kept on beating faster and faster throughout the afternoon business session of the Alumni, and it had reached the frantic rhythm of a south African war drum when our toastmaster, Joe Lynch, proclaimed the fatal words about "we will now hear from Irma Reitci." I guess I must have made a speech, considering that people came and congratulated me later, but don't ask me what I said. All I know is that it shouldn't happen again - not even to me!







#337

MAY CHATTERBOX 1950



Ninth Chat

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee 5, Wis.

There I was, perched coily on top of the stepladder, when the Thin Man came. It didn't take the crack of his whip to tell me what was coming. I knew it the moment his eyes bored through me with the great big question mark. Slowly I dragged all my aching muscles down the ladder, shifted my tired brain into second, and managed a feeble smile.

"Well?" It wasn't as much of a question as an accusation.

"You see ---" I managed to stammer, with all this --- this housecleaning --- I just can't find the time to ---"

"Let somebody else do it! Snapped the Thin Man, "And get to work!"

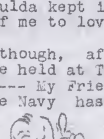
"But it's too late now," I tried hopefully, "by the time I write the stuff and then cut the stencils ---"

"Too late nothing," Eddie interrupted, "You write and I'll cut the stencils. Now get busy."

And so, to make a short story long, you are now reading THE CHATTERBOX by courtesy of "stuff" by Irma, stencils by Eddie Daas and mimeographing by George Boehme. Why all this fuss about nothing is more than I can see. I am sure you would have been very happy to have had a vacation from THE CHATTERBOX. Well, don't blame me. I tried.

But I am not through with the Thin Man yet. That man! (Business of gnashing my teeth!) Did you read what he said about me in last month's The Man Says? So why can't I get sentimental? Nobody knows better than Eddie that "us" peoples born in May are sentimental creatures. What are little things like blizzards, gray hair or too much "avoirdupois" when May beckons and our hearts are young? And did you notice how slyly he put in that bit about "Not iron your shirts?"Huh! Maybe he thinks I can't see through that! So I should stop writing sentimental poetry (?) and start taking in ironing. And when the only reason I haven't started ironing his shirts has been to give all the beautiful "maiden ladies" of the N.A.P.C. a chance to show Eddie what he is missing. Such gratitude! But I am getting even with him. So he loves "every little pound of My Friend Irma?" Just for that I went on The Army/Diet. (They shoulda kept it in the Army. It's murder) Now there's a little less of me to love. So there!

Come to think of it, though, after that Birthday party of the N.A.P.C. on May 25th, to be held at The Distelfink ---- with all the delicious food on the menu --- My Friend Irma will probably again be ALL there! (Wonder what the Navy has to offer in the way of a reducing diet?)



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

X-PN 4827

X-PN 4827

H340

THE
CEMETERY RABBIT

Seventeenth Hop Suitland, Maryland Memorial Day, 1950

Amendment Opinions

1 YES If some amendments are submitted prior to December, why not get them published and allow longer discussion? This new arrangement would also give editor more latitude in make-up.

2 YES *All* costs are up. Dues must follow. Let's try $3.00.

3 YES Who can foresee stability in office for two years ahead? And a *good* Secretary could always be reelected.

4 NO $3.00 dues of Amendment 2 is enough of a hike to try.

5 YES Should be understood, but let's make it mandatory to have proxy ballots delivered *unopened* by Custodian.

6 NO Covered by Amendment 2.

7 NO Basic idea of Sustaining Memberships is OK, but needs more thought and revamping—why the need to fulfill active membership requirements, and why not consider $10. instead of $5.?

8 NO 5x7 page size is too small for a dignified *National Amateur* —and equivalent type content would involve greater expense.

9 YES Let's stop taxing our publishers twice.

10 NO Quality should also be balanced by some quantity for winning editorial and printing laureateships.

11 YES Beefing up laureateship competitions is healthy for the association—also benefits the bashful, over-modest, and lethargic.

12 NO Puts too much arbitrary power in hands of the presiding officer at convention through appointive power over Constitution Committee; delays action; and eliminates requirement for publishing amendments in the official organ.

13 NO Proxies could then be chaotic; and how could anyone amend a proxy or withdraw a proxy when attending in person?

X-PN 4827 #341

THE CEMETERY RABBIT

Sixteenth Hop Suitland, Maryland May, 1950

FOR ART'S SAKE

I used to call it poetry,
But now it's getting worse—
I really ought to spend some time
In polishing my rusty verse.

With five short minutes every day,
The time I use to brush my teeth,
I could be m aking sonnets shine
And maybe win a laurel wreath.

Just five short minutes every day—
And in some future year, no doubt,
I'll mumble my immortal lines
As one by one my teeth fall out!

ON THE TRAIN

Oh little puppets in a row,
Reading your papers,
Can I know
The vital things you think about
When the lights go out?
Is it God, or Infinity,
Or just what can the matter be
With the electricity?

—Rowena Autry Moitoret

X-PN 4827 H342

THE CEMETERY RABBIT

Fifteenth Hop Suitland, Maryland January, 1950

LINES AT 1:30 A. M.

Oh poem, poem in the night,
Beseeching me to rise and write,
The bed is warm. The floor is cold.
I think it's time that you were told
Late hours and housework do not mix,
And my family awakes at six.
So poem, you may be words sublime,
Or merely lines that scan and rhyme. . .
But come again some other time!

TO CAROLYN, 1949

There will be other months and years for you,
But somehow never quite the same again
As now, when first you cup your hands for rain,
Or run barefoot, laughing, through the dew. . .
When elves and fairies are still real; when new
Adventure beckons down each muddy lane,
And magic is often wrapped in cellophane,
Like jellybeans, or popcorn at the zoo.

So dance through these days of make-believe and fill
Your little hands with useless, treasured things,
Some wild grass seed, white gravel stones, and strings. . .
Too soon there will be time for sitting still,
The time for school, for learning what you're told. . .
But only one April when you're three years old.

—Rowena Autry Moitoret

Bur. Fis Coll. APN 4827

5 Copy 9 13 50

#343

THE

CEMETERY RABBIT

Eighteenth Hop Suitland, Maryland July 11, 1950

Cleveland Convention:

THROUGH AN OUTSIDER'S EYES

By Katherine Autry

For me it was simple, because I wasn't expected to remember names or connect them with papers or faces, so any sort of blunder was excusable. I wasn't particularly enthused about any of the men—trouble was they were either too young or they were married (all men are psychotic anyway). Had I been younger I might have become starry-eyed over any of the young, enthusiastic male members. As for the women, I found them very friendly, and I particularly enjoyed short chats with Louise Lincoln, Felicitas Haggerty, Sesta Matheison, and Hazel Segal.

The idea of a caucus was new to me—it seems to be an effective way of getting things off one's chest, although some persons were slightly long-winded. In general, I believe most of the amateurs are as good speakers as they are writers.

The picnic, the banquet, and a bit of one business session were all I sat in on, what with my job as baby-sitter for Carolyn and Alan, with Nancy Segal added part of the time. From what I did see, I was impressed with the way things kept moving without any obvious dictating. I knew Harold Ellis and Helm Spink had a hand in fixing things up, but they kept very much in the background. The pic-

X-PN 4827

SCRIPT BUREAU
827 West Colden
Los Angeles 44, Calif.

DEC. 1950 CORNWALL'S **LEAFLET**

Last leaf of the year, that's right . . . you haven't heard the last of big chief Scriptorium, indeed no! After we get our President out on a limb, so to speak, I myself might hibernate until early summer. My official duties weigh heavily upon me . . . I don't know how others feel.

Well then, people, it's "Good Bye, old year!" Let us look forward, not rearward. He who keeps looking backward may stumble over a precipice. Away with past episodes, all useless banter and jocundity. Let us greet the New Year with a bewildered smile. Let us focus our leers along the horizon of the great ajay responsibilities, conscious always of moderation, tolerance, nobility, and, above all, remembering well the heritage of our noble forebears.

Joy to the World!

How about sending this Department some verse or prose—short, long, or what have you?

The entrepot needs, among other things, a series of proper essays on a variety of subjects; philosophy of history, original sources of myth and ritual, archaeology, astronomy, semantics, geology, phlebotomy, oligocythemia, and the art of collecting postage stamps.

CAPC Crier

No. 1 Suitland, Md. Dec. 17, 1950

Cooperation Amazes Castleman

The CAPC meeting came more or less to some sort of disorganization (the word is synonymous with the CAPC) around 1:00 p.m. Sunday, December 17, 1950, with Nat Pallone, J. Rolfe Castleman, Vic and Rowena Moitoret attending. Vic was absent from the first business session, due in part to his aquiring a Christmas tree.

Upon his return to the business session at hand, Vic evidenced an amazing lack of cooperation by attempting to distribute type into the same case out of which I am composing, and wandering aimlessly about the shop on the pretext of setting type.

At the moment there is no positive indication that Rowena will set any type; should it occur, we will report it elsewhere in this issue of the *Crier*. —JRC

A-PN 4827

#341

CONVENTION SOUVENIR

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

AND ALUMNI

55th. ANNUAL CONVENTION
AT

MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN

AUGUST 31st., SEPTEMBER 1st., 2nd. & 3rd.
1950

ISSUED IN GRATITUDE AND APPRECIATION OF THE TIME AND EFFORT DEVOTED BY A GOOD STAFF OF OFFICERS AND A CO-OPERATIVE MEMBERSHIP TO PROMOTE THE ACTIVITIES AND PLEASURES OF THE PRINCE OF HOBBIES.."AMATEUR JOURNALISM."

MILWAUKEE AMATEUR PRESS CLUB- PUBLISHERS

X-PN 4827 #347

THE CONAPAN



JUNE 1950

X-PN 4827

#348

Comment

Seattle, Wash. Fall, 1951 Richmond, Ky.

Editorials

MY UNEXPECTED appointment as the Recruit Chief of the National by Victor Moitoret has been made. Years of experience has proved to my satisfaction that good recruit work is based on personal work by our individual members. Members gained by advertising or general group work as a rule do not remain long as members. Personal recruiting secures the right material and consistent follow up work keeps the members.

Weaker Moments for July, by Ralph Babcock, questions the wisdom of three dollar renewals and reinstatements. With so many members today dropping out, the fallacy of the three dollar fee is proved. Many of our new members receive so little their first year that they refuse to renew at three dollars. Most of them receive only the four official organs considerably behind schedule and some slim bundles. Most of the fine journals that are individually mailed pass them up altogether. If the NAPA needs more money, then let's have a financial drive each year among our membership who pay no dues at all. An amendment will be

X-PN 4827

#349

Comment

Seattle, Wash. June, 1951 Richmond, Ky.

Strategy

Old Jed had drifted into Cactus Junction a long time ago, and his simple half-witted mind had never thought of a good reason for ever drifting out again. His only occupation was to kill flies in front of the saloons and other various business places of the little western town with an old fly swatter he always carried.

He was seated in front of Parker's Saloon, plying his trade when a vicious looking individual on horseback rode up, dismounted, and strode through the swinging door of Parker's Place. Jed peeked slyly under the doors when he heard the stranger tell everybody to line up against the wall.

He saw his friends and towns people in a long row with their hands high above their heads. He also saw the bandit waving a gun with one hand and filling his pockets from the cash drawer with the other. Jed knew something should be done, but he did not know what, until he glanced at the tail of the robber's restless horse. It was full of burrs. Very quietly old Jed crept over to the animal and carefully removed a burr from the tail and just as carefully put it well under the saddle next to the horse's hide. After this he seated himself innocently on the wooden sidewalk and idly swatted flies while he waited for developments.

The highwayman backed hurriedly through the doors and leaped gallantly on his horse. The next thing he knew he was flying headlong through the air, to sprawl with a sickening thud in the thick dust in the middle of the road. He sat up dizzily, only to be attacked viciously from behind by Old Jed.

As the robbery victims scurried out to the street they opened their mouths in amazement as they saw Jed on the half-senseless bandit, beating his head viciously with a fly swatter.

—Albert Kenneth Storck

X-PN 4827

#350

THE COASTLINER



JUNE - 1951

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 1

#351



CHATTERBOX



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

Published by Inma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee 5, Wis.

October 1951.
Vol. 3, Chat 1.

***



CHATTERBOX



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. II
Fifth Chat.

January 1951.

Hello again all you nice people. We've got a whole, brand new year ahead of us for writing and making new friends. And for keeping the old tried and true ones, too. Doesn't that make you feel just grand?

And now, since I'm just about bubbling over with news about our Christmas party here at The Surf, on December 16th, I guess I'd better get started on that. But where to begin, when the memory of all of it is just once big, wonderful GLOW?

O. K., Eddie, I'll come down to Earth. (What happened to all that Christmas Spirit he was talking about last month, I wonder?)

First, I simply must tell you about our two guests from Chicago, Miss Dorothy Milton and Paul E. Press, Jr.

You'd never believe it, but the young and attractive Miss Milton is the head of the English Department at Bryant & Stratton College. She also has an M.A. degree in Drama and English. And besides being an active member in The Candle Light Players group, she is also writing a novel at the present time. But, nevertheless, Miss Milton took "time out" from her busy life to come to Milwaukee and entertain us.

Miss Milton and Paul E. Press, Jr., gave a very fine performance of two scenes from Ibsen plays. Both the scene from A Doll's House and the scene from Ghosts were evidently chosen because of their highly dramatic possibilities. And both Miss Milton and Mr. Press knew how to take advantage of those possibilities. They gave a performance we shall long remember with pleasure.

Mr. Paul Press, Jr., is a very charming, good looking young man (I know he'll resent this, but 'tis the truth!) whom the Gods have endowed with many talents. He is the author of several published books, stories and poems. His acting ability has taken him all over the country. During World War II he did much work with and for the U.S.O. It would take too much space to tell about all the things Paul has done. Quicksilver is static when compared to Paul. Not the least of Paul's accomplishments is his way with the ladies! This was adequately illustrated when he (with a little urging from me) consented to give us an encore. His impersonations of Katherine Hepburn, Marlene Diedrich and Tallulah Bankhead "cinched" his popularity with the ladies, and with the men, too, for that matter. This editor, who had been "in love" with Paul's poetry for a long time, is no "stand-out" either. I think Paul is one of the grandest people I've ever had the pleasure to meet.

I hereby present a great big THANK YOU to Miss Dorothy Milton and to Paul E. Press, Jr., from The Milwaukee Amateur Press Club. We hope they will come again, very soon. The Welcome Sign is always out for them!

X-PN 482 P352

THE CEMETERY RABBIT

Twentieth Hop Suitland, Maryland September, 1951

Crane Still Scintillates

Crane's knowledge of astronomy
Reveals a woeful lack,
But when it comes to poetry—
Put him in my zodiac!

HONORABLE MENTION in the 1948 Poetry Laureateship contest was awarded to Burton Crane for his effort, "The Little Girl's Doll," which appeared in Robert Holman's *Cubicle* No. 30, Winter, 1947-48. It was a deserving choice for honors, and Bob Hohnan expended the extra effort so characteristic of hiin in providing the poem with a superior typographical presentation.

But one phrase in that poem irked us. The lines in question were these:

Now, a little tame comet was tied to the foot
of the little boy's comfy bed
And its saddle of gold was of butterfly wings
and its bridle was Dog Star Red.

From a lesser intellect we might have accepted that—but we have always stood in awe of Superman Crane's omniscience and omnipotence. To find his clay feet showing hurt, at first. Later we began to feel a tingle of glee, like a schoolboy who has caught his English teacher splitting an infinitive.

Many months were torn from the calendar, though, before we had the opportunity of confronting Burton face

X-PN 4827 #354

JANUARY 1951—NUMBER 17

CAMPANE

Business of Our Budget

By EDNA HYDE McDONALD

The NAPA is the oldest amateur journalist association. We are celebrating our Diamond Jubilee this year. Seventy-five years of age, and a going concern. But in all that time the NAPA has never been financially sound. It has wobbled and wavered on the fringes of insolvency all the time and unless we face up to reality now and do something about that it will continue to waver and totter all the way to its century mark, if indeed it ever reaches that.

We have only one source of revenue: dues. Theoretically they should be five dollars a year and we should build up a steady membership of five hundred to keep us off the financial rocks. But, of course, five dollars a year is too much. It is all of ten cents a week for fifty weeks and nobody has that much money to squander on a hobby that provides the satisfaction which amateur journalism provides. And as for five hundred members! Who is going to print that many papers? Anyway, that is the argument.

We have, furthermore, to consider the fact that an active amateur, one who really is to get anything out of the hobby, must publish; and publishing costs money.



X-PN 4827

#355

Cameo

NUMBER TWELVE JUNE 1951

X-PN 4827

A356

Comment

Seattle, Wash. Spring, 1952 Richmond, Ky.

Comment

Amateur Journalism has been in a bad way for a number of years. Amateur Journalism is a hobby group founded and maintained by youth. Now that it is being abandoned by youth it has come to hard and lean days. Most of the members today are middle aged folks and most of the recruits today are middle aged folks. Youth today has largely deserted the hobby because its interest lays in automobiles and radio and motion pictures. Many of our journals are printed by commercial print houses that charge so much that few can afford the luxury. The problem today is to get youth interested in amateur journalism again.

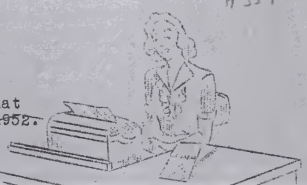
Amateur press groups attempt to meet the problem in the easy way. As the membership declines they raise the dues per year. This policy is unpopular and eventually will drive all of the youth out of amatuer journalism. Youth does not have too much money and to point to the cost of living index does not help keep the youth in our hobby.

#357

CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. lV
First Chat
August ~~1952~~.



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION
****

CALIFORNIA HERE I COME! Hurrah and Hallelujah!!! Who is excited? Where did you ever get such an idea Eddie? Just because I put salt in the pie, and sugar in the soup? Don't be silly. This could happen to anybody!

Now where was I? Oh, yes. I meant to tell you, that I am going to attend our United Amateur Press Association and Alumni Convention in Los Angeles, comes August 28th through September first. I'd like to shake hands and say "Hello" to You and YOU and even you. How about it, folks? I've attended two UAPA Conventions, and believe me, there's simply nothing else like it! There's a very special kind of heart-warming satisfaction and happiness in meeting the folks you've known only through their writings. For days you'll be hobnobbing with "kindred spirits". For once you won't have to be on the defensive about your writing. These folks have all been bitten by the writing bug, and so they understand you.

Honestly, folks, a U.A.P.A. Convention is the nearest thing to Shangri-La you'll ever find in this imperfect world. And what better setting could you ask for than California Sunshine, Scenery and Hospitality? (All right, Eddie, just to keep you quiet I'll mention that, too.) Yes, they have beautiful Movie Queens and Bathing Beauties, too! (This should bring the men, but will the ladies ever forgive me, huh?)

I also understand that our Los Angeles United Club members, and the Alumni and their friends, have planned some very special entertainment for the Delegates. COME ON FOLKS! Leave your cares and worries at home, and come to our U.A.P.A. Convention at Los Angeles. I would like to meet each one of you personally!

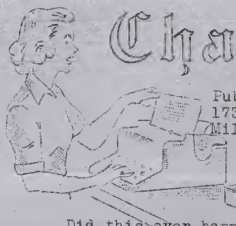
EXTRA! EXTRA! We have a special Added Attraction for those of you who are still a bit reluctant about coming! We will let you meet The Thin Man! Not a reasonable facsimile, but Eddie Daas in Person! No foolin' folks, we'll have the Thin Man at the Los Angeles Convention, or else! Now, I am asking you, what more could any reasonable person ask for? Nothing, naturally! Nothing??? No, no, Irma! Restrain yourself!

While in California, I expect to visit in Escondido, Gardena and North Hollywood. If any of you folks live in these vicinities but can't come to the Convention, perhaps we could arrange some kind of meeting anyway. Why not write to me? After August 24th you can write to me care of Frank Heller, 5107 Inaglen Way, Los Angeles, 43. During Convention time I'll be at the Hotel Clark.

BE SEEING YOU!

X-PN 4827

#358



Chatterbox

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. III
Eleventh Chat.
June 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

****

Did this ever happen to you? Here you are, enjoying every minute of living, when WHAM, suddenly, THAT birthday is almost upon you. And as the Fatal day comes nearer, the sunshine loses its warmth, the flowers are no longer as beautiful as they were, and "Oh, what's the use of anything?". Sure, you keep a brave, smiling face for the world, but your world has lost its meaning. Of course, you'll have to continue living - I mean existing - but-. When the Fatal Day finally does arrive you've pretty well resigned yourself to the role of a Has-Been. And then what happens? The Day comes and it goes. And Lo and Behold! It really hasn't made any difference! You're still as full of the old Vim, Vigor and What-It-Takes, as you ever were! So what if the Calendar says different? Nuts to the Calendar! We know better don't we, Gals? I had a birthday (That Kind!) last month, and I feel as spry as ever. (Just a minute, folks, while I take my Vitamin pills.)

And speaking about birthdays, I want to Thank all of you very, very wonderful people who sent me birthday wishes. I Loved hearing from you, and I LOVE each and every one of you. (Stop crying, Eddie. You're included, too.)

****

I'd like to say a few words about the latest publications appearing in our Bundles. I do not have the time to write to each publisher separately, much as I'd like to. But, I would like to take this opportunity to tell them that I Read and Enjoy their publications. I know how much work it takes to get out a paper; how much time it takes away from other pleasures; and how much money must be taken from to-day's tight budgets to finance a paper. I feel sure that every one of us in the United appreciates your efforts, though you may not always hear from us directly. Keep up the good work!

I especially liked SPRING CLEANING in Garden Symphony, by Frances L. Swanson. Might be a good idea, too, if more of us did that type of Spring Cleaning now and then.

PAT'S, INC. is as refreshing as a Spring breeze. The two Pats make beautiful music together. They say they aren't shy at telling their ages. At 22? Oh, to be that young again! So many of the world's greatest people were born in May? NATURALLY! There is, for instance, ME! (OUCH! Please, Eddie, put down that whip! I'll be good! Really, I will!)

More about other publications next month. Be seeing you!

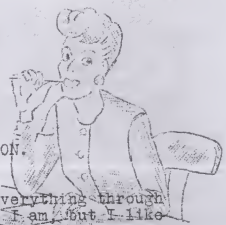
#357

CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. IV
Second Chat
September 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.



Hi Folks! Eddie says that I'm seeing everything through rose colored glasses these days. So, maybe I am, but I like it! Besides, even he has to admit that all the folks we met on the way to, from, and at Los Angeles, were wonderful!

So I'd better stop raving and get down to telling the folks about our trip and the Convention doings? Sounds easy doesn't it? Sure, Eddie. If I had about fifty pages to do it in---but as it is---well, where should I begin, huh?

Hilda? O.K. Eddie and I dropped in on Hilda Karre, on the way down to L. A. She took us on a personally conducted tour of the mountains near Denver, then home to her family and a sumptuous dinner. And, naturally, the subject of conversation was Writing. I forgot that I was dog-tired as I watched Hilda's little-girl face light up, and her beautiful blue eyes sparkle when we came to her great love, POETRY! I guess that gal would rather write and read poetry than eat! (Maybe that's why she still has that girlish figure? So can I help it, I like to eat?) Hilda's husband got into the act too,by admitting that his favorite Bundle Poet is Paul E. Pross! The poor man didn't know what he was letting himself in for! Just let me meet anyone who shares my admiration for Paul's very original type of poetry, and, well....pretty soon it was midnight, and Eddie and I said good-bye to the Karre's who had taken us back to Denver to catch the Grey Hound bus for Los Angeles.

I <u>will</u> tell you about <u>all</u> the folks we met in Los Angeles in future issues of Chatterbox, but this time I'll tell you something about the Banquet on Saturday August 30th,and about the entertainment provided for the Delegates.

I suppose, the most illustrious person at the Banquet was Ruppert Hughes, the Author. He gave a very interesting and witty talk, and I was thrilled to meet him, nevertheless..

It was not the Great Man, nor the other Notables who spoke---- which included Charles Carson, author and critic, Cedric Windas, Author of the best selling "Tradition of Our Navy" and S. C. Steward, managing editor of the Daily Breeze---who left the greatest impression on me...

X-PN 4827

#30

CHATTERBOX



Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. III
Twelfth Chat.
July, 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

****

All right, Eddie. All right already! So I'm dizzy! But who wouldn't be after all that "sweet" talk from Bill Ellis in Much Ado About Nothing Much and the very, very flattering Horoscope in Jersey Jingle Bells. Still, if you'll just stop cracking that whip, I'll try to calm down long enough to make a little sense.

Hmmm! If we (The Milwaukee Amateur Press Club) had known about Bill Ellis's coming to Milwaukee, we would have had TWO Brass Bands on hand to greet that there Nice man! (Heck, I'd even have baked a cake! That's a compliment. Even the Thin Man will admit that I bake a mighty mean Cheese Torte!) But Bill just "breezed" in and out of town so fast we never had a chance to "honor" our Presidink the way he so richly deserves! Why, all of Bill's Milwaukee Harem is heart broken about the whole thing. And we can prove it! The tears that were shed caused a major flood. I didn't know Bill was at Boehme's until his "hello, darling" over the phone. 'Tain't every day a man calls me "darling" (over the phone, or otherwise!) so I simply had to go over to Boehme's to find out who the nice man was! And that, boys and gals, is how I finally came to meet the man whose letters to the "femmes" in the United have kept the U.S. Postal Department in business the past two years or so. But all fooling aside folks, Bill Ellis is a man you'd all enjoy meeting. Take my word for it.

****

There's a kind of Sparkle about STARS by Mary Mahoney that reflects the youth and charm of its Editor. And besides that, Mary is a worker, too. Have you entered any of her contests? Nothing like being an ACTIVE member, folks. And Mary has some interesting contests going all the time. (P.S. Unseriously or otherwise, Mary, you are welcome to join in the feud between Eddie and me. it's more fun!!)

Grass Roots, by Betty K. Dyckman made its first appearance in the June Bundle and was dedicated to the Golden Agers. Nice idea, that! We want everyone to feel that he belongs, regardless of age. We're all Amateurs, Betty, but there certainly is nothing "amateurish" about Grass Roots. I like the variety of material used.

And I can't think of a more delightful and interesting way to learn more about our neighbors in the south, than by reading Manana's Breeze by Adriana de Zondyelo and Sandor Esterhazy! "One lives here suspended in time". Just the place I've been looking for all my life! Now if I were only "foot loose and fancy free". Alas! What price civilization??

X-PN 4027

#361



CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. III.
Ninth Chat.
April 1952.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

***

#362

The Connoisseur

AN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION : AAPA - NAPA - UAPA

************************ A P R I L 1 9 5 2 ************************

G.WALLACE TIBBETTS, 11 SHELLEY ROAD WELLESLEY HILLS 82, MASS.

****

SHADOWS

by
G.WALLACE TIBBETTS

Repeat Request of George A.Boehme

* * * * *

*-PN 4827

It was a rough carpenter shop, where Joseph worked with his tools and wood; the floor was clean except for sawdust and shavings, odds and ends of unfinished work were scattered about in the corners and on the benches. The sun was low in the west and through the windows the last rays were lighting the dust upon the windowpanes. A young man arose from his place at the bench and slowly walked to the wide door, then he opened it and stood with arms outstretched to rest his tired hands and arms; A gentle breeze stirred the hair on his moist forehead. The sunshine caught floating particles of dust rising from his arms and shoulders; the brightest beam rested upon his head. All this had a surprising effect: a golden halo crowned his head. Of this he was unaware.

As the young carpenter stood there with his father, Joseph spoke, but his voice was not heard as the son was looking for a woman who usually came to the shop at the end of each day. Her name was Mary. She and the youth had much in common, their thoughts and visions were not shared by any others. Today she had not come and he waited with outstretched hands resting on the door frame. Across the shop a shadow fell upon the wall. It was a cross.

* *

Judas held in his hands a purse, thirty pieces of silver. These were tokens of betrayal. The purse strings were clutched in the hand thrust forward as he eagerly tried to return the coins. When the chief priests and elders who had paid the price of betrayal refused to accept the silver Judas was overcome with fear and anguish. Even as he strove to force the purse upon them a shadow came--not a cross: gallows!

* *

When the multitude gathered before Pilate with voices raised, hands fiercely clenched, reaching the utmost in anger, hatred and malice, Pilate raised his arms in protest and to hush their cries and curses. A shadow of a broken cross formed there like the scales of justice far off the balance line.

* *

#363



THE CORNERSTONE

OCTOBER 1952
VOLUME 2 - NUMBER 1

"Mr. Smith"

AN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION-AAPA-NAPA-UAPA

G. WALLACE TIBBETTS 11 SHELLEY ROAD, WELLESLEY HILLS 82,
(EDITOR) MASSACHUSETTS.

X-PN 4827

FRIENDSHIP

How do you define friendship? The joyful welcome in a dog's bark denotes a friendly greeting, but it is more than that. Unselfish companionship born with a puppy, in his heart, is told over and over again not only vocally but also with his watchful eyes following his master, detecting ears that hear distant footsteps, a sensitive nose that scents and traces - all these together with spirited leaping, frisking, a smiling face and a wagging tail tell us that here is a friend. This is friendship!

Faithful watching in fair weather and in storms, devotion that never fails even when human understanding falters or cruelty is inflicted, devotion that trusts and obeys - here is revealed the depth of a dog's affection. This is friendship!

Your canine friend would lay down his life for you. No love is greater than his, no larger gift can ever be bestowed.

Lonesome when he is not with you, trusty pal, warm-hearted partisan, playmate, partner, fighting ally if dangers arise; asks nothing but shelter and a meal, never argues, bears no tales, is not a gossip, is never ashamed of you or tired of your company; he almost always likes your friends and always loves your fireside and home, always on guard, never crashes a gate but will thumb a ride; he is not a parasite or sponger but will share with you your last morsel of food.

Your dog is a good sportsman, loves to swim or sail, fish or hunt, climb, run, saunter or stand quietly at the gate when you are blue. Then he will nudge your knee with his nose to tell you he understands, he is your comforter. He is your friend!

The definition of "friendship" in Webster's Dictionary will tell you what the word means but if you own a dog you will not need to look in the book.

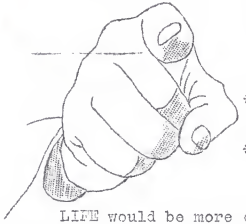
****

OUR DOG "MR. SMITH."

I have lost a friend, my little doggie has just passed away at an animal hospital where he has been ill for two weeks. A small white cross marks his last resting place but if dogs have any claim on eternal life I am sure that he is happy. He was a good dog, nobody had a better friend ever. Dr. Bruce said "Mr. Smith" had been living on borrowed time for two years or more so of course he is better off and free from pain and illness. He will not be able to dig up the bones

#364

THE CORNERSTONE



AN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
AAPA - NAPA - UAPA
****
VOLUME 1 A U G U S T NUMBER 7
1 9 5 2

G.WALLACE TENSFEG 11 SHELLEY ROAD
(EDITOR) WELLESLEY HILLS 82, MASS.

CHALLENGE

LIFE would be more complete and higher ambitions fulfilled if men will find a way to demonstrate how much good can be accomplished through a few simple acts of faith and sincere belief in the effective power of individual thought and effort.

NO GREAT WORK of art ever was finished without faith and action. Without frank and genuine belief in the potential power of the subject matter no practical invention has become useful.

SCIENCE, education and every other fact or evidence of progress are the result of man's thought and performance, subject to laws of the universe and specific authority of nature.

NO FAILURE has been more serious than the inability of mankind to grasp and use universal spiritual values existing in the world. Physical material values have been discovered, used and controlled, but laws of guidance and of the spirit escape attention and are unused except in limited ways.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS made through churches and fraternal organizations is not subject to criticism, our civilization would not have survived without such structures of society; the average devotion and thoughts are far below the standards taught in such circles. The faults lie with individual members.

THIS is not the day of miracles. Laws of the universe cannot be altered, the authority of nature must be recognized and obeyed, but you can change the world.

RIGHT thinking is the most powerful force given to men if used for good and unselfish objectives. Penalties for wrong thinking are apparent when any survey is made of world conditions today. There is the CHALLENGE!

ARE WE WILLING to spend three minutes each day to demonstrate the power of right thinking? There is no other way to correct the evils and errors that plague the Earth except by and through the united efforts of many individuals. Consider this suggestion: Here is a true and absolute method to produce results more favorable than one can imagine. It has been tried and never fails if and when the purpose is right, unselfish and good.

CLEAN THE MIND. Clean and wash away the dross of each day by read-

X-PN 4827

X-PN 4827

THE CORNERSTONE

AN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION : AAPA - NAPA - UAPA

VOLUME 1 JUNE 1952 NUMBER 5

G. WALLACE TIBBETTS, 11 SHELLEY ROAD, WELLESLEY HILLS 82, MASSACHUSETTS

TREES

by

G. Wallace Tibbetts

A blinding flash of lightning and crashing thunder stunned a beautiful, tall, majestic pine tree that stood among other white pines on the shore of Chocorua Lake. The bark was split from tip to butt, the heart of the tree was laid bare. A trailing crimson vine attached to the lower branches was not disturbed, it remained still clinging to the injured trunk; I wondered if it did not symbolize life-blood of the giant pine dripping from its shattered heart.

Underbrush with curling, flashing, yellow leaves at the base of the injured tree seemed to be fire burning on its pyre. I thought of sacrificial fires. Raindrops, gently falling from nearby pines, may have been their tears shed in distress or sympathy because of the passing of a friend. The soothing wind singing in the forest sounded an almost silent requiem.

I recall standing among the redwoods of California where the span of life of the redwood forests is more than five thousand years. I wondered why the white pine on the Lake shore had its life ended, through Nature's call, in so brief a time - not more than a century.

There are other trees on the shores of the Pacific, standing leafless, stark, blanched white with arms extended as if in silent supplication. These colossal crosses are not unlike smaller replicated markings that guard the endless sleep of our gallant heroes.

Another tree now comes to mind. It has spread its protecting arms around our home. For more than a hundred years this sugar maple has stood in our dooryard, furnishing shade in the Summer, maple sap every Spring to more than six generations, and in the Autumn brilliant colors. When mist rises in the evening from the river our old sugar maple seems to reach out its arms and pull the white sheet of meadow-mist over the intervale, tuck it under the homestead chin; peaceful sleep envelopes the house and all of us therein. When moonlight spreads over the quiet meadow and filters silver through the mist there is nothing more beautiful; no wonder that contentment and tranquillity rest upon our home. After all the years of loving care the old sugar maple has given us we are thankful for its guardianship

#3(

THE CORNERSTONE

AN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION : AAPA - NAPA - UAPA

G.WALLACE TIBBETTS, 11 SHELLEY ROAD, WELLESLEY HILLS 82, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 1 JULY 1952 NUMBER 6

RIPPLES

by

G.WALLACE TIBBETTS

*

Any attempt to live more expansively, to experience greater interest in daily happenings, to have greater desire for mental exercise, is bound to lead to wider vision. Without such experiences life itself becomes humdrum. Drums do not beat, no trumpet calls to action, no torch is thrown to be carried forward. Without the call of the Clan: "Stand Fast! Rock of Alarm!" living becomes stagnant, pale, without fire and heat.

How like a quickening wind blown across quiet, calm waters comes the urge to meet the ripples gently breaking along the shore. Why should dreams be denied? May one not enter the spirit of adventure that comes through poetic words or strong prose of some author or through one's own compositions?

Why not look upon the world through rose colored glasses? The ripple grows!

Across a wide expanse of lake a mountains arises. the fringe of low-growing greenery gives way to evergreen trees, then rocks and gray rugged ledges until the summit is reached. The top is gained. The peak. No, this is not the ultimate. Far across the range are other mountains, higher, more rugged, some capped with clouds. This is only the beginning of wider views and expanding vision.

In the valley of thought one sees a tapestry of glowing color, a clear crystal vision of blending leaves dyed with pastel shades that only a wise God could pour out of His Kingdom above the floating clouds. This is real, physical beauty given to mankind to teach us to seek other tokens of Divine blessings. We may not be able to put words here to explain our meaning. The colors of expression in music appear to touch our desire to define moods and inspiration. Perhaps we shall find it in the song of birds, or the country sounds in a quiet evening, a hum of things unseen, the call of a whip-poor-will far away, an echo from the hills, the dusk of a day ending in peace, the first flashing of the light of the evening star. The footfall of a friendly caller and creaking of an oven door or the odor of the evening meal remind us of home.

How precious are these thoughts and memories. But they are only a part of the ripples. Deep and sincere are the thoughts we exchange with our friends. We discuss with mutual understanding spiritual ideals, our ambitions, our failures and our affection. Here we discover some solution for problems that vex and trouble us. Merely to sit in quiet contempla-

X-PN 482 /

X-PN 4827

367

Come With Me No. 2

The spirit of the season and "Dynamic Duke" have impelled me to refrain from writing things to store away in my dark files for future consideration, at least for the moment, in order to prepare and have published a Christmas greeting to *you*. Not that I hadn't thought of it, of course—.

The old English way of observing Yuletide has always impressed me and I have so observed it as a season, not just a day. So, Come With Me and share my joys—and tears.

CHRISTMAS SONG TO YOU

Stars agleam to lend the night their gold,
Carols in the air and all the rest—
Bring again the story sweet and old;
Bring a joy that surges through my breast.

So, my friends, a hundred or a few,
With Christmas in my heart, I send along
Word of all my happiness to you—
And offer you a greeting with a song.

AFTERTHOUGHT

Christmas and candlelight—
Love—and *my* world at peace.
How perfectly sweet.

Christmas abroad tonight—
Strife—while the angels sing!
And *this* life so fleet!

—*R. R. Langdon*

X-PN 4827 Just Thoughts H368

These tracts were presented to me by a dear friend, whose name appears on the other side.

My life turned all topsy-turvy Feb.5, when my husband passed away in his sleep, due to a bad heart. I wrote the following, hoping to ease my heart and perhaps inspire some one.

Love Them Now

Love them while they're living;
Don't begrudge the giving;
They cannot know when they are dead.
Try to be kind and forgiving,
Burdened, aching hearts comforting;
Many hearts have ached and bled.

Give your flowers to the living;
Give your love to the erring;
Place a gentle hand upon their head.
Often for some loving token
Hearts are crushed and broken.
Do not wait until they are dead!

Don't have to say, "Too late! too late
They will respond if you do not wait
A gentle touch upon a bowed head!
Cheer the weary on their way;
Love them while you may.
Too late! too late! when they are dead.

The hundreds of dollars worth of flowers placed on my husband's grave can not remove the frustration of his too-young death.

Jettie Felps

X-PN 4827 H367

CHUCKLES

An amateur paper dedicated to and published for our boys in the Armed Services, for the purpose of providing them a few lighter moments.

Mr. Jones, 1-A to Pvt. Jones, U.S.A.

I am one of the fellows who made the world safe for democracy. What a crazy thing that was! I fought, and fought, but I had to go anyway. I was called in Class A. The next time I want to be in Class B. B here when they go and B here when they come back. I remember when I was registered. I went up to the desk, and my milkman was in charge. He said, "What's your name?" So I told him, "August Childs." He said, "Are you an alien?" "No," I replied, "I feel fine." Then he said, "When did you first see the light of day?" and I said, "When I moved from Pittsburg to Philadelphia." He asked me how old I was, so I told him the first of September. Then he said, "The first of September you'll see Australia and that will be the last of August."

A veterinarian started to examine me. He asked me if I had ever had measles, small-pox, St. Vitus dance, and if I took fits. I said, "No, only when I

X-PN 4827 H37o

CHIRPS



An Amateur Publication

X-PN 4821

CHIRPS



from the press of
Will Robbins

X-PN 4927

#372

"THE CHEERIO"

Thompson's Timely Topics

By Edgar C. Thompson



It may be of interest to Cheerio readers to know that I began my career as a printer's devil on a weekly newspaper, in the southern part of England. I was eleven years old, and the name of the paper was, "The Brighton Visitor."

There were no such things as linotype machines or electric motors at that time. Everything was practically done by hand, except the press which was run by a small gas (not gasoline) engine.

There were three small boys,of whom I was one, working to become apprentices. We could not legally be apprenticed until we were twelve years old.

The foreman of the plant was a very kindly man, and he had a very large beard. His name was Wainwright.

A printer's devil in those days did all the menial work, such as cleaning press rollers, washing type, and learning to distribute the type in the various cases upper and lower. The compositors sat on one legged stools to do their work, but the boys were forbidden such comfort and had to stand to do their work. Forbidden fruit was always sweet, and we boys perched ourselves on those stools whenever the foreman was not about.

I have a vivid recollection of a happening which occurred one day while I was balancing myself on one of those stools. Some one warned me that the foreman was coming. I grabbed hold of the lower case to make a quick descent, when the blamed thing tilted. I fell to the ground, and the contents of the case spilled over me. The penalty for such an offence was to stay after hours and pick up the mess, which was called PIE. It didn't seem like pie to me, when it took several hours of tedious work to distribute the type.

My next job in this work was in a wholesale news-agency, the Brandon Company on Bolt Court off Fleet Street in London. Here I got acquainted with the various magazines and newspapers including the Detroit Free Press whose European office was located on Fleet Street. This street is known as the center for magazines and newspapers.

The next post of the press for me to hold was on a political periodical, "The Constitutional Magazine." Later this magazine went into the hands of a receiver, and the editors, Mr. Wood and Mrs. Quincey Lane, were transferred to the editorial staff of "The Gentlewoman," which was a very high class magazine in its day. They took me with them, where I was given a job as office boy. I stayed with this publication for some time, and learned much of the British methods of publishing.

The urge of adventure, however, burned within me when I heard of the wonders of America. Ocean transportation agencies were conducting a rate war, and the first thing I knew I found myself in New York. I came over with a boy emigraut, named Eddie Webb, and

To my good friends in UAPA I am indebted for the excellent material found in this Journal. WHITE VIOLETS was written by Margaret Lohr from an incident related to her about the death of my mother when I was a child of eight. WITHOUT LOVE is also one of her lovely creations. MY NEIGHBOR was written for me by Eleanor Totman - a noble thought beautifully expressed. Versatile Percy Grover always comes forward with a contribution whenever asked. To Rachael Van Creme I am grateful for recalling to my mind all the lovely things of my childhood. To these I should like to add just two things....Frogs singing in the pools in the dusk of evening...Sulphur and molasses in Spring.

UNSUBDUED

I have hoped, I have planned, I have striven,
To the will I have added the deed;
The best that was in me I've given,
I have prayed, but the gods would not heed.

I have dared and reached only disaster,
I have battled and broken my lance;
I am bruised by a pittiless master
That the weak and the timid call Chance.

I am old, I am bent, I am cheated
Of all that Youth urged me to win;
But name me not with the defeated,
To-morrow again, I begin.

By: S. D. Kiser.

THE BUNDLES are getting bigger and better all the time. Thanks to all you nice folk for giving us so much fine entertainment.

CASUAL COMMENTS is an occasional publication by Elizabeth Miller- 3414 No. 10th Street Milwaukee, Wisconsin ---------- May 1950

The Calculator #334

X-PN 4827

UPWARD IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE. FIRST there was the individual caveman, then came the small tribe which grew into a group that owned a small area, from this gradually grew the city-state. LATER A FEW CITIES BANDED TOGETHER IN A PROTECTIVE LEAGUE WHICH EVENTUALLY ARRIVED AS A SMALL NATION UNDER A KING.

.....SEVEN.....

X-PN 4827 #335

The Calculator

con't from page seven

THE UNITED STATES is the forerunner of that which is yet to come. Man cannot help uniting someday. The climax will come when a semi-SOCIALISTIC STATE is formed on the outline Clarence K Streit HAS SHOWN IN HIS Union Now. HUMANITY CLIMBS EVER HIGHER!

finis.

.....EIGHT.....

#376

CRESCENT

VOL. 1 - NO. 6

NOVEMBER



X-PN 4827

#377

CRESCENT

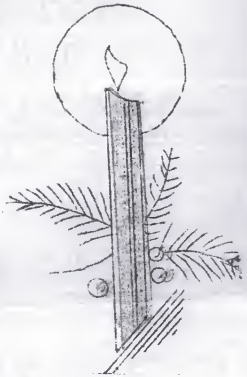
December Issue--Number 11

X-PN 4827

AN IDEA FOR MIMEOGRAPHERS

Have you mimeographers tried this idea before: When you like a title, the way it's decorated and everything on your stencil, you hate to make a new copy of the title, or picture, as that matter of fact. Here is what you do-----instead of disposing of that stencil cut, cut it out and if you need it later on for other mimeograph work, you just cut a window on the stencil you have ready for print and glue this picture in that blank space you cut for a window. I have just started to use this idea. Every picture in this Crescent is enclosed in a window. I take an extra piece of stencil, which is no good to you, and trace pictures you think you will use for later issues. The picture at the right of this page was made separate because I didn't know where to put it but I was going to use it somewhere in this issue.

You are welcome to this ide



Facts about Holland as it Stands Today

The Question Box And other features

Patricia A. Lang *Weds Captain*

Published by the National Amateur Press Association

PUBLICITY DIRECTOR

Pat. Ieff

Like the characters out of the pages of some such book of boyhood fame as 'Jerry Todd, Editor in Grief" are the boy printers, editors, publishers, writers, and cartoonists who belond to this exclusive fraternity of men-of-letters in the making. They characterize their amateur press as the "freest of the free presses," but do not abuse their privileges and, as to editorial opinion, are most conservative except in political spats

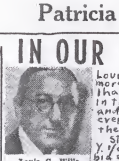
Local patriarch of the boy printers is Louis C. Wills, former president of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce. Even on one of his busiest days as one of Brooklyn's foremost attorneys, mention of one's interest in the hobby proves an "open sesame" to his office and a half hour's interview replete with facts galore about the hobby.

Mr. Wills is president of the Alumni Association of Amateur Journalism. He has many definitions for the term "amateur journalism," not the least of which are the following: "It is a home-training school for juvenile printers and writers. It is a cultivating of the curiosities of boyhood relative to ink, type, thought, and expression. It is the translating of a dreams into an actuality. It is the printing and publishing of papers and magazines for the pure joy of the thing and never for money. It is a field where Bill Greatheart, 16, with a knowledge of law, medicine, politics, and the world in general, unites his practical idealism and enthusiasm with other boys all over the country in the convincing thrill of self-expression." —*Ieff*

CITIZEN

The city editor will gladly give you an inch or two of space. If you are a boy printer, and have no qualms about personal publicity, it should be easy to get a feature story in the Sunday supplement about yourself, your amateur magazine and your affiliation

IN OUR MAIL

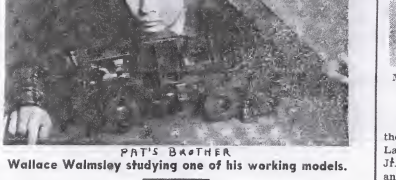


Louis C. Wills

Louis C. Wills: "For more than a year I have had a place in the country and there every Friday for the week-end." Stanly Bedford, Y. C. USNR, Columbid classmate of Jeff, former B.P.G.E. publisher of 16 issues of a mimeograph paper, writes to Pat's sister Beverly Walmsley: "Did your production of 'The Student Prince' go off well?... Here in Tokyo Kids come up to you in the streets to ask for 'choonguma' or 'chocorate!'" (TOKYO)



Stan Bedford



PAT'S BROTHER

Wallace Walmsley studying one of his working models.

an Army truck, which was made out of cracker boxes and a few other things such as a lipstick tube (his sister's) for a tank, is really wonderful. The intricacies of the actual working parts are very painstakingly done. No detail seems to have been omitted on the body, and it is complete even to the spare tire. The rear of the truck can be hydraulically raised, and the hood can also be raised. Wally originally planned to include a motor, but a motor would have taken space in just the wrong spot and necessitated a change in design. The entire model took Wally eight months to complete.

He also has constructed a model of a sleek gray Packard, which, like the truck, was made of cracker boxes, with nine wood for the fenders. This was Wally's first real model. It, too, has many movable parts. The frame can be taken off, and the inside parts examined. This model took nine months of work.

Wally has been interested in cars since he was quite young, when he and his twin brother used to try to identify the makes of passing cars. His first models were paper ones. The Chrysler Co. has offered him the opportunity to attend their school in Detroit

CLEVELAND HERALD

Was Wed on Thanksgiving Day to Captain Wilburn C. Dodd, Jr., Fighter Pilot

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Lang to 8 Archer road, West Hempstead, have announced the marriage of



MRS. WILBURN C. DODD, JR.

Patty is Jeff's cousin and former associate of NAPA official editor Bill Haywood on the Daily News Her new address is 2201 Louisiana St. El Paso, Texas

their daughter, Miss Patricia Ann Lang, to Captain Wilburn C. Dodd, Jr., son of Captain Wilburn C. Dodd and Mrs. Dodd of 45 William street, on Thanksgiving Day, November 22.

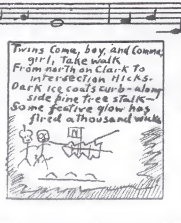
Mrs. Dodd attended the Cathedral School of St. Mary in Garden City and is a graduate of Maryland College for Women. She is on the staff of the Daily News, New York.

Captain Dodd holds the Air Medal with 12 oak leaf clusters and the Distinguished Flying Cross. He was a fighter pilot with the Spitfires and entered the service in 1942 as an air cadet. He served on the major European front including Africa and Sicily. He is a graduate of Hempstead High School and attended Hofstra College.

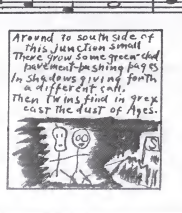
X-PN 4827

PUBLICITY

Cards and Cinema







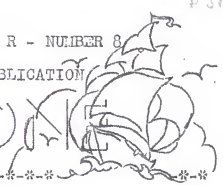


#377

THE CORNERSTONE

VOLUME 1 - SEPTEMBER - NUMBER 8

AN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION



G.WALLACE TIBBETTS 111 SHELLEY ROAD
(EDITOR) WELLESLEY HILLS 82, MASSACHUSETTS

K-PN 4827

*** MEDITATION ***

Text: "Seek, and ye shall find." Matthew Vll - 7.

The preacher in an old New England church read a chapter from the Scriptures of the Jews - the Old Testament - and the choir sang a beautiful old hymn. This is the preacher's sermon in part:

"There is peace of mind when one is lost in meditation and alone. If all brief and wise truthful thoughts recorded in printed word could be brought together and filed in a great library, there to be surveyed by competent persons of education and wisdom - what words would be chosen as the most complete statement of wisdom and truth? Would there be agreement among them? A critic would doubtless see only errors, but a sincere and kindly man would discover intelligent guidance and beauty in composition and thought. Yes, my friends, much depends on objectives. If one looks for flaws, -- trouble always will be found, but if higher aspirations and beauty are sought they will be found. You see my text - "Seek and ye shall find" has more than one application.

"Send critics and experts upon a world-view of great works of art, including sculpture and paintings by the masters, to choose the best in each classification - would their opinions be in accord, perfectly harmonized? Probably far from it. Is that because critics believe mankind should create and produce greater works of art, or will they oppose the opinions of other experts merely to show their qualities of judgment and freedom of thought? Where is the division line between harmony and freedom? Do harmony and freedom always clash? In laws and government, in the social order, in class, creed, color and national origin, for instance?

"Consider this suggestion: Provided all our most glorious music could be played on some famous cathedral organ or by a supreme group of symphony musicians, which one master-piece would be selected as the most excellent and praiseworthy? Would critics agree among themselves? Should we not accept the opinion of the composer or an orchestra leader wh has spent his life conducting, producing and teaching classical music? Some among us would probably choose Stephen Foster's songs, a great hymn like Cardinal Newman's 'Lead Kindly Light', or a national patriotic anthem. We have not learned to appreciate classical music, um fortunately.

"As I thought upon thes matters while preparing my sermon, I began to wonder what practical application, we, in our little congregation, can make of them. We may not be called upon to consider all wise and beautiful words recorded in a vast library; we never shall have the opportunity to view superior sculpture and paintings of renown value in art. Our pleasure in music may come from the more common place than the classical.

X-PN4827
AUG 15 1962
SOURCE UNKNOWN
5

THE CHRISTMAS PATRIOT 1899



ROBERT J. SHORES...PUBLISHER

H 381
X-PN4827
C
AUG 15 1962

THE CAVALIER

JULY

VOLUME I
NUMBER XI
MDCCCC

MONTHLY BY
H. B. SAYNOR & R. P. KELLEY
1612 MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILL.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

X-PN4827
.C
SOURCE UNKNOWN

THE CAVALIER

JUNE

VOLUME I
NUMBER X
MDCCCC

MONTHLY BY
H. B. SAYNOR & R. P. KELLEY
1612 MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILL.

PROPERTY OF THE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

SOURCE UNKNOWN
AUG 15 1962
383
X-PN4827
C

THE CAVALIER

AUGUST

VOLUME I
NUMBER XII
M D C C C

MONTHLY BY
H. B. SAYNOR & R. P. KELLEY
1612 MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILL.

X-PN4527
.C

THE CAVALIER



The Californian

WINTER
1937

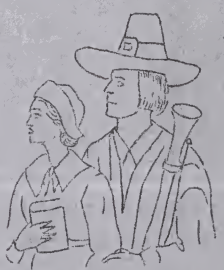
X-FN-1827

CHATTERBOX

Published by
Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wisconsin.

November
1947.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION



****

Hi again!

Folks, have you ever found yourself in the position of NOT practicing what you preached? I have. And it's quite a painful experience!

Here I've been preaching Fundamentals in fiction writing and thinking I was following every rule in the book - when, suddenly I was brought to face the fact that I had become mighty careless about using those self-same fundamentals.

Having received more than the usual amount of rejections recently, I was wondering what could be wrong, when I happened to meet one of my first writing teachers. After I told her of my troubles, we arranged an afternoon get-to-gether to discuss writing problems.

I took along three of my favorite stories which had been rejected, thinking that this teacher would quickly point out the few Minor faults in them, which, no doubt, had kept them from being accepted.

Well, it took her no time at all to find out what was wrong! I had simply disregarded some of the most important fundamental rules of good fiction writing! There was no "fixing up" those stories - I had to begin them all over again, and this time I had to remember to keep in mind all the rules I ever learned about writing!

This experience taught me one thing -- no matter how well we think we know a subject - we have to review it occasionally - or we get careless.

So, in penance, I have outlined an intensive study course for myself - one that I feel might be helpful to others - so why not join me in this refresher course? If you're interested, stay with me. We'll have several Contests in connection with this.

First of all, we're going to read a book or two dealing with the fundamentals of fiction writing. I happen to have two of them which have been gathering dust lately: The Process of Creative Writing by Pearl Hogrefe and Fundamentals of Fiction Writing by Arthur Sullivant Hoffman. There may be newer books on the subject in your own library - so consult your librarian about this.

Next we are going to read and study at least six short-shorts published in the better magazines. And, if we can possibly spare the time for it, copy these stories word for word. By doing this we will become aware of many details which we might miss by a mere reading.

Are you still with me? O.K. Now let us again re-read the first 150 words or so, of these short-short stories. Notice how in approximately that many words the author has given you a great deal of information - and aroused your interest? You have met the

X-PN 4827
C

CAPC CRIER

NUMBER THREE NOVEMBER 17, 1951

SOUTHERNERS THREATEN SECESSION FROM YANKEE APC

Southern members of the Amateur Printers Club hoisted the stars and bars and threatened to secede from the organization following the appearance of *APC News* 51 from a rump meeting held in Great Neck, somewhere in Yankeeland. This issue was an obvious fraud because it came out in only a single color of ink, and a questionable brown tone at that. Even the CAPC uses at least two colors of ink.

Led by J. Rebel Castleman, Robert E. Lee Lemon, and Gene "Quantrill" Courtney, the dissident element said that typical cold northern (horrible word) weather might have been responsible for the fiasco. They may introduce early official action to require that all APC meets hereafter be held south of the Mason-Dixon Line. Rowena "Tex" Moitoret promised the support of the Lone Ranger and Tonto.

Pat "Scarlet O'Hara" Culley, on learning of the rebellion, said she would join the APC immediately just to have the pleasure of seceding too!

Also at the rump meeting we note that they filed down some type and filed down the press. They might have filed down the ink too, judging from the offset copies sent South.

Dalton "Hoosier" Brunsdon, late arrival, was neutral, but we count on Fossil Prexy Julian "Virginian" Baber.

X-PN 4827
C
#388
5
Copy
11
30
51

The Current Stammer

for October, 1951

A Cicada for Mr. Thrasher

By PEARL ADOREE FRANKLIN

It isn't everyone who is privileged to a ringside seat much less promote a Battle for the Beetle between the pugnacious species of birds in your dooryard. With thousands of wild birds in your bird-yard daily, from dawn till dark, you see many characteristics, some of them quite human and not likely to meet your eyes should you go seeking bird characteristics in the woods.

One morning a huge cicada, just emerged from its shell sat staring into space with big eyes as I swept the back porch. Insect life at that time was at low ebb due to weeks and months of the never-ceasing foraging of numerous parent birds in an effort to feed even more numerous hungry offspring.

Personally, I dislike these ugly, long-winged big-eyed creatures. And I dislike to kill, But my mind flew to the joy our brown thrashers or the mocker family would know at the discovery of so much bug bacon in one huge piece.

When I attacked the cicada with the fly swatter he fought it. I did manage to cripple a wing, much to my distress, and then placed the cicada on one of the stepping stones beside the porch. I missed the moment of discovery but did see the thrasher soon after he had made it.

To share in the prize one of the jays was putting up a fight. He'd sail into Mr. Thrasher who, with the cicada in his bill made hissing throaty protests, flying into Mr. Jay whose mouth was open, eager to cease the cicada by the first thing available and make off with it to a tall pine.

One of the thrasher's offspring stood by, his *Turn to Page 3*

X-PN 4827
C

Christopher News Notes . . . No. 42 — February, 1952

#389

ONE BY ONE

From all parts of the country, more and more thousands are heeding the Christopher cry to be "up and doing." Sometimes a single word of encouragement is all that is needed to instill an "onlooker" with a Christopher sense of purpose. One by one, each in his own individual way is making his voice heard. Here are a few recent examples:

Fort Worth, Texas— A captain from Detroit, now stationed at a Texas Air Base, informs us that three years ago in Christopher literature he read of the great need for those with spiritual values to take up a career in college teaching. He realized the contribution he could make, but fought against the idea because of the sacrifices involved. Now he sees the serious damage done among college students by godless professors. He says he is all set to become a teacher as soon as he completes his time with the Air Force.

Washington, D. C. — "You may be interested in knowing that I am entering the State Department. *'Careers That Change Your World'* was no small factor in my decision. Thanks for writing one of the soundest, most cogent books in years."

Hollywood, Calif.— A top movie producer sent us word recently that he has become so impressed by the possibilities of the Christopher idea that he has made great plans for the future. "From now on I intend to produce movies that will benefit the public as well as afford good entertainment," he said. "I am beginning to realize more than ever before the influence for good that just one person can exert in Hollywood."

Stratford, Conn.— "Please keep up your good work and inspire more to 'light a match'. Because of the Christophers, I am encouraging my oldest son to take a part in civic affairs and my teen-age daughter to become a teacher."

El Paso, Tex. — "After reading *'You Can Change The World'*, I decided to write constructive stories and fillers for magazines. I can make my subject matter conform to the ideals of a Christopher."

Chicago, Ill.— "I should like very much to receive your Christopher Notes. I am a Federal employee. A friend told me about your work. It strikes me as one of the most inspiring, challenging and hopeful movements I have ever heard of. Often have I wondered if it would be possible for one person to exert any worthwhile influence in the field that I am in. After reading about the Christophers, I no longer feel lonely. I realize that countless others not only believe in high ideals, but are actually doing something to make them become a living reality. It is wonderful to realize that we are all working together."

* * *

As a result of Christopher talks, News Notes, books and movies, we estimate that at least 100,000 persons have gone into the fields that count or have taken on a new sense of purpose if already there. But hopeful and stimulating as this trend is, we at Christopher headquarters feel sure that far more remains to be done. At least a million dedicated apostles, such as the above, will be needed to save our country — and our world—from the disaster that threatens all of us. God willing, this spark may yet burst into a flame!

THE CHRISTOPHERS—18 *East 48th Street, New York City—Father James Keller, M.M., Director.*

X-PN 4827

CHIEF

Spring, 1952 Seattle, Wash.

HIS SPIRIT LIVES

To Edward A. MacDowell
American Composer
1861-1908

So many years have whir'ed away
Since last he viewed the light of day;
Since last he paused 'mid deep woods green
And sensed the power of things unseen.

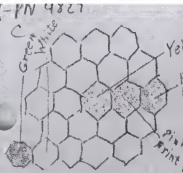
The wayside rose and swaying pine,
The farmhouse old, the lowing kine,
Evoked such tender me'odies . . .
What greater gift to man than these!

Beside Monadnok's timeless doze
Full-breasted trees invite repose;
Across the fields the shadows dance . . .
His spirit lives in warm romance.

—Frances Hoffman Beran

X-PN 4921

H 391



Crosby-Croonings

U.A.P.A. Publication

Editor - Nina Hard Crosby
1874 No. Raymond, Pasadena 3, Calif.
Vol. I NOV. 1952 No. 2



HOUSEHOLD & HOBBY DEPT.

Story of a quilt.-
A Flower-garden quilt;
And in this "Garden",
The "Flowers" never wilt.

Each Flower-patch,a different hue,
With yellow center gay;
A path of brightest green
Meanders in between.

The Story in prose: this is a real quilt. It was started in Iowa, and finished in California, 8 years later. It had been worked on as we travelled over much of the U.S.,and into Canada; people gave piecing material wherever we went. When it was finished, friends urged that I enter it at the Los Angeles Co. Fair, and I decided to do so. It was displayed with 9 other beauties, in the Elderly Peoples' Dept. Lo! and behold!! It took the First Prize among the Nine! Blue Ribbon, Tag and $3.50!

It now occupies the place of honor, in our Guest Room. And right here let me pass on an idea that entered my mind: how to have it out in use, but protected from accumulating dust; a cover of plain,plastic yardage, thin enough to reveal the beauty of the Quilt, but not the thinnest grade.

I have since used plastic for covering other things, as well as for vegetable bags in refrigerator.

SPECIAL RECIPE DEPT.

RECIPE FOR "FLY-SWATTER SOUP"

Take one full length Ox tail, and cut into small sections (or have it cut at the Butchers); cook until tender, in quart of water; season to taste, and add pre-cooked rice or barley, and bring to a boil.

Question: "Where is the "Fly Swatter"? Well, isn't an Ox Tail a "Fly Swatter"? (My husband suggested this "bright idea")

My warmest thanks for all those who wrote commendation of "Croonings".

ANOTHER PHASE OF POETIC DISCUSSION.

"Poet with a Mission",-
Who, when and what?

Our early American Poet, James Russell Lowell,- a real Poet, a great Poet. Hear his own words: "My calling is clear to me. I feel the greatness of the Poet's Mission,- could I but dare to hope to fill it!".

This high conception finds expression in many of his early poems,- the "Vision of Sir Launfal" depicts his intense feelings for the Anti-slavery Crusade, which was then at its height. He wrote both prose and poetic appeals, - for instance: "He who settles Freedom's principles, writes the death-warrant of all tyranny. Who speaks the Truth, stabs Falsehood to the heart".

All "who follow in his train" must see that every Crusade needs its Poets, its Songsters, its Orators and Contenders.We can all do our bit for our Country and for righteousness, by creating sentiment.

Poets wrote, and led up to Lincoln's signing the Document that ended Slavery, which he had sworn he would "hit hard,if he ever had a chance".

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

Since joining U.A.P.A.,I have had an instinctive objection to the word "Amateur". My feelings were expressed by Sophie Walbert, in her "Paper", "SYCAMORE". Anybody else have the same feeling? Association of Free Lance Writers or somepin? A mere suggestion,- any other?

Now, -- a word of deep appreciation for our out-going President, Wm. Wallace Ellis (no "Amateur", either). Also an expression of sympathetic understanding as to the experience he is passing through -- having passed through much the same,myself, the past year.

Furthermore,I would refer to his Poem, "Home Sweet Home" in "Presidential Paragraphs",July. It is a Gem--one of his best.

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever".

X-PN 4827 H312

THE CORNERSTONE

AN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION : AAPA - NAPA - UAPA

********** MARCH 1952 **********

G.WALLACE TIBBETTS, 11 SHELLEY ROAD WELLESLEY HILLS 82, MASS.,U.S.A.

********** - ********** - ********** - ********** - ********** - ********** - **********

THE HIDDEN TRAIL

by
G. Wallace Tibbetts

* * * *

With eyes closed I see the hidden trail, for memory retains a picture of snow under trees in late winter days. This is the scene:

A shack in a sugar orchard surrounded by tapped trees with wooden buckets hooked under dripping spiles. Constantly sap is slowly dropping, filling the clean, yellow pails with water-colored fluid.

Threading between the trees, treading on deep snow with snowshoes, I gather overflowing containers and fetch them to huge kettles used to "boil down" the sap.

Under the kettles or inside the shack in rusty, warped stove, are brisk fires; from burning birch wood odors of smoke fill the air with pungent fragrance, - not unlike the taste of spice and tang of hot gingerbread, covered with homemade, sweet butter; or the acid sting of hard cider after father had plunged a red-hot poker into the cracked, brown pitcher filled from a barrel, downstairs, in the cold cellar.

Wind is sparring with brown oak leaves. They are scolding with husky voices, telling the boisterous boaster to sweep the carpet covering forest's floor, and to seek clouds burdened with springtime moisture; twist them together, wring out showers to wash away all ice and snow, and feed pregnant soil, vibrant with life, waiting to give birth to buds, all seeds and roots of verdant, sleeping children conceived by nature. Perhaps that is the reason clinging oak leaves remain on guard all winter: merely to guide vagrant winds and send them about their business.

* * *

Returning to the sap-house for warmth of fire and steaming kettle, I try, very gingerly, to taste the bubbling syrup. It is too hot! My tongue is burned. The first maple sugar hardens when a tin cupful is poured on the snow outside. There is no sweeter candy than frosty maple cooled in the forest on crystalline snow.

Later, at home, we decide there is no better nectar than maple syrup, generously spread over hot, brown flapjacks. To fully enjoy these, breakfast must be served in the kitchen near the hot, wood-burning range; the table must be covered with a checkered red cloth with white fringe. Over the faint odor of wood-fire and slightly scorched cakes an aroma of sizzling bacon and freshly brewed coffee greets a hungry boy.

* * *

X-PN 4827

#313



CHATTERBOX

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

Published by Irma Reitci, Vol. III
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee, Wis. Seventh Chat.
February 1952.

Well, folks, seems that the age of miracles is still with us! You don't believe it? Tsk, tsk. You just haven't looked in the right places.

Want a "for instance"? Take a peek at last month's Chatterbox. On Poetry Corner you will find an old, tired out little "pome" called, Love, originally written years ago by your truly. Now watch! Here comes the Miracle:

No sooner had the reprint appeared, when Presto! Things began to happen. Seems Love must be filled with "poetical" vitamins, or something. Anyway, the minute our George Boehme spied the rejuvenated Love, he could contain himself no longer. INSPIRATION filled his soul, and another "pome" (also entitled Love) was born. Look for it on Poetry Corner of this issue. When our prosaic George takes such flights of Romantic Fancy (and all inspired by my Love), you've got to admit that the age of miracles has not passed.

BUT that isn't all, folks. I know this will strike you as belonging to the realm of Phantasy, but I have it on good authority, that it is a FACT. Strange, perhaps, but nevertheless a Fact. Love has made another Convert! Our witty (???) Eddie Daas has also succumbed to Love! The "pome" that is. I've been told that his Masterpiece will appear in this month's The Man Says. Be sure to look for it!

Honestly, folks, I didn't mean to do it! If I had known what an Avalanche I was starting with Love----. I promise to be good! No more "pomes" by Irma, reprints or otherwise. I shudder when I think what one more "pome" might do. Love! Ouch! That's for the boids! But strictly! I give up!

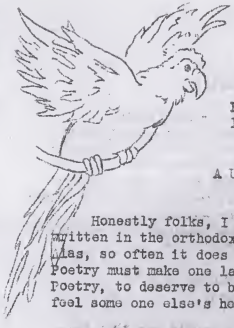
P.S. Just received a heart-warming letter from Anthony Cama, AND a Beautiful poem, called TOGETHER. Yes, folks, you're so right! It was also inspired by Love. So....maybe I'd better not be too hasty.... besides...I did receive some wonderful comments on Love from quite a few of you nice people...."

Anyway, I'll be proud to print Anthony's poem in next month's Chatterbox. In fact, Anthony's poem is responsible for there being a Poetry Corner next month. Or a Chatterbox, for that matter. Due to certain personal matters, I was about to give up. (Surprised, Eddie?)

However, this morning's mail brought encouragement from Anthony, Paul Press, Jr. and Frances Lois Vaughn. There'll be a Chatterbox next month. Thanks, thanks very much for ALL the wonderful letters and cards folks. I LOVE each and every one of you for them! See you next month!

X-PN 4827
C

#374



CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol III.
Eighth Chat.
March 1952.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

****

Honestly folks, I am not partial to Free Verse. I thrill to poetry written in the orthodox manner, too, if --- it affects me emotionally! Alas, so often it does not. Mere rhyming is no guarantee of excellence. Poetry must make one laugh; cry; reach for the stars, or it isn't poetry. Poetry, to deserve to be called that, must make you forget your troubles; feel some one else's heartbreak, and see the beauty in everyday things.

Why all this, you ask? Well, could be because I'm just bubbling over with EMOTION at the moment! And I feel I've simply got to share this Wonderful Feeling with you!

Folks, I've just discovered a new Poet in our UAPA! She has joined us only recently, but many of you have probably read her poems in some of the better known poetry journals. And if I have my way, you'll read a lot more of it in Chatterbox in the future!

"There goes Enthusiastic Irma, again!"

Pay no attention to it, folks! That's only Eddie Daas mumbling in the background. Yes, Eddie, I know! We do have some excellent poets in our UAPA. But, I feel certain that after you've read some of TRUDA McCoy's poetry, you'll agree with me that here is an ARTIST. Lonely Hill, by Truda won the Fifty Dollar First Prize, given by The Literary Amateur recently. However, Late Summer Evening, as yet unpublished, is every bit as moving! And just to prove that it is not the Form, but the Substance that matters, Truda McCoy brings us Apple-Blossom Wind, in Free Verse! I'll bring you some of Truda's poetry next month -- and if these poems don't make your heart beat faster, bring a nostalgic lump to your throat -- or bring a smile or a tear -- well, then you're simply HOPELESS!

******* **

And so, from the sublime to the ridiculous! So Eddie wants the Last Word! Very Funny! When Eddie Daas (The Man Says) is around, he has the first word, the last word, and the nine hundred and ninety-nine words in between! The only time I get a word in edgewise, is when he's busy drinking all those umpty cups of coffee!

And, naturally, you've noticed, and admired (?) the Art Work on top of this page! Oh, well -- men will be men! Who? Why none other than our George Boehme, the Artist. Aided and abetted by Eddie Daas. That innocent (?) two-some can get more "ideas"!!!

And again, did you read Eddie's "Love" poem? Quick! Somebody get the smelling salts!

X-PN 4827

#395

THE CORNERSTONE

AN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION : AAPA - NAPA - UAPA

** - ** - *** - ** - ** MAY 1952 ** - ** - ** - *** - **
* G.WALLACE TIBBETTS, 11 SHELLEY ROAD WELLESLEY HILLS 82, MASS. *
** - ***** - ***** - ***** - ***** - ***** - ***** - ***** - **

OLD NEW ENGLAND HOUSES

by

G.Wallace Tibbetts

* * *

If houses could talk what interesting stories would be told. Every year as we visit towns in New England it has seemed quite possible to visualize the life experience of many of the older buildings we pass on the side roads. Of course buildings in the cities and large towns have vivid yarns to relate too, but we like to conjure up the tales that walls and roofs, located off the beaten paths, could tell.

Here is a house with adjoining woodshed, poultry house and barn sunning itself in its old age with a strip of green lawn holding the rutted road in check. The barn would not obey the dictation of the lawn, "no way to get to the road in deep snow," the old weather-beaten structure appeared to say; so it poked its swinging doors right up to the line of the road - in spite of instructions from the lawn and in spite of all rules that are supposed to govern artistic landscape design.

That old barn was bound to have its own way no matter what anybody said or did. How old was it? Well, its age entitled it to have opinions of its own. Look at the silver-gray shingles on its roof, getting thin in spots. When the wind gathered for a smart push the silver thatch had to yield a trifle and admit it was not as young as it used to be. Ah! nothing could stir or shake the old fellow's opinions. No siree! Hope it had stood for one hundred years. No upstart wind or modern lawn was agoin' to budge it one inch. Some old men are like that, too.

That's the character of this old barn. For all these years it had sheltered, in good weather and in storms, the sheep and cattle, horses wagons and harnesses. The stores of hay and straw, the bins of oats, grain and corn had been safely kept under its sturdy timbers. Now it feels that it has done full duty all these years - who will dare to suggest that its use is no longer in demand? Suppose there are no critters to stall, stanchion and feed. "These youngsters better let me alone," the old barn suggests, "I'm tired, I want to rest here for all my remaining days." So we see in the life story of this veteran, faithfulness, sturdy character, duty well done and patience with the changes that come - that is, patience with all things that did not change his own ideas and way of life. He really is quite a human old fellow.

X-PN 4827
C

#376

AN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
AAPA - NAPA - UAPA

THE CORNERSTONE

***** FEBRUARY 1952 *****

G. WALLACE TIBBETTS, 11 SHELLEY ROAD, WELLESLEY HILLS 82, MASSACHUSETTS

******** - ********

OPEN LETTER TO FRIENDS:

Being "retired' is something that does not appeal to me. I have always been active, doing things. Now I seem to be in the back-wash in the stream of life, slack water, sort of. There are tiny whirlpools nearby without much force; the main stream appears to be rushing by - and I am not sailing in the deeper waters. This feeling is the next thing to being lonesome. Based on personal experience one is more lonesome while in the heart of a great city than being out in a wind-swept desert or deep in the forest. I shall never forget the years I lived in New York city just after I was admitted to the Bar fifty years ago. Millions of people all about me yet I knew nobody well, and I was just plain homesick and lonesome. Lonely does not describe the feeling accurately; no such concern or desire for companionship came to me at any time while I have been alone in the country or on the trails covering mountains.

Within my heart there is an urge to do something about the distress of the world at large and also a restless impulse to assist many individuals who need help. They are all about us suffering from handicaps, or illness of body, mind and habits over which they have little control.

Peace to the world will come and peace in the souls of men will come when we - each of us as individuals - find the way and guide post pointing to the "love that passeth understanding.' There must be such a way and guidance! Leadership by men of vision and understanding is required. There will be no mass discovery of remedies for greed and selfishness. Only through leaders with wisdom, inspired through spiritual consecration, can this war-torn world of ours be settled definitely. Only through our individual lives and example can peace be brought to the hearts of our own countrymen who live under shadows of stress and strain concerning which we have little knowledge. Am I my brother's keeper? is a question calling for an individual answer. Our thoughts and acts go far beyond our intention and our knowledge no doubt. I like to think our good purposes are like ripples on water - they go on and on to the uttermost shore. Unfortunately, the acts of those who are not inclined to do the right thing go on and on to the uttermost shore. Cross currents bring about larger whirlpools than the tiny one in slack water.

At times I seem to be far from the strong and silent river, over in the back-wash, floating about restlessly, aimlessly.

X-PN 4827

11 377

CHATTERBOX



Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. III.
Tenth Chat.
May 1952.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

****

YOU WONDERFUL, NICE PEOPLE! How will I ever be able to THANK each and every one of you for those cheering and inspiring cards and letters I received from you during my recent illness? Words seem so very inadequate at such times to express the gratitude in our hearts. I can only say that your messages were the bright threads of humor and hope that added light to even the darkest days. Thank you so very, very much!

Doctor's orders are still "take it easy and rest all you can." So, please forgive me if you do not hear from me immediately. As soon as health and time permit, I'll write to each one of you nice people and thank you personally for remembering me and taking "time out" from your busy lives to cheer me up. Thanks again!

****

I am not only surprised, but astounded at what I started with that Love poem of mine! Yes, Love poems are still pouring in! I'll use all of them eventually. THE DREAM MUST GO by Truda McCoy, is a somewhat different treatment of the same subject. Like it? I like it very much. Wish I had written it! (I can dream, can't I?)

Frances Lois Vaughn sent me a very nice poem on Love, too, but that there Thin Man went and "swiped" it! (Of course I "swiped" Enchantment from him, but then, that's different) And wouldn't you know it! I hear that he's writing a parody on Frances' poem! Both the poem, and Eddie's "masterpiece" are to appear in this month's The Man Sez! (Unless my stool pigeons have given me the wrong "dope".)

G. Wallace Tibbetts is one of our best writers, and nicest "people", as you all know! (And he writes such nice post cards, too!) So, imagine my surprise, when he wrote me that he had a "hankering" to appear in Chatterbox! (Of all things!) And since Chatterbox features only Poetry, well -- G. Wallace sat himself down and wrote me a Poem. (Good, too). I will be more than glad to print any of your poetry, dear man, but I have one, little request. The next time, please, pretty please, make the line a little shorter! Space, you know!

Folks that goes for all of you. Don't know how come but it always seems that the "longer line" poems always seem to fit in better "next" month. We'll all be happier if you'll keep both the poems and the lines a bit shorter. Thanks!

X-PN 4827

#378



THE CHATTERBOX

5 Copy

Published by Irma Reitci Vol. IV
1732 W. Walnut St., Fifth that
Milwaukee 5, Wis. Dec. 1942

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

****

It's me again, folks, knocking at your door. May I come in? I've been a steady visitor every month for a little over three years now, and perhaps.....

Chatterbox has been a labor of love. There have been times when, because of illness or lack of time and money, I had decided to discontinue publishing. But always there were the letters and cards of encouragement from you. And I continued to write my "chit-chat", talk of "personal affairs" "pretty compliments", etc.

Now, however, WYLMA G. HEARD has brought me to a sudden realization. The possibility does exist that the people who do NOT like Chatterbox, may simply have failed to air their views!

There is nothing personal in this defence, if such it be. Wylma has as much right to like or dislike any article, story or publication, as anyone else in the UAPA. And she HAS the RIGHT to say so. Just as, I hope, I have the right to defend my position.

The UAPA Bundle papers are mailed to each member with the hope that each and every one of you will enjoy them. The editors, try to please you. They may not. But, how are they to know that, if you do not tell them so? We realize that every paper will not appeal to every member, but no Editor wants to spend time and money publishing something that the MAJORITY does not care to read. It is only fair, of YOU, the readers, to drop the editors an occasional word and tell them whether or not you like their papers. Our UAPA membership is composed of people in all parts of the country, and from all walks of life. It would be foolish to think that they all like the same things. But, as Bill Ellis, our former President, pointed out not long ago, when there is enough variety there is sure to be something that appeals to every one.

CHATTERBOX has never laid claim to being anything but what its name implies. This Editor has always believed that people are mostly interested in hearing about other people. The main reason for Chatterbox's existance has been to get UAPA folks to get to know each other better. Yes, I have often urged members to do better work, but I have not lost sight of the fact that our Organization is primarily devoted to a Hobby. And each and every member should have the right to express himself as best he can. We are not all endowed with the same gifts. I, too, enjoy reading good articles and editorials. But I also enjoy good poetry and "chit-chat" and a bit of nonsense now and then. If I wanted merely to be "educated" I would go out and buy factual books, enroll in a course, etc.

X-FA A827

#379



The 12 Copy 5

DECEMBER 1952

VOLUME 2 - NUMBER 3

Cornerstone

"AN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION-AAPA-NAPA-UAPA"

G.WALLACE TIBBETTS, EDITOR - 11 SHELLEY ROAD, WELLESLEY HILLS 82, MASS.

Christmas Trees

The conception of using evergreens for Christmas Trees during the holiday season in December originated in the mind of a humble cordwainer who saw an evergreen tree, snow laden, on a clear, cold night outlined against a star-studded sky, with light from the moon above flooding all the land with beauty.

Bells chiming in a distant chapel tower he heard, and merry jingles from a passing sleigh; hymns were faintly audible and songs of children as they were briskly drawn over the smooth, white snow on the highway.

In his heart there was a spirit of forgiveness and a resolve to meet the New Year with greater courage and wider vision; a determination to bring more happiness to children and to share with others, less forunate, the blessings that had come to him.

There was in his soul belief that the Star of Bethlehem still adorned the sky and glistened at the top of the tree he selected as a symbol of new light, a symbol of Christmas Day. He saw the earth in mystic shadows revealed by a glowing reflection of a greater hidden light; all the hills, valleys and the intervale lying before him were white and clean; the bells he heard found response within his mind vibrating in joyous unison; the songs he heard released a thrilling melody to his inner ear; all blended in perfect harmony with the whispering choir in the boughs of surrounding pines.

He knew that forgiveness was born at Christmastide: that new resolutions endured when happiness and charity made straight the path and marked the trail to higher and nobler ambitions. He believed that peace on earth among men of good will had come through a new birth in a world made crystal white and clean for all who chose to believe in peace and purity. He saw his great opportunity to share in service to mankind by following the rays of light that shone from a manger on the first Christmas Day.

So he chose a tree, evergreen, fragrant, regal, and placed it before the Altar in the House of God in which he worshipped, seven candles burning behind the Book and Cross and fluttering candles of prayer appeared to illumine the tree; stained glass in the vaulted ceiling windows spread rich blues, greens and reds as misty morning sunbeams

X-P 4827

#400



CHATTERBOX

Published by
Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol 1V
Fourth Chat
November
1952.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

PUBLICATION.

****

A few weeks ago I was again invited, in the role of critic, to attend two "try out" performances of Solo Dramas, given by Paul E. Pross, Jr. at Chicago, on a Friday and Saturday.

I wish that I could tell you that Paul gave a brilliant performance in spite of the heat and the small Friday night audience. It was an adequate performance. But not what I had come to expect from Paul. But that "let-down" feeling left me suddenly when I began to realize what the trouble was. There was a "sameness" about each Drama that was almost boring. And though Paul tried valiantly to bring this "sameness" to life, he couldn't make it.

Paul had asked for my honest opinion, and he got it! A lot of hard work had gone into Friday night's production. How would he react to my suggestion that he eliminate all but one of the plays for Saturday night's show?

Paul and his director, Joe Misenentino, worked through the night! They argued! They revised! They rehearsed!

On Saturday, Paul opened with HER by Ronald Bishop. This was the only drama retained from Friday night. Now Paul lived the part. The audience felt the tenderness of young love; the fire of fulfillment; the despair and disillusionment of the lover who, in order to preserve his identity, must desert the girl he loves.

In FIRST WIFE TO SECOND by Collins & Ryerson, Paul's artistry held up the mirror of truth and revealed the tragedy of marriage and divorce hidden behind the mask of Comedy.

When Paul came to the end of the scheduled performance, the audience demanded more. Then Paul came up with a preview of a play not a word of which had been committed to paper! The audience was completely unaware of this, as THE SCENE SHIFTERS unfolded before them. The story is that of a Freak in a carnival, as told from the eyes, and heart, and soul of the unfortunate being.

Paul's new director, Joe Misorentino, has been instrumental in guiding Paul into playing more male parts, which I believe is a good thing for Paul at this time. I think Joe Misorentino has the insight into character, the understanding of temperament, which is an indispensable requisit of a good director.

If you want to see Paul E. Pross, Jr. at his BEST, don't fail to see him in his own production of THE SCENE SHIFTERS!

****

BE SEEING ALL OF YOU IN JULY * 1 9 5 3!
AT THE UAPA CONVENTION IN MILWAUKEE!! !

#1401

All prose and no poetry, would make literature "prosaic". Somebody has said that the reason LIFE is so "prosaic" is because it is so "daily". You know how that is -- the sameness of the "daily" routine, for most folks. We must try to find some magic way of injecting variety and charm into it. Perhaps the bit of verse credited to a dark-skinned friend has the idea: "O Lord, give me a glory,- is it much to give? For if I don't have a glory, I just don't live". "A merry heart doeth good like medicine", and "The Joy of the Lord is our strength", two bits of Scripture that contain the secret!

RIVER STORIES

You don't cross a bridge before you come to it -- literally. And the reason you cross a river, is because you can't go around it.

I've had a little experience with rivers, and since two of our biggest rivers recently distinguished themselves, disgracefully, I thought it might be timely to tell of my own experience with the great and muddy Ohio River. Riding up and down it in a passenger or pleasure boat was a pleasurable experience; but when the Old Girl got out of her channel because of being over-fed by other smaller streams,and tried out her strength on all the towns, big and little, nestled along her banks, she became a fearsome monster.

The west end of Cincinnati was the worst slum district in the City. I once worked there in religious-social work, and one time I sailed around on the turbulent crest of the River's flood waters, when they were so deep that we had to duck our heads to get under the trolley wires (then in use) as we went in row-boats, handing relief baskets up to the marooned occupants on third floors of tenement houses. The Neighborhood House, which we conducted in that section, had water 6 feet up on first floor, and buried the basement rooms. (Other houses had deeper water, as shown above).

One of the unfortunate and familiar figures of that district was Mrs.O'Bannion of the Shanty Boat. She shuttled back and forth, from some two-or-three-room living space on land, to a Shanty Boat moored to the Ohio River's shore, which she called her "River Home". I was in it once -- its one room was completely filled with: 2 beds, a cook stove, small table and chair or two. She loved to use high-sounding words and phrases, and our Neighborhood House she called her "Circle of Advantages".

Her heavy responsibility was a drinking husband, who worked spasmodically,and their five children -- 3 boys and 2 girls. At one time the three boys were all in institutions of correction, one in a Reformatory, another in Jail and the third in the House of Refuge! Of her family, she said in my presence, "O, my children are consecrated to my bosom, but not their meanness". She once borrowed 15¢, and when she brought it back, she asked to borrow 50¢.

For those who have never seen the slum districts of a large city, it is impossible to imagine the dirt and dinginess, the extreme poverty and sodden depths of misfortune and sin in which the people are sunken! Our neighborhood House was an oasis of cheer, cleanliness and helpfulness to children and grown-ups -- many received their inspiration and start for better living and doing.

A quote from Abe Lincoln always commands attention and bears repetition. Gov.Warren, speaking on a recent Radio Program, said: "People do not know the difference between Socialism and Social Progress, it's just as Lincoln said: 'When people don't know the difference between things that sound somewhat alike,it's like not knowing the difference between a horse-chestnut and a chestnut horse'".

LIKE THE AIR

God is like the air,-
Present everywhere.
Enters every tiny crack,
Enters where the door's thrown back;
Fills the room of life with vigor,
Fitting us to face life's rigor;
Yes, our God is like the air, -
He is present everywhere.

MAY 1927

GEN 4627

THE CHAPLAIN

FEBRUARY Youngstown, Ohio 1952

"IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK"

---0---

Since the last edition of this publication two tragic events took place in our locality, that prompted the writing of this brief chatt.

First, a young policeman was shot down in cold blood while trying to investigate burglars in an automobile sales agency. Just a young fellow with the start of a family; but when he reported to the desk captain on that fatefull night, it was later than he thot.

The second instance, a young mother of three children, who had buried her husband about 6 months ago, while driving to a store collided with a truck and was instantly killed.

In both of the cases mentioned young people were involved, who no doubt was under the impression they had their whole life still to live; but, it was later than they thought.

Life is brief and as one gets older, they start to realize this in part, when you notice with the rapidity the days and months seem to fly by.

In the book of James and chapter 4 verse 14, we are told:

"FOR WHAT IS YOU LIFE? IT IS EVEN A VAPOUR THAT APPEARETH FOR A LITTLE TIME, AND THEN VANISHETH AWAY."

No one is immune to death, therefore it is widdom to be prepared when it strikes. No of us have an assurance that we will see the next bundle of paper.

The prophet Amos in the Old Testament alerts us with "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD".

Yes, for some reader of this publication, "It may be later than you think.

NEWS AND VIEWS

---0---

It has been said that if old Joe Stalin wants to start a war with the United States, he can get is inside of 20 minutes by "criticizing Margaret's singing".

New rules for construction of Navy and Army chapels. A baptistry is to be included in many of these chapels.

When you hear it said that big business gets most of the profits, it is well to know that for the past 18years workers have gotten 86% of all income produced by manufacturing industries.

Rapid strides are being made in the publishing of books in Hebrew. The Workers Book Guild announces its aim as one book every four days. This is the largest publishing house in Israel.

An article in the Saturday Evening post states that, according to a chaplain who ministered to the Nazi Leaders who were executed at Nuremburg, more than half of those Nazis prayed to God for forgiveness of sins against humanity and returned to Christian faith.

In the 15 months of police action (not war) more than 8 million Koreans have lost their homes and much of their property; and over 2 million Koreans have died as casualities.
Here is another $64. question! What is the difference between a war and this so called Police Action.

A-PIN4C-1
5
#403

The CORNERSTONE

VOL. 2 MARCH 1953 NO. 6

"An Amateur Press Association Publication"
NAPA · AAPA · UAPA

G. WALLACE TIBBETTS, EDITOR
ELEVEN SHELLEY ROAD · WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

An Old New England Barn

Its watered-silk, gray sides are patterned in the styles of silk and rare brocades,
Worn by refined ladies in Colonial days or their soft shawls' pale, soft shades.
When drenched with rain, wide boards become bands of velvet—rusty green and black.
Clinging shingles, with resolute fidelity, in broken ranks remain. Gold and silver charm they do not lack
To hold quaint, rich ruby jewels on the fabric rare—
Fit for gowns of Royalty to wear—
Or tapestry with interwoven artistic frieze.
Thus fair Nature's fascinating wonders never cease.

In broken window sash is seen blind eyes grown weary
In the span of passing days;
Waiting now to rest, watching no more the relentless,
Surging turmoil of our modern ways.

Our imagination and memory carries us back to an old barn adjoining an Old New England House, about which we have written in an earlier CORNERSTONE. We have given here our old barn the power to tell his story:

"I am an old fellow now; my memory goes back more than a hundred years. This was a peaceful intervale when I

X-PN 4827



CHATTERBOX

#404

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. V
Fifth Chat
November 1953

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

****

SPECIAL NOTICE: Folks, you all know that Friendship is a two way affair. It must be a give and take affair, otherwise it does not deserve the name.

BILL ELLIS is a firm believer in Giving, as you all know! He has given us his beautiful and inspiring Ellisonian Echoes each month for many years. And both he, and his family, donated their talents to making our recent Milwaukee Convention the success that it was. Bill has donated printed matter to UAPA time and time again. And last, but certainly not least, Bill has cheered up hundreds of you folks with his cards and letters.

Well, folks, the time has now come for US to do a little Giving! Bill Ellis will leave for the hospital on November 22nd for more eye surgery. I'm sure you all know what MAIL means at a time like that. So, let's each and every one of us, write to Bill and cheer HIM up for a change. Bill deserves a little attention from us, and I'm sure he'll appreciate it greatly. Let's surprise Bill with BUSHELS OF MAIL! And let's keep on writing to him after he gets home from the hospital, too. He has a long convalescence ahead of him, and every card - or letter from you, will help make it seem shorter.

A cheery card - a three cent stamp - a bit of thought. That's all it takes to show a Regular Guy that we do appreciate him! Thanks!

Here is the address to write to, folks:

William W. Ellis, St. Vincent's Hospital
2213 Cherry Street, TOLEDO, OHIO.

****

We'd like to say here that we realize that the recent "Bundle Troubles" were exasperating to many of you. We are very sorry about any annoyance caused you, but we cannot change the past. HOWEVER - we do hereby promise you that you will receive your Bundles promptly from now on.

I feel sure that, with the help of George Roehme and Eddie Daas, I will be able to give you the kind of service you received up to the recent trouble.

I hope, too, that you will bear with me and understand that it will not be possible for me to acknowledge contributions to the Mailing Fund, personally. Just don't have the time. However, we do, very much, appreciate your contributions, and you will receive credit for them on our monthly published statements. Thank you.

X-PN 4827
C

#1405

THE CORNERSTONE

The Contest Winners

I

WM. WALLACE ELLIS
AMABEL L. BOLT

II

CARLA PATSURIS
EMMA JACOBSON

III

MARY REINHARDT NELSON

IV

REMELDA GIBSON

V

TRUDA MCCOY

Judge of Contests

MRS. MARIE HAND

JULY 1953
Volume Two · Number Eleven

By Request: Second Printing
To compensate for failure to deliver this issue in July

X-PN 4827
C
H40C

A UAPA PUBLICATION

The Clarion

Number 4 — Winter, 1953

History

Recorded history of humankind
Is like the eerie episodes in dreams
Where ghostly, sedulous figments of the mind
Perform their acts. It holds the two extremes,
For devilry and love co-mingle there.
They are bemused companions in regimes
Of Earth where Hope is sister to Despair.

Thelma Allinder

X-PN 4827

#407

Published by
Sandor Estorhazy
1027 West 6th Place
Los Angeles 17, Cal.

THE CRITIC

NOVEMBER

1953

CHRISTIAN SUBVERSIVES

To those familiar with some aspects of my life, the news of my opposition to Leninist Communism comes as no surprise. Perhaps less known is my inherent opposition to Nazism. The reason of course, is that though most of my writings are about Communism, I consider Nazism as only the opposite side of the same coin. There is no difference to me of a Nazi or a Communist.

I would not deny anyone the right to be a Communist, though I consider them to be traitors to the United States and enemies of humanity. Also the path to comprehension is strewn with errors, none of which is greater than Leninist Stalinist Communism.

But if I reject the unbalancements of the extreme left, I also am wary of the wiles of the extreme right who parade under the banner of God, Christianity, Patriotism, and so forth. Both have as the basis the need to divide us and to destroy our Constitutional liberties.

It is for this reason that after reading THE AMBASSADOR of August 1953, I have come to the firm conclusion that the sentiments expressed here are similar in character to that which is spread by the "Christian Nationalist Party" which was originated by Reverend Gerald K. Smith. This party is listed by the Department of Justice as subversive alongside that of "The Communist Party of America".

"Bring our schools back to God" -- "to have a picture of our dear Lord Jesus Christ -- hanging in each school so that the children can learn more of God."

It does not bother these Christian subversives that our nation was founded and developed under the theory of division of Church and State. That through all the travail of the birth and growth of our nation that the best of our sons and daughters have given their all that Religion in any form should be kept out of our Public Schools. It does not bother these Christian Anti Americans, that the Supreme Court of the United States has in decision after decision supported this Constitutional view.

THE AMBASSADOR in fighting "for our dear Lord Jesus Christ who suffered for us sinners" is willing to destroy the Constitution, the foundation of all our liberties.

It does not matter that Moslem, Hebrew, Buddhist, Seventh Day Adventist, Jehovah's Witnesses or the Mormons might consider the picture as idol worship or anti-religious or un-Godly. The Gerald K. Smith subversives know that Moslems, Hebrews, Buddhists and the others who are opposed to having Christ forced on them, that it is persons like these and myself, who are red subversives, including the Department of Justice of the United States.

Library of Congress

#408 X-PN4827

C

CALLAN TIMES

21 March 1953

VOL. I NO. 1

Erratically Published Privately Distributed

C. B. CALLAN, Editor



5 SEP 15
Copy-----1953

An autograph copy of the CALLAN TIMES may be had by sending One Dollar to the Editor at 489 E. Church St., Frederick, Md.

X-PN 4827

#469

The Chevalier

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF CHILD SECURITY, INC.
1836 Cimarron Street, Los Angeles 19, California

VOL. I, NO. 1 EDWIN B. ALLEN, EDITOR AUTUMN, 1953

WE ARE BORN:

A plaintive whimper then a lusty cry signalizes our entry into this world of amazing affairs. A destiny of challenge immediately becomes our life goal . . . a little, little fellow with a big, big program before him. The name "Chevalier" of the Unwanted Child almost stumps us, yet that is the role we have essayed and to fulfill its every implication, we hereby dedicate our young life.

In other words in this, Volume 1, Number 1 of "The Chevalier" we are brave enough to dare hope that we will prove to be a noteworthy publication from this day forward.

There are many who both individually and collectively foster the interests of widely varied groups of youngsters once they have reached the school age. Our purpose is to help safeguard the development of the pre-school age tots. Particularly will we try to aid those, who thru misfortune are numbered among the "unwanted." It is our high purpose to be of assistance in changing the status of these to being "wanted," cherished and loved . . . which is every child's right under God.

"The Chevalier" is the official organ of Child Security, Inc., "the Chevalier of the unwanted child." This organization seeks to bring into reality, in the homes where it is missing, the cardinal principle of "love is security," the story of which will be found in our columns in this and successive editions.

Enough then for ourself and our humble, yet ambitious beginning. It is our purpose and intention to come to our readers four times each year . . . maybe more often. Our story will be important . . . we trust you shall find it inspiring.

THE HISTORY OF CHILD SECURITY, INC.

Originally incorporated May 4, 1949, as Candid Records, Inc., the organization changed its name to the present CHILD SECURITY, INC., Sept. 21, 1950. The philanthropic, non-profit group was inspired by its founder-president, Amelia I. Frey, who through a period of years had made observation and research that clearly indicated the vital need for organized effort particularly in behalf of the "unwanted.

Thru these earlier years of the activities major attention has been given the encouragement of literary contests in which substantial awards have been offered. An account of the awards made up to this time is given elsewhere in The Chevalier. Also announcement is made of the special award to be offered for a textbook. Further, the individual members of CHILD SECURITY, INC., have been of assistance in helping "unwanteds" and advising

(Continued on Page Four, Column One)

PURPOSES AND AIMS OF CHILD SECURITY, INC.

BY AMELIA I. FREY

The birth of a child is an opportunity for discovering one of the finest emotions possible in the consciousness of human beings. What joy to feel the simple refined Love as the only language necessary to make known all needs and their fulfillment, as encountered during the first years of the babe's life.

For those who help a child to be normal when it enters this earth environment and then guide it through a non-frustrated childhood with unhampered spiritual growth and development, establishing a foundation for balanced maturity, there would assuredly be peace for them in their declining years, as well as great joy during the period of accomplishment.



AMELIA I. FREY
President-Founder of Child Security, Inc.

How pathetically sad is the record of the UNWANTED, wherein many or all of these fine and joyous experiences are lacking or entirely unknown!

Much frustration or inhibition that often results in crime would not become the despondent care of later unhappy living, if parents including even college graduates, clearly understood the results of careless and unwise behavior toward small children.

It is our hope to remove, as far as possible, the blot of child UNWANTEDNESS from the standard of human living. We aim to crystalize a new ap-

(Continued on Page Four, Column One)

APA 4021
C

#410
5
Copy

CHATTERBOX



Published by
Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. IV
Eleventh Chat
June
1 9 5 3.

A UNTIED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

Folks, I've just had me a wonderful time, down Chicago way. I spent a long week end being entertained and squired about by Paul E. Pross, Jr. (The Lone Performer) and his manager, Otto Andersen. (The young man is a strict task master,but he deserves quite a bit of credit for Paul's recent successful performances). But, the most unforgettable part of my visit, was Paul's performance on Thursday evening.

I believe Paul E. Pross, Jr. faced the largest audience of his career that evening. The Italia Room of the Hotel Allerton was filled to capacity. And what an audience! (I felt like Cinderella at the ball:after twelve o'clock, natch!) Most of the ladies wore evening gowns, and corsages were the rule, rather than the exception. Everyone was in a gala mood, yet underneath it once could sense an air of expectancy and doubt. For, those who had seen Paul perform, had sung his praises so well, that many of their friends joined them for this performance. One could almost hear the unspoken question: Could Paul do it again? Would he live up to his "advance publicity" ? Could he sell himself to those in the audience who were not familiar with the Solo Drama?

The answer was not long in coming. Paul, sensitive as he is to audience reaction,opened with HER by Ronald Bishop instead of the Comedy he had planned to begin with. The poignant story of a Veteran who found that neither Love, nor Philosophy could answer the questions that tormented him, touched the right chord. There were many - too many - in that audience who had asked the same questions and had found only partial answers, or none at all.

But, before the mood could become more than a deep sigh, Paul brought laughter with THE BIG-WIND by Jane Stone. It is the story of a braggard, a cheap skate, who is willing to spent the evening and nothing else, on the girl of his choice. The change of characterization was startling and sudden, but so well done that even the doubters joined in the applause.

GUIDING VOICE ESQUIRE by Clay Franklin, followed. This is also a Comedy, but a different sort of comedy. The character of and Englishman giving advice to the "love lorn" could have been common place - even trite - handled by a lesser Artist. But, Paul E. Pross, Jr. has learned the value of "audience participation" and knows how to use it effectively.

827

C

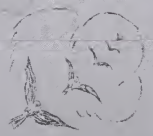
5 1941

Crosby Croonings-on Californiana.

PUBLISHER:-
NINA HARD CROSBY
1874 N. RAYMOND
PASADENA 3,
CALIFORNIA

- A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION -

VOLUME 2 JUNE 1953 NUMBER 4



Beginning a series on California Birds, and other Californiana. Other UAPA Publishers may have done this before,-I do not know. But perhaps not in just this way. I make no pretensions to any exhaustive treatise on the subject,-it is merely my own personal observation of Birds. Anyway, there are new members,-or even older ones, who may know very little about California's special features, and may have some curiosity.

Birds that fly about my domicile, daily,- some of them frequenting my feeding tray outside my east kitchen window:-House Finches,(or linnets),Towhees,Mocking Birds, and Blue Jays. There are other occasional visitors,-Doves are all about, but do not come close to the house, and seldom into the dooryard.

Of Blue Jays, I would say:"Bad actors, tho' rather good looking; they eat eggs and baby birds out of other birds' nests; they do not look like the eastern Jays. A streak of blue from tree to ground, accompanied by a raucous sound, means California Blue Jay is around." Friend Husband remarks:"The Towhee's on the ground, the Blue Jay's all around; House Finch on the tray, drives Sparrows all away." That Jay Bird used to gobble up all the bread crumbs I put on the tray,-the other birds got none! We thought up a way to get ahead of him. He eats only large mouthfuls, and won't bother with seeds. So we put out bird-seeds, and Mr. Jay would not eat them, so the other birds were happy.

These Spring months, the Mocker seems to have it in for the Towhees. When they join battle, what a flurry of wings and tails,-brown, gray and white! Beautiful music, of infinite variety comes from the throat of that Mocker, day and night,- but his disposition is decidedly irritable. He gets his breakfast each morning, early, from my Red Berry Bush outside my east bedroom window. Lying there, I hear his sharp,hungry chirp, and catch glimpses of his long , loosely-attached tail,showing the under feathers of white, as he flirts it about. He loves high places, where he perches and sings.

The dark gray, Tufted Titmouse is an occasional visitor in the trees, and even on the tray, making himself known by his special bit of vocalizing. Black Phoebes are sometimes seen, darting through the air, bent on bagging insect food. The Flicker, well and widely known for his distinctive coat of brown, with touches of yellow, red, black and white, makes his annual, unsuccessful, tho' undiscouraged effort to peck his way into the Baptist Church across the way.

Summer brings the Oriole, with his striking coat of black and orange, and his song. He and his lady, nest in a neighbor's tree, usually in the same place. Little bevies of small grey birds called Bush Tits, invade the bushes in front of our house, and with the dearest little twitterings, go through the bushes, stripping them of every tiny insect and bit of tender green. They are such pretty, pleasant little creatures, round and plump, with sharp pointed short bills, and black, beady eyes. They make the bushes alive with their quick movements and gay twitterings, till done, when they fly away with a rush, together, maybe not to be seen for another year.

(To be continued)

X-PIP 7027
C

#412



CHATTERBOX

Published by
Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. 1V
Eighth Chat
March
1 9 5 3.

A UNITED AMATUER PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

****

Hi there! I think it's about time you folks were let in on some of the "happenings" on Mailing Night, here in Milwaukee.

To begin with, our new Mailer, Norbert Marciniak, is not what you might call a "small" man. But that doesn't stop him from following in The Thin Man's footsteps when it comes to cute remarks about my "avoirdupois"!

Now, on Mailing Night, these two "characters" always make sure that they are working (???) from the side or the table from which they have a good view of the Marciniak Television in the living room. And then, while George Doehne and I, like the good "little" ajaers that we are, work away steadily, these two go into their act.

"Ooooh! Look at her!" Norbert jumps up from his chair and oogles the lady on the screen, "Look at those curves! Why I bet she's got almost as many as Irma!"

"Let me see! Move over!" Now Eddie jumps up. "Wow!" Then suddenly a horrifying thought hits him! What if Irma considered Norbert's remark a compliment? "You're nuts,Norbert!" he shouts NOBODY could possibly have as many curves as Irma!"

I keep on working, but if you were near enough, you might hear me mutter,"Crime doesn't pay" over and over and over again!

Well, the "characters" finally sit down, but two minutes later, they're on their feet again. (How they manage to get any work done between their "Jack-in-the-box" performances,I'll never be able to figure out.)

"Oh, that dirty crook! Did you see that? Did you?" Stalwart Eddie is all for law and order now. Atleast for the moment.

"Yeh, yeh!" Norbert admits as he leans forward so that part of him is still with us in the dining room,while the rest of him is "drooling" in the living room. "Quick, Eddie. Come here!Look at that chassis!" This is followed by clucking noises from both "characters" for a while. then "Do you suppose, Eddie, if Irma took off about fifty pounds...."

This goes on and on, often until past midnight, when, George and I, tired, and Eddie and Norbert, happy, call it the end of another Mailing Night. But..if you should hear about the sudden "demise" of one Edward E. Daas and Norbert Marciniak., well, I'm hoping the jury will call it "justifiable homocide"!

X-PN 4827
C

THE CORNERSTONE

Twilight Reflections
Autumn Sunset Into the Night
Some Answers

JUNE 1953
Volume Two · Number Ten

X-PN 4827
C

#414

The CORNERSTONE

FEBRUARY 1953
VOL. 2 NO. 5
"*An Amateur Press Association Publication*"
NAPA · AAPA · UAPA

G. WALLACE TIBBETTS, EDITOR
ELEVEN SHELLEY ROAD · WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

Copy

1

ANNOUNCING

2

CONTESTS

3

4

WITH 5 PRIZES TO BE AWARDED

X-PN 4827
C



#415

THE CORNERSTONE

G. WALLACE TIBBETTS, *Editor*
WELLESLEY 82, MASS.

Vol. 2 MAY 1953 No. 8

Beauty

Music

Harmony

Melody

X-PN 4827
C

A UAPA PUBLICATION

5
Copy

The Clarion

NUMBER TWO — MAY 1953

In Defense of the Poet of Social Vision

By LUCIA TRENT
San Antonio, Texas

In the opinion of certain critics and poets the compelling issues which face mankind today are subjects for prose and not for poetry. They oppose poetry of social vision.

Some of us challenge this viewpoint.

Poetry was one of the earliest art forms of the human race. The tribal chant, the first form of human communication, was concerned with the needs of primitive man, and was social in character.

Poetry is a cry of the human heart. Poetry is the voice

X-PN 4827

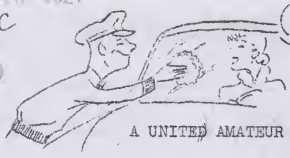
THE CORNERSTONE

An Old New England Barn--II

continued

APRIL 1953
Volume Two · Number Seven

#418
X-PN 1827
C



CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci Vol. V
1732 W. Walnut St., Second Chat
Milwaukee 5, Wis. Sept. 1953

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

****

Hello! Am I still welcome, folks? 'Tis me, the Prodigal who wandered from the Bundle fold last month, for what I thought was a good and sufficient reason. After four years of uninterrupted publishing, I decided to "take time out" to await the arrival of Robert John Reitci,my first grandchild. All reports and innuendoes to the contrary, I was NOT peeved at the lack of "soft soap" sent my way. (That, as every one knows, contains a lot of "lye"!) If there was anything I was peeved about, it was the fact that most of the July Bundle had not been mailed at the time I was supposed to cut my August issue! Therefore, I saw no reason for neglecting my family to publish a paper that might - or might not - reach you within a month or two. If that makes me a Prima Donna - I plead Guilty!

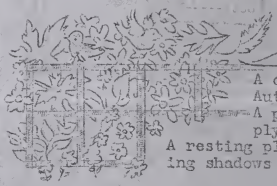
****

Now to get back to the Convention. On Wednesday afternoon I was expecting Edith Ericson, who was to stay at my home during the Convention, so, when I returned from the hair dressers and found Bill and Easter Ellis waiting for me instead,I got all "flustered". The unexpected always floors me! I hate to think what kind of an impression I must have made on the Ellises that first hour or two! Fortunately, my son, John (who knows his mother!) took over the reigns of hospitality, and later on Eddie dropped in for a while (sick though he was). By that time I sort of got my breath back again.

I had not met Easter Ellis before, but had seen pictures of her - which, incidentally, did not do her justice. She is slim, blond, and blue eyed - and very competent. The way she sang - maneuvered a car through heavy traffic - arranged a tableau at a few minutes notice - helped Bill with his lecture - left me breathless. She doesn't talk very much, though. (Of course, it might have been that she didn't get much of a chance to talk, what with me and Bill "gabbing" away all the time!)

Bill acquired a new name while he was here. He's the kind of a man who has a place for everything and wants everything in its place! (He'll hate me for this!) Me, I just can't find time for everything, so domestic life around here has been streamlined to its lowest denominator-which, among other things,means no fussy table setting, etc. So, when Bill starts in telling me how these things are done at his house (He was just kidding, folks), I ups and tells him he's a "fuss-budget". I know I'm being mean- everyone else says such NICE things about Bill -- but, too much praise "aint" good for any man - not even our Fabulous Bill! I must, however, tell you about Bill's singing voice. It has a quality about it that pulls at your heart strings! And when he gave us that wonderful lecture about the stars, he literally took us out of this world. Heck, come to think of it, he never did get us back to Earth. Of course, he said, Irma would like it on the Moon, on account of people weigh less up there! Hmm! On second thought, I'm not sure I like that man!

X-PN 4827
5 OCT 1[illegible]



Inviting shelter,
from the heat
of Summer Sun,-
A charming spot when
Autumn Days come on;
A place to sit when
plying handiwork,
A resting place where shift-
ing shadows lurk.

Intriguing place to read, and dream and play,
And there in solitude, to while the hours away.
A place where friends and family gather in
To sit, and stand and chat with cheerful din.

But look! A feathered guest it entertains,-
A Brown Bird nesting in the vines,-
A California Thrasher, with long curving bill
Serenely broods above our heads until, (dear)
The breaking shells release her birdlings
Then soon, full-grown, they'll leave the shel-
ter here.

The Arbor is a picture for the eyes
For upon its latticed framework lies
A wealth of climbing, flowering vines
Festooned in lovely graceful lines;
The lavender wisteria's clusters droop
In riotous beauty over sides and top.

And crowning all, the "Belle of Portugal Rose"
With delicate pink petals, and deeper heart-
hue glows.
This bower of beauty and of picturesque de-
light
Brings exclamations from all who view the
sight.

*** - ***

Someone please answer this question:-Is the
following quip a specimen of ancient or modern

X-PN 4827
C
5
Copy
H420

THE CORNERSTONE

An Estimate of Values
Some Critics

MAY 1953
Volume Two · Number Nine

X-PN 7821
C

#421 1 5 Copy

CONTROVERSY

MARCH 1953

NUMBER 2

"WITHOUT THE URGE TO DISAGREE LIBERTY IS VALUELESS"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION
(PART 2 OF A SERIES)

SAMUEL ESTENNAZY, EDITOR 1627 W. 8th PLACE, LOS ANGELES 17, CALIF.

.....

There were ten pages to Number 1 of CONTROVERSY but only two were mimeod for the Bundle. This CONTROVERSY is also of the same size containing my answers to all my correspondents and the reviews on two pamphlets. It is apparent that my writings are too fulsome to be in the Bundle and so can only offer you some automatic writing if you want the rest.

I have reached the stage where what I say to one I say to all. I have no secrets, personalized desire, or hidden motives. I may associate with one person more than with another but do not feel any exceptionalism is thereby warranted. My individual acts are social acts, which the world can examine at all times. In fact this is what I have been striving for.

I sometimes wonder if the cause of Amateur Journalism would not profit from this attitude. If all personal correspondence were omitted and all intercommunication were through the papers in The Bundle, I am sure that what we find mitigating in Ajay would go somewhere else. Also this would give rise to a higher concept of human relationships.

Still consider my sentence better - "But in the realm of human dignity and hope I expect to mark my X."

The editor of THE UNITED AMATEUR wants us to write in and state which are the best publications of the month. To my mind only those who are not publishers or even possibly literary contributors could answer with honesty. Personally consider mine to be the best effort of all times.

Have received authoritative word that the Alumni have separated from us. They have formed an independent organization and will meet in Kansas City over the Labor Day Holidays.

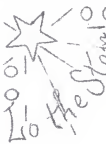
I tried my best to keep both organizations functioning in harmony. I now acknowledge my mistake. Between us there can be no compromise.

We are dedicated in principle to individual expressions of opinion through individual publications.

X-PN 4827

C

11422





TO ALL UAPA MEMBERS, IN

U.S.A., CANADA, ENGLAND, SPAIN SCOTLAND, HOLLAND, AUSTRALIA, THAILAND and PHILIPPINES.



DECEMBER 1923

To men and women of Goodwill,
Greetings of Peace and great Goodwill!
May Christmas Joy our spirits fill!

"Neighbor, neighbor, I've been thinking"-
What a grand world this would be,
If this good Old Christmas spirit,
Could go on, unendingly.

.....

Sing me a song of Christmas,
Of the Star and the Angel's Word;
Sing me a song of the Christ-child,
Let His dear Name be heard!
For Christmas without Christ, would be
Like a Shell without the Nut,-you see?

.....

This is my heartiest, personal Greeting for this Christmas Season, to one and all!!!

NINA HARD CROSBY, EDITOR
1874 N. RAYMOND, PASADENA 3, CAL.

CROSBY CROONINGS

VOL. 9 NO. 2

X-PN 4827
C

H423



Chatterbox

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. V
Sixth Chat
December 1953

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

Mind if I come in and visit with you a bit? I know you're all very busy these days, but it will do you good to sit down and relax for a few minutes. Now isn't that better?

Have you received your November Bundle? We think you have because we HAVEN'T heard from you. During the past few months we heard from many of you about non delivery, so we assume that in this case, no news is good news. Am I right?

It seems that no one, except those receiving their Bundles first class, received a July Bundle. July Chatterbox contained news about folks who attended our Convention. If enough of you are interested in having me reissue this number, I'll be glad to do so. Let me hear from you about this.

And speaking about our recent Convention, I thought you might be interested in these observations by Edwin L. Brooks.

"Arriving at the Registration desk, we met the most pleasant Convention Chairman in all our history of Conventions, our Bertha Mason.--We met Maude Blackwell from Chicago, a pleasant and exciting person.-George Boehme was a very genial host and excellent President.--Edith M. Ericson, who came all the way from Los Angeles, chatted with us, and said she liked our jingles. --- Eddie Daas, although a little under the weather, traded verbal punches with Mr. G. Wallace Tibbetts of Wellesley Hills, who threw his barbs and bouquets with equal vigor.--Wm. Wallace Ellis of Findlay, Ohio, was an equally good duelling partner. His report of past duties was a masterpiece of humor.--The Keffers of Roanoke, W. Va. said they had a complete file of many years of the United Amateur.--Mrs. Olive Roberts of Missourie, told of her book publishing adventures on her first book, AND IT CAME TO PASS.--- George Palecheck gave us a lot of information about his other hobby-making flowers out of tin cans.--That bouncing ball at the Convention was none other than Irma Reitci, who exuberates enthusiasm and joviality wherever she goes.-- Mrs. Elizabeth Miller was a wonderful bus companion.-- Mrs. Mary Nelson was very helpful about data of her city.--Mrs. Grace Moss told of her special Award to induce teen agers to write more.--Dr. Belle Mooney is a "youngster" who has more fire and creativeness than a dozen people."

NOW aren't you sorry you didn't attend? Well, it's not too early to start planning on attending the NEXT Convention. Be seeing you there!

X-PN 4827
C

#424

The Cornerstone

VOLUME THREE December 1953 NUMBER THREE



AAPA · NAPA · UAPA

We wish you Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

G. WALLACE TIBBETTS, EDITOR
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

X-PN 4827
JAN 20 1954 #425
5 Copy



CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut Street
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. V
Seventh Chat
January 1954.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

******

Hi Everybody! First of all, I'd like to Thank all of you who wrote to us about the receipt of Bundles. At the time I prepared copy for the December Chatterbox, I had heard from so few of you, that I thought most of you had simply neglected to tell us about receiving your Bundles. However, I now find that I was quite wrong. I hear that, though we mailed the November Bundles on November 15th, some of you did not receive yours until December 10th! Please forgive me for "scolding" you about this last month. I'm sorry!

And while on the subject of Bundles, I'd like to address myself to the EDITORS. Please wrap your packages of papers more securely. Use boxes, or atleast, cardboard backing and heavy twine. You don't want your papers to arrive here frayed and soiled, do you? A little more care in packing them will prevent this, I'm sure.

ANOTHER thing I'd like to mention. When submitting copy to an editor, please be sure you keep a carbon copy of it. I cannot emphasize this too much! Editors seldom can use your copy immediately, and as all of them are busy people, they may, in the hurry and bustle of doing their every day jobs, and the problem of keeping Ajay material in a limited space, misplace your material. IF you have kept your carbon copy there is no loss. So, please protect yourself, and us, by always making a carbon copy of writing sent to editors. And, also, please,remember that most Editors have a large inventory of material, so do not get discouraged if your writing is not used immediately. Short poems, on the whole have a better chance of appearing in our papers than long ones. The Editors have only so much space and like to have as many poets represented as possible. However, "funny" poetry is always in demand. So.....

****

I would like to thank all of you wonderful people who sent me Holiday Greetings. Wish I could list all the names (or write to you individually to thank you) but space and time does not permit me to do this. But, I do want you to know that your messages added a great deal to my enjoyment of the Holidays. Thanks, ever, ever, so much, folks.

****

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE DEDICATED TO OUR "BILL ELLIS" AS A SMALL TOKEN OF GRATITUDE FOR ALL HE HAS DONE FOR OTHERS.

#426
4-MAI 3
X-PNAR27

THE CORNERSTONE

VOLUME THREE · NUMBER FIVE

February 1954

G. WALLACE TIBBETTS, EDITOR
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

NAPA · NAPA · UAPA

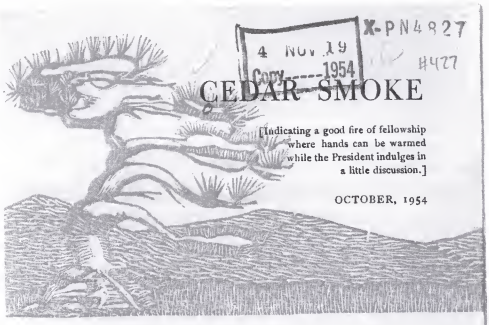


Announcing Nine Contests:

3 PRIZES TO MEMBERS OF THE
American AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

3 PRIZES TO MEMBERS OF THE
National AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

3 PRIZES TO MEMBERS OF THE
United AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION



4 NOV 19
Copy 1954
X-PN4827
H427

CEDAR SMOKE

[Indicating a good fire of fellowship where hands can be warmed while the President indulges in a little discussion.]

OCTOBER, 1954

I DO NOT understand how any person once entrusted with a responsible NAPA office can ever again be casual about the management of the Association. The NAPA Administration can only be described as a complex grouping of machinery which requires a steady pair of hands on the steering wheel. The destination is always the same: fine writing and printing. But it is not enough to merely have good intentions. Vagueness in direction and method can lead to rocky détours.

I was in new territory. I understood from the first that any small attributes I had gained as a writer did not automatically make me a good President. In fact, some of the characteristics which must be cultivated as a writer (sen-

Z-PN4827
4 NOV 19
Copy-----1954
#428

THE
CEMETERY RABBIT

28th Hop Potters Bar, Middlesex Sept., 1954

HANDSET, BY GUM!

TALK ABOUT a kid with a new toy, if you will, but have you ever seen an amateur printer who has been using nothing but worn and dirty Monotype for years and years, and who has been separated even from that for fourteen months, who then one day comes proudly home with twenty pounds of shiny, new *foundry* type, together with five pounds of matching italic and four pounds of equally new foundry spaces and quads [Note for J. Rolfe Castleman: no more five-twelfths em quads], and, as frosting on top of the icing, two brand new best quality type cases to lay it in---would you really blame him if he sat right down that very night and began to set 'in the stick' without waiting until he could write some proper copy--and, as a result, wound up with his first sentence as long and involved as this one?

Even before we stepped ashore at Southampton we had been entertaining the idea of buying some British foundry type to use in producing issues of *The Cemetery Rabbit* during our stay in Britain and then to take home with us. But months grew into a year, and it was Dave Auker's invitation to spend an afternoon at his home and set some type that finally moved us to action. The pure fun we both found in setting the type for the two page impromptu publication, *The Outlander*, reawoke all

H429 X-PN4827

AUGUST 1954

CHATTERBOX

Published by
Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut Street,
Milwaukee 5, Wisconsin

Second Chat Vol. VI.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Hi folks! Will you forgive me if I lea ve off telling you about the wonderful folks we met in Kansas City, and the marvelous time we had, until next month, You see this copy is being prepared far from home base - at Ellisonia, in fact.

If this all sounds like the ramblings of a Happy Wanderer don't bla me me - cause that's just exa ctly what I am. Me, I'm all in favor of vaca tions - expecially when they include a stay at Ellisonia with Bill and Easter Ellis. Nothing nicer could ha ppen to you. You will never know the absolute in hospitality until after you have mounted the summit of Mt. Helicon and been entertained at the "Manse of the Muses" of ancient classical Greece.

The Ellises are waiting in the next room for me to "hurry up" with this copy - the only reason they're giving me "time out" is because they know that George Boehme is waiting for Chatterbox copy.

First of all, though, I would like to thank ALL of you from the bottom of my heartrfor keeping faith with me and voting for me. The welfare of the UAPA, and what is best for the majority of our members has always been my greatest concern, and it shall continue to be that in the future. As your President, I shall try to do my best to be worthy of your confidence in me.

****

My friends have a saying, "Everything happens to Irma," It sure does!

After a rather hectic, but happy Convention time, I boarded a train for Findlay, on Sunday noon. How right! The "everything" that happens to Irma, started happening. The 12:20 train was fifteen minutes late getting to Kansas City, so when we arrived at St. Louis where I had to change trains, I found I had three and a half minutes to catch the Findlay train. I made it! I tumbled into the already moving train. So what's a pair of scraped knees anywa y?

I had intented to have supper in St. Louis - not having eaten since breakfast. In every train I had been up to now, there had been "candy butchers" hawking their wares every ten minutes - so I sat back and waited. When 8:45 came and no candy butchers, I began to worry. When I finally approached the conductor I was told there were no candy butchers on This train! I was lucky to get a sandwich in the diner, though, after the diner had been "put to bed for the day."

Bill had written me that the red ca rpet and the brass band

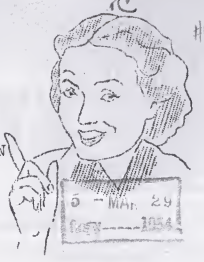
X-PN 4827

CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. V
Ninth Chat
March 1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
****



I give up! All the time the "boys" are making with the cracks about my chattering too much, so... Me, being the kind of soul who wants to make EVERYBODY happy, decide to "cut the chatter" last month. So, NOW is everybody happy? Are you kidding?

You should hear the wailing and moaning! "Who took the chatter out of Chatterbox? is the mournful cry around these parts! So, practically, on request, here we go again, folks!

First, I'd like to ask a favor of you again. Yes, I know this is getting to be a habit with me, but you've been so wonderful about responding, that I'm going to do it again! Our Betty Lyckman has been, and is probably going to be, on the invalid list for some time. SHE won't be able to answer your letters,but won't YOU drop her a few lines now and then to show her that we're thinking of her and wishing her well? I feel certain this would cheer her up considerably. Those of us who have been ill, know that there's no medicine as effective as MAIL. Thanks a lot folks. Knew I could count on you!

I have just returned from a wonderful week end in Chicago. Studio For Five was again the scene of an unforgetable performance by Paul E. Press, Jr. Since this was the first time any of my work was "on stage", I am, naturally, still walking on clouds. Paul was kind enough to produce a "skit" of mine, called "It Can Only Grow". Actually it was a second performance of the piece. I couldn't extend the first performance. I was told that it was so well received the first time, that Paul consented to give a second performance of it. I am no "blushing violet", but in all fairness to Paul, I must say that if it hadn't been for his sensitive presentation, my little offering would probably have fallen flat on its face! It was not an easy thing to do, for it was written for the Eye and not the Ear. As you all know, that can make a great deal of difference. Frankly I had great doubts that ANYONE could put it over in it's present form, but trust Paul E. Press, Jr., the ARTIST to accomplish the Impossible.

Lines I remember from last month's Bundle. See if you, too remember these, and others. Only poor for a few, so -- "The treasured moments we have shared" "frost tops in a symphony of white" "--warming passion of spring" Tantalizing-like an almost forgotten melody!

KPN4827
©
H431



CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol VI
Fifth Chat
November 1954.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

NOV 26 1954

Hi! Got me the same old problem again! Lots to say and not enough space to say it in. Well, I'll try, anyway.

Did ALL you folks read Wilfried Myers, UAPA COMMENTS, last month? What Wilfried had to say made a lot of sense. Especially his comments about the "sameness" of a lot of our papers.

So, I point with pride to a NEW paper in this Bundle! TNT, published by Rita Reitci, is different. And I can promise you it will be even more so, in future issues. Vital, thought provoking subjects will be discussed, I understand. Your comments, pro or con, will be appreciated.

I like the idea of using the same characters in different situations, as promised by Anthony Zoubek, in last month's THE MIDWEST AMATEUR, don't you? Should create reader interest.

And did you notice the TWO colorful papers last month? Both of them printed by Bill Ellis, naturally!

Don't have to tell you anything about ELLISONIAN ECHOES. You know Bill's publication is always Tops in appearance and content.

But, I would like to tell you about WINDFALL by Paul E. Pross, Jr. Paul's poetry is different. It is not easily understood by those who read with the eyes and mind alone. You must read this poetry as it was meant to be read -- with your Heart! If you linger over each word and examine it as you would a fine jewel; taste each word - the bitter and the sweet - then you are in for a real treat. To me, Paul's poetry is like music. I love its Harmany - its Discord - the violins and the brasses. Listen a moment: "Our love is passing like the fulness of golden wheat ripening" ."Last night, I got the blues so bad-" .. "While I walked to an un-wild hill and ate of tender apricots"."I, as an untangled figment, feel the pangs of a pin-stabbed butterfly"..See what I mean?

Want to give a big THANK YOU to Eva R. Hartley for the nice comment about Chatterbox in October WHEELING IN THE NEWS. Also would like to thank Gladys Hembree for her "flattery" in THE KIMBERLITE. Don't know about that there "Personality", Gladys, but if I got IT, I sure am glad! After all, when a "gal" is no longer young, or tall and slender, it's nice to know she's still got Something! As a young friend of mine would express it - Well, gee Thanks!

Next month, I'll tell you about a couple of UAPA folks Eddie and I met at a Writers' meeting in Chicago recently. Bye now!

5 - AP 27 X-PN4827
Copy 1954 ,C



CHATTERBOX

APRIL 1954 #432

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. V.
Eleventh Chat

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.
****

Well! Golly, gee! I'm thrilled and flattered and oh, so grateful to you folks. Never thought you'd notice the lack of chatter in February Chatterbox. But your "more chatter, please" requests have convinced me. So here we go again with the "chattering". (O.K. Eddie! So you were right - for once!)

And while on the subject of the Thin Man (Eddie Daas) I am about to divulge a much guarded secret. You all know how much "kidding" I've had to take throughout the past years in regard to my - - uhum - avordupois! Naturally, the same old subject was brought up at our last Bundle-ing night. Well - the worm turned - the straw broke! I hauled out the bathroom scale and demanded, "Get on that scale, Eddie!" He was too surprised to say, "No!".

"AHA!" I chortled. "So you only weigh ___ pounds? That isn't the way this scale heard it! So then,my friends, comes the cat out of the bag.

All this time he's been smug about his weight. Never batted an eyelash when he mentioned the figure. So, how was I to know that said figure represented his September Morn weight? With his clothes ON, what do you think the Thin Man weighs? Just exactly five pounds less than this here horrible example, that's what!

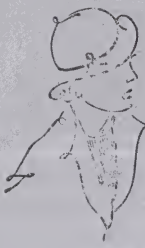
Just for that I am hereby "dethroning" Eddie! Henceforth the title of Thin Man shall belong to the man who deserves it - namely GEORGE BOEHME. He is really the "light weight" of the Milwaukee "trio". Fact is, he could easily use those five pounds I am determined to shed before the Kansas City Convention.

Which reminds me - have YOU made your plans to attend? Not too much time left, you know. Nothing quite like an Ajay Convention to have the time of your life. So, how about it, folks? I'm looking forward to meeting EACH AND EVERYONE OF YOU!

Welcome to SHORT AND SWEET, by "the other Irma", namely Irma Schmidt. Her article on Music was both interesting and informative. I'm looking forward to the next one. Never knew Pythagoras had anything to do with music. Did you?

Am also awaiting the next installment of ASHES AND SOLACE by Leslie A. Shaw. Good yarn - well written - sustains your interest.

X-PN 4827
4-M 3 ,e
#4173



CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut Street
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. V
Eighth Chat
February 1954

o o.o o

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

****

This is going to be just a brief Hello and Good-bye, folks. I have so much wonderful material from members on hand, and since I can't afford a four page paper too often, I think I'll "cut the chatter" this time, and bring you as much of this material as space will permit. O.K.?

****

PRAYER FOLLOWING THE READING OF PSALM 43 MOFFATT BIBLE
sent in by G. Wallace Tibbetts

DEFEND, Our Father, all Thy children against the cruelty and snares of crafty and malignant men of an impious race.

Thou art our stronghold, our foes cannot prevail against Thy power.

We shall not mourn if foes move to oppress us for in Thee we have security.

Thy light shall lead us and guide us to Thy sacred dwelling place.

We kneel before Thy altar and sing praises to Thy Holy Name in thanksgiving.

Thou art our joy and delight, we shall not be downcast and despairing as we wait upon Thee.

Thou art our saving help.

Thou shalt lead us to peace and show us the way to create true fellowship amont all men everywhere.

We offer our thanks for Thy precious gifts of faith and love.

We pray in the name of Our Master, Thy Son, Jesus Christ the Redeemer, Prince of Peace. Amen.

****

HALF-REVEALING
by John D. Engle, Jr.

Take my words, but do not measure
Love by them. The deeper treasure
Of my thoughts are under cover,
The same as yours, my lovely lover.

Take my kiss, and in the giving
Of your own, you'll find that living
Starts with love and love with feeling
What my kiss is half-revealing.

****

A SMALL BOY'S LIKES
by Kathryn Croan

My sisters like
such foolish things -
Like dolls and rings
and lockets.

But what I like
the best of all
Is a pair of pants
with pockets!

5 DEC 16 1954

UAPA COMMENTS

X-PN 4827

From the editor's deep chair by Wilfried Myers, 69 Walnut Street
Struthers, Ohio

If you wish to reply, or to agree by commenting on these lines yourself, do it in your own paper - or ODDS AND ENDS, now! Later we may throw these columns open to your comments. But, for now ---

December 1954 Number 3

BUNDLING -- AND NOT THE PENNSYLVANIA FRONTIER KIND -
will be the subject of this month's UAPA COMMENTS. From the sociological angle the strange Frontier custom of Bundling might be of more interest but we believe the monthly UAPA Bundles to be of more immediate importance!

Eddie Daas will probably "chuckle in his beard" at this issue because in 1954 I am going to depart from what I said, and felt, in 1951 and, in some items, will finally agree with Eddie. So, take a bow, Secretary, while the atmosphere is still air-conditioned. This is apt to get hot if I say what I really think!

LAST MONTH'S DUES DISCUSSION LEADS TO A DISSERTATION
on mailing as it is done in UAPA. It has seemed, to me, such a shame in the past three years that two things are all too true:

1. That so much space must be used in THE MAN SAYS and MAIL POUCH to ask for and list contributors to the Mailing Fund when this same space could be used to a better (?) purpose.
2. That so few members carry so many. Notice the names repeated time and again on the list of contributers! And, some of our members have NEVER been so listed since I joined in 1951! (Figure 8¢ for each month's mailing and where does your $1.00 dues go to?)

THIS LEADS ME TO SUGGEST AS A SOLUTION
that we make another change in our membership dues. In 1951 I was in favor of letting the publishers pay "mailing fees" on their papers in the same manner as they do in one other Amateur Journalism Club.

However, I have now reached the conclusion that this is unfair to the publishers when we look around at the total membership of UAPA and see the few members that are taking part, fewer still who are writing and still fewer who publish!

Why penalize those who do the work in our organization? A paper such as this costs at least three dollars and a half ($3.50). I can't imagine the cost of some of W. W. Ellis' multi-color jobs. The editor has an investment in each mailing without carrying the burden. (You're going to say you could do without UAPA COMMENTS, aren't you? Well, someone else wishes to do without another paper, etc. Then where is the Bundle?)

WHY NOT MAKE OUR EFFICIENT SECRETARY WORK EVEN HARDER
and have a sliding scale of membership dues to cover mailing expenses?

Using our suggested $2. dues of last month as a base -

$2. dues if you publish at least six papers in the preceding year.

M-PN 4827

Crosby Croon-ings

-OCTOBER 1954- A U.A.P.A. PUBLICATION

FROM TULIP-TIME - TO ASTER-TIME

NINA HARD CROSBY, EDITOR
1874 N.RAYMOND, PASADENA 3, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

A FEW ECHOES FROM THE COVERED WAGON TRAIL

"Everything hath its appointed time." "When it's Tulip-time in Holland" we can sing the song in America too. On our long trip, we were very close to the Tulip-center of America,-Holland, Mich. It has its Tulip Show each year, and it was then that we were in Michigan,-close,-but, sad to say, as in other cases of proximity to attractive localities, we had to "put on the muzzles", and pass up the show! However, with Tulips on every side why mourn? They flocked about us,-in beds, rows and circles! In great diversity of colors, so large and thrifty!

But so were Lilacs at their best,-in both Michigan and Ohio. We, from California, could appreciate the giant bushes, and the sturdy, lush clusters of charming Lilacs, in deepest shades of lavender to purple! Perfumed, to none like 'em in California, poor, puny, li'l things! We brought home some pictures, anyhow.

.....

Said Gallant Young Gent, to Gray-haired Lady: "How do you keep looking so young,-have you had your face lifted"? Her reply:"Yes, I do have it lifted,-every Sunday morn, when I go to Church". That is one way of putting it. "Come in and have your FAITH lifted", is the way a certain Church had it on the Bulletin Board. Just so we get the idea-"Best wear and tear, with Prayer and Care", is practical advice, as broadcast by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale,-over radio and in "Guideposts" magazine..... "If mind and will are sick, the body is likely to be sick",-has been demonstrated in many ways, and is likely to be, more and more. "People drain back into their bodies, the hates, fears and other mental ill-being". Mind affects body.

But this is October; Tulip-time was in May. October has no Tulips nor Lilacs. What flowers do grace its season? I have received such extreme inspiration from Bishop Quayle's book, "God's Calendar", that I am interspersing partial quotes from it.(He being dead, still speaks). He had his own "Pet Name" for October,-"The Aster Month", and had a name for each month. "Asters love October,-when other flowers are leaving, Aster comes like a belated guest". If it came in May, it would be just one among many; but coming in October, it is so much more appreciated". "Purple Lilacs and purple Asters both know when to bloom,-God sees to that"! But October is also the month of Indian Summer,-of, and when, the Ivy burns red as Sunset's fires. The birds come in for their share of special note in October, too; a curious fact is this: the Robins, in Summer, care not for any but their own immediate families,(the wife's folks don't count then); but when October comes, they have grown sociable, making ready for their southward flight. I have counted as many as 120 Robins taking supper on one groonsward. Yes, and the Blackbirds swirl like black clouds, all together! All the birds are saying, one way or another, "Ordered South"! In California, the swallows leave Old Mission, Capistrano, the same date in October, each year, and return on the same date, each year, in May.

X-PN 4827
.C
B426

THE COUSINS

VOLUME ONE APRIL-MAY-JUNE, 1954 NUMBER ONE

An amateurish paper if there ever was one . . . and you can say that again. Published by Cousin Ed. (Ed. Parker), 500 "H" Street, N. W., Washington 1, D. C. Member of the National Amateur Press Association (NAPA). If acceptable, copies will be furnished for bundles of the other amateur press associations including BAPA in England.

COUSIN SUE

By Cousin Ed.

Oh fragrant flowers and wondrous weeds,
Oh little dogs of friendly breeds:
I'm sure there's none with heart so true,
So kind and sweet, as Cousin Sue!

Ever since he first crawled out of the woodwork, Cousin Ed. has hankered to become a bushy-haired, beetle-browed, soulful-looking poet of parts. But he couldn't seem to locate all his parts—or his buttons either. After perusing the above peony, can you tell why he never quite made the grade as a Poet of Personality?

FLOWERY INVITATION

By Cousin Margaret

(Margaret Thomas, member of NAPA, address, care of Cousin Ed. or see NAPA member list.)

Walk with me to the garden gate,
I'll show you a splotch of flowers,
A row of radishes with blood-red hearts
And blossoms that count the hours;
A path that winds toward the glowing sun,
A corner, where pansies, late,
Are blooming in friendliness.
Come with me to the garden gate!

IMPOTENT (sic) ANNOUNCEMENT

After many months of doggone fiddlin' and procrasternatin', the charter of The Cousins was signed by the original U. S. subscribers on January 30, 1954 and they are now ready to do business with anyone anywhere in the U. S. or abroad.

Point 'pears to be that the brotherhood of man was delayed after ladies got the vote and began argufying. Now this new outfit claims they can teach you to be a artifishul cousin. And maybe have a cousinhood of man and even include a few yes-women. I have me doots and a few dozen mental reservifications as usual. But, being only a half-man living in the twilight of an atomic half-world, I have nothing much to lose. So I decided to lend a hand and half-write a article about this year new-fangled idea as I see it.

But, if you want to read my half-written article entitled "The Cousins", you will have to thumb your way to the last page or two of this paper to find it. That's where editors generally hide my stuff. Which only goes to show their igorance (sic) nach!

OLD TALE RETOLD

By Cousin Margaret

The lamb and Maryann
Went out to school themselves
And everywhere the twosome went
The world was full of wolves!

They climbed upon the mountaintop
And entered valleys green,
The hungry, howling, snarling wolves
Were every moment seen.

Said Maryann to little lamb
"I think we'd better go
Back home to safety,
It will be better so!"

"I'll stay!" the lambie cried,
"I like the gay old clan."
The tale is done and there remain
The wolves—and Maryann.

X-PN 4827
C
#437

The Chevalier

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF CHILD SECURITY, INC.
The "Chevalier" of the "Unwanted" Child
1836 Cimarron Street, Los Angeles 19, California
"Love Is Security"

VOL. I. NO. 3 EDWIN B. ALLEN, EDITOR SPRING, 1954

SERVING IN A DIFFERENT SPHERE

Child Security, Inc. is most desirous of acquainting its members and friends with any and every good agency that is contributing to create better conditions for children. We realize the enormity of the task that lies ahead for such agencies. It is our privilege and obligation to do all in our power to join forces with these other groups which, while working in other spheres of activity, yet are one with us in purpose. We therefor are most happy to present to our readers the story of the work of the Saving Children Federation as outlined in the article "FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD" contributed by Col. Herbert L. Herberts, Associate Director, in charge of the Federation's work on the Pacific Coast.

Dr. Herbert L. Herberts, formerly Colonel, U.S. Army, is the Associate Director of the Pacific Coast Division of the Save The Children Foundation. Colonel Herberts has had an outstanding military record in Europe and Asia. Based on this experience he has a story to tell and a film to show entitled, "Behind the Tourist Curtain" that will interest all groups interested in World Affairs. Any group desiring the services of Dr. Herberts may contact Edwin Allen, Editor, The Chevalier, c/o Child Security, Inc., 1836 Cimarron St., Los Angeles 19, Calif.

"WITH" and "FOR"

The heavy fall of drifted snow presented a problem to the father of two young boys. The sidewalks must be cleared, yet he did not have the time to do it and the lads would be a bit reluctant to tackle the task on their own. So after breakfast the father told his sons, "It's up to us to get the snow off the walks, let's get going at the job." For the first few minutes he worked along with the youngsters. Then it came time for him to leave for the office. The boys gladly completed the task they had started "with' dad.

Of course, dad, might very easily have asked or even ordered the work done "for" him . . . but what a tremendous difference it made when they did it "with"him. A feeling of willing co-operation was the motivating factor, not a sense of imposed duty.

In the final analysis the members of an individual family are members of a corporation, so to speak, working "with" each other to their mutual advantage and not "for" one another in isolated undertakings of servitude. And for the tiny members of the family who might feel unnecessary, it is well to remember that even in the largest machines the small cogs are as equally essential as the large gears and that meshed together, working "with" the other gears, the family machine performs its appointed functions in a perfect manner.

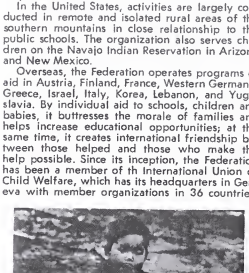
FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD

By Col. Herbert L. Herberts

The Save The Children Foundation is a child service agency supported entirely by voluntary gifts. Compassionate in spirit and international in the sphere of its operations, the organization assists needy children regardless of race or creed, not as an end in itself, but to accomplish the more constructive purpose of helping people to help themselves.

In the United States, activities are largely conducted in remote and isolated rural areas of the southern mountains in close relationship to the public schools. The organization also serves children on the Navajo Indian Reservation in Arizona and New Mexico.

Overseas, the Federation operates programs of aid in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Israel, Italy, Korea, Lebanon, and Yugoslavia. By individual aid to schools, children and babies, it buttresses the morale of families and helps increase educational opportunities; at the same time, it creates international friendship between those helped and those who make the help possible. Since its inception, the Federation has been a member of th International Union of Child Welfare, which has its headquarters in Geneva with member organizations in 36 countries.



In America, children living in some rural areas are at a disadvantage as there is a great dearth of educational and cultural opportunities in many of the poorer rural districts. Frequently the states themselves are unabel to provide adequate funds for educational purposes.

Overseas there is no international organization other than the International Union at Geneva, engaged solely in work for children and concentrating entirely in rehabilitation efforts on their behalf. Undernourished, poorly clad children, and schools lacking even the most essential teaching aids, are still an all too familiar sight.

(continued on page two, column two)

X-PN 4827
.C
H498

THE CORNERSTONE

AAPA • NAPA • LAPA

G. Wallace Tibbetts, Editor
11 Shelley Road · Wellesley Hills 82 Mass.

May Nineteen Fifty-Four · Volume Three Number Eight

Of Interest To Contestants

If it can be arranged we are hopeful that the most attractive poem or prose article received will be published in a well known magazine. We are planning to write a brief account of the contest, with names of winners, and are advised that our good friend, Editor Henry F. Henrichs of *Sunshine Magazine*, will publish the story.

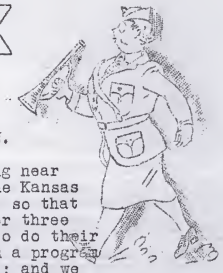
Every member of our three amateur press associations is aware of added prestige to be gained through such wonderful publicity. We urge you to send your answers to questions "X" "Y" "Z" appearing in our February issue of *The Cornerstone*. We already know the contests will be successful and we suggest that you can help to make it more so by acting promptly. Help to make your particular press association the largest contributor to the contests. Every single answer will count in totals. May 30th the contests close, but do not wait; lighten our pleasant task, as we require plenty of time to publish results in our July issue.

DO IT NOW.

—GWT

H437 X-PN 4827 .C

CHATTERBOX



Published by Irma Heitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. V
Eleventh Chat
May 1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

****

ATTENTION, FOLKS! Any UAPA members living near Bill Ellis, who desire transportation to the Kansas City Convention, should write to Bill at once; so that he may know how to plan. He will have room for three or four congenial passengers who are willing to do their part on the travel expenses. Unless some such a program can be worked out, he will be unable to attend; and we DO want to see our Bill at Kansas City, don't we? His address is:

315 Clinton St., Findlay, Ohio.

Please do write to him at once, stating your proposition, the number in your party, and the dates you wish to go and return. Thanks!

****

I wonder if YOU were as thrilled with our Easter Bundle as I was? It was Fun assembling all those colorful papers, and as I slipped those Bundles into their artistic envelopes (the work of George Boehme, naturally!) I could almost see your smiles, and the way your eyes would light up as you discovered one after the other of your favorite papers in their Easter finery. Gave me a "grand and glorious" feeling. (Even if my back hurt from standing on the "assembly" line for hours and hours!)

****

I love Spring. Honest, I do. But, I sort of share Bill's feelings as expressed in his poem SPRINGTIME (see other side). It would be marvelous to be able to admire lilacs, and tulips and all the other Spring "posies". But -- why, oh, WHY, do they have to come "a-peering" just when it's time for Spring housecleaning, and gardening, and the hundred "odd" jobs that are a part of Spring? And when, occasionally, I do play hookey and go out and "sniff" the lilacs and admire the bleeding hearts, this old typewriter's wheezing voice follows me--: "Get back here. Get back. Write- write -- write! Can't get any "masterpieces" done mooning around in the garden. "Write! Write! Write!"

Spring! Me, I'll take vanilla!

****

Convention time is almost here. Have YOU made arrangements to attend yet? My heart is making with the pitter-patter already! What wonderful times we always do have at those UAPA Conventions! You'll be more than glad you came! Take my word for it, there's just nothing else quite like it.

So - tighten that Budget a little more - raid the piggy bank- make those "Once in a lifetime" vacation plans, and come to Kansas City next July. Remember, I EXPECT to see you then!

#4440

5 OCT 20
OCT 1954

XPN4827

CHATTERBOX



Published by
Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Fourth Chat
Vol. VI
October
1954

****

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

*****

Please put away those shotguns, folks. I know I owe you letters. I even forgot some very important birthday greetings. But I have an excuse. Honest, I have!

You see, on September 29th, our son John (who writes under the name of Jack Ritchie) got married to the former Rita Krohne. The wedding was practically just a "family" affair". But, nevertheless, sixty-five invitations went out for the evening reception at the Reitci home. Getting ready for the event meant a lot of planning and running around beforehand. And since we have a very small home, it also meant that I had to disarrange my disorderly order, to make as much room as possible. We managed to "squeeze" everyone in -- though for a time it looked as if we would have to get a "wall stretcher"! John claims that the only reason we managed to get so many people into the house is that he divided them into two groups and gave them their instructions. While one half inhaled, the other half exhaled! (Personally, I think that's a slight exaggeration -- still --?) Anyway, everything worked out beautifully. Even the weather man co-operated. The day started out dark and rainy, but soon the sun came out, and by evening it was warm enough for some of our guests to sit outdoors.

Our new daughter (We have decided to drop the "in-law" stuff) is a Milwaukee member of our UAPA. She writes Science Fiction and Juveniles, and is presently working on a book. And besides that, Rita Reitci (pronounced Right-see!) is sweet, lovable, and very pretty. She is the blue eyed, blond type. John is tall, dark and -- well, Rita thinks he's handsome! (O.K. Eddie, stop threatening me. I'll quit bragging about my family. Even if I did want to tell the folks that "Skeezicks" (my grandson, Robert John) said "grandma" the other day. Well, anyway, we think he said "Grandma". It sounded like it!)

And guess who just became a GRANDFATHER? Nobody else but our own Bill Ellis, that's what! A daughter was born to the Joseph Ellises on Sept. 25th. Bill must have been quite excited when he "scribbled" me a note to that effect. I can't quite make out the name of the new arrival, but I believe it is JOENE. If I am wrong about this, I humbly apologize, Bill.

X-PN4827

"Great is Our Faith."

THE CORNERSTONE

Member of N.A.P.A. A.A.P.A. U.A.P.A. of AMERICA.

This is an EXTRA issue of a hobby journal without Vol. or No. indicated, published at Eleven Shelley Road, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts by G. Wallace Tibbetts, Editor. March 1955

WANTED: A printer for WAVE YOUR BANNERS and THE CORNERSTONE. One almost as good as Ralph Babcock of Great Neck, New York. We shall miss R. B. and hope for his early return to our publishing efforts. Apply to the editor.

WE HAVE JOINED the UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION of AMERICA and have received a cordial welcome. This we appreciate very much.

****

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Isn't it a blessing to find peace in the home of a friend? We found a beautiful sense of peace in a home we visited yesterday, it was not there because our friends were wealthy or entirely free from some annoyances or rather hard physical tasks thrust upon them. There we found quietness and a brand of contentment that can come only by accepting all of the difficult burdens willing hands find to do and at the same time clinging to the blessings that come to the spirit when, and because, faith is stronger than doubt. Our friends have and hold such victorious faith. It is the sheltering arm that protects their mutual affection; their love carries them along through all misty, sunless days to the uttermost reaches of trust and repose.

We were talking of faith and blessings. We agreed that our prayers did not always bring the sought for ends; I said perhaps faith was weakened by doubts. Doubtless many good people fear their past errors have not been forgiven, they are not sure; they seem to feel that they must suffer even after forgiveness has been sought and found. Why this is so cannot be explained. Most of us are content and willing to accept the thin reasoning - "a sin confessed is half atoned."

To others the reverse appears to be true: they do not accept the blessing of being forgiven, they deny themselves and continue to suffer mentally for all past errors of their own and sins of others. Continually they pray for forgiveness on their own account and in behalf of all others within the circle of family and friends. They deny themselves happiness because they will not (or cannot) remove sorrow, distress, grief and pain from their minds. They do not realize the healing grace and blessing of forgiveness and the balm of forgetting the past. Our yesterdays cannot be changed, we cannot foresee the future, each present day furnishes opportunity for good deeds if we choose to accept them and the blessings a new dawn brings.

5 MAR 15
3327-----1955

X-PN48227
X-PN4827

Cedar Smoke

February

1955

#442

X-PN4827
5 - JUL 14
Copy
1955
H443

THE CEMETERY RABBIT

30th Hop | Potters Bar, Middlesex | Feb. 1955

London Letters III

We continue sharing our experiences abroad through this medium of publishing extracts of Rowena's letters written home to her sister Viola Payne in Cuthbert, Texas.

March 8, 1954

Dear Viola:

Well, we made a wise choice, picking Land's End instead of Scotland for a week-end trip at this time of year, when we had a three day holiday for Washington's Birthday last month. In Scotland we would probably have found snow, but on our trip to Land's End we went through Devon, which is evidently about the warmest county in England. In one seacoast town there are even some palm trees, and we saw a great many flowers and fruit trees in bloom. We were fairly lucky on the weather, too; though the mornings were foggy, we had brilliant sunshine during the afternoons.

I think some of our British friends were a little startled over our going all the way to Land's End and back in three days—actually it is only about three hundred miles down there, but due to the narrow, winding roads, and the fact that there are so many things to see along the way, this 600-mile trip seemed twice as long as a 600-mile trip in Texas. We found that 200 miles per day was as far as we could easily travel with the children, stopping longer for meals, stopping to let them out of the car to run about a bit to relieve the monotony of riding.

X-PN4827

5 - JUL 14
Copy 1955

NO. 5 JUNE '55

THE COLORADO MINOR

GOLDEN EPOCH

Upon the ragged casement of the rimrock
The dreaming sun waits with nostalgic gaze
To watch the ember light glow in the cedars
And evening's ever darkening lilac haze.
Coyotes bark in wild defiance somewhere
Then hush as if the dying of the sun
Had stilled their sly and snarling burst of hatred
Or calmed it till the Western day was done.
The rimrock is a black forbidding fortress
When suddenly dimming lights go out.
A wild horse nickers softly in the darkness
Where once a campfire warmed a weary Scout.
Yes, Western day is over and an epoch
As colorful and brave that could not last
For fearless Scout and Indian are fading
Into the night-deep shadows of the past.

---VEDA BURNAUGH COLLINS,
COLORADO

X-PN4827

#445

The Corduroy Patch

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

"THINGS COULD BE VERSE"

by EDDIE SCHAFFER

A feature

BUS DRIVER
MEETS FORMER PRESIDENT

5 - JUN 2 -
Copy 1955

X-PN4827
5 - AUG 10
Copy 1955
#447

THE
CEMETERY RABBIT

31st Hop | Potters Bar, Middlesex | March 1955

'Tis fine to see the Old World,
and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and
cities of renown . . .
—Henry Van Dyke

TWO WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT

5 - AUG 10
Copy 1955
PN4827
#447

THE CEMETERY RABBIT

32nd Hop | Llandudno, Wales | May, 1955

Our Amateur Fraternity

If proof be needed of the strong bonds of friendship which cement our hobby of amateur journalism, then certainly this issue of *The Cemetery Rabbit* offers that proof. For this number is being produced voluntarily as a real gesture of friendship by our great and good friend, Arthur Harris, in Llandudno, Wales. In spite of the fact that he is laboring manfully to overcome the handicap of the war years in the regular production of his own *Interesting Items*, now in its fifty-second year, Arthur insisted that we let him print one issue of our paper for us. We are both grateful and honored, and the inclusion of one number in our file with a Llandudno date-line will give us a permanent and treasured memento of the fraternal spirit of amateur journalism.

Those whose files of amateur journals extend back to March, 1949, can read in the 14th Hop of the *Rabbit* the detailed account of Vic's first visit to "Caynton." In the 22nd Hop in November, 1952, it is recorded that Vic and Arthur exchanged telephone greetings. The 26th Hop tells of the August, 1953, visit of the Harrises to our home in Potters Bar, while the 25th Hop mentions our reunion with Arthur and Irene at the October 1953, B.A.P.A. Convention in Leicester. The 29th Hop offered pictorial proof of our Easter, 1954, visit to Llandudno, and the 30th Hop contained the detailed account of that trip. Now, however, a *Cemetery Rabbit* is to hop out from Llandudno by remote control.

X-04827

5 - AUG 10
Copy 1955

#448

The Colorado Minor



IN BETWEEN
UTOPIA

THE BOOKERY

STRICTLY DUERR

X-PN4827

#449

o---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---o

CHICAGO MINIATURES

o---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---o

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Vol. 1 - No. 1
June-July 1955

o---

---o

Poets everywhere, the world over, are constantly dipping their pens into golden dawns, vermilion sunsets, and all the exciting hues of life. Poems, mainly, and amateur journalism, on a variety of interesting subjects, will be featured in the pages of CHICAGO MINIATURES, bimonthly -- a new venture for five Chicagoland members of the United Amateur Press Assn.

We sincerely hope the "miniatures" of our pens are found pleasing . . .

Alice Julian, Editor

o---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---o

THINGS NEVER PURCHASED

5 - JUN 24
Copy 1955

The love and trust of a small child,
The loyalty of friends;
The sun patching a garden walk, red tiled,
The silver, moonlight spends.
The recompense a kindly deed will bring,
The faith, life to suffice;
The courage to believe when everything
Goes wrong.....these have no price.

-- Lorraine Good

* * *

P O E T R Y

said Keats, "should be a friend to soothe the cares, and lift the thoughts of man."
said Carlyle, "exists in the hearts of all men; no man is made altogether of Poetry. We are all poets when we read a poem well."

X-PN4827
#450

The CORDUROY PATCH

"THINGS COULD BE VERSE"



Features

PUBLISHED

POETRY

X-PN4827
H451
JUN 24
Copy 1955



Calling All Members!

The Man Says

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 No. 19th St., Milwaukee 3, Wis.

Ninety-fourth Talk June 1955

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

COME TO THE CONVENTION!

Another fiscal year is coming to a close. Have you enjoyed your membership? Apparently most of you have judging from the many interesting and enthusiastic letters received during the past few months. The most important thing on the agenda at this time is the annual convention which will be held July 7th to10th at the Craemere Hotel in Chicago. If you can possibly be there, do come and meet the many fine people who will attend. If you have been at previous conventions, no urging will be necessary---you will be at this one, too.

If you have never been to an Ajay convention, make this your first one and we know that it will not be your last. There is something so friendly about the annual get-together--that--you will never regret the sacrifices of time and money which enabled you to be a part of this friendly and jolly group. If it is at all possible for you to join us at this convention, we urge you most heartedly to come.

Make your reservations direct to the Craemere Hotel, 3400 West Washington Blvd., Chicago 24, Illinois. Mention the U.A.P.A. convention when writing them. These will be the room rates for the convention delegates:Single, $5.75 to $6.50; double, $8.50 to $9.50; twin beds, $10.00 to $12.50 and while check-out time is 3 P. M. this will be extended for the Sunday affair. Reservations for the banquet are $4.00 and should be made with Nona D. Spath, Fred C. Eichin or me.

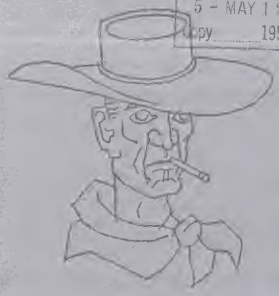
Harriet Nicholson of Ocean City, New Jersey, will give a talk on July 7th on "Edna St. Vincent Millay and her Poems." The poetess was a childhood friend of hers and they were intimate acquaintances. If you are an admirer of Miss Millay's poetry, you cannot afford to miss this fine opportunity of meeting her life-long friend, Harriet Nicholson. Pearl Thomas heard her give this talk last April and was most enthusiastiv about it in her letter to me.

On the same program, Paul Pross will give two readings; "Four on a

X-PN4827

5 - MAY 12
Copy 1955

H452



COLORADO ROUNDUP

Spring 1955

X-PN402Y
5 - MAY 12
Copy 1955

THE COLORADO MINOR

NO. 4 SPRING '55



"Out of the mouths of babes — "

X-PN4827



CHATTERBOX

5 MAR 10
Copy-----1955

Published by
Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. VLI
Eighth Chat
Feb. 1955.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

****

It took this cat a month to get out of that bag! Last month, I gave TNT permission to mention my forthcoming Contests, expecting to give you full information about them in our Official Organ. However, my copy about the contests reached the Editor too late to be included in the United Amateur, last month. Sorry, folks! But, to get to the Contests--

There will be Five separate Contests. You may enter any, or all but please do read the rules carefully.

Before I go any further, though, I think I ought to tell you this: There will be NO Gigantic or Colossal prizes! All I have to give are books - some new - some donated by members. My only interest in running these Contests, is to get you to Write -- and get you to do the best job of writing you are capable of doing. IF the excitement of competition, the thrill of winning, the acclaim of your fellow members aren't enough for you, these Contests aren't for you. In all fairness to the Five wonderful people, who will give their time and knowledge to judge the entries, I must insist on certain limitations regarding wordage, etc. If you'll co-operate in this, these Contests will prove to be instructive, interesting and above all, a lot of Fun for all concerned. O.K.?

SHORT, SHORT FICTION (You may enter only ONE story). It is good practice to learn to limit yourself to a certain word length. We would like your stories to be 1,300 words, or less. I know your first reaction will be "It can't be done!" All right. So don't do it -- in your first writing. WRITE your story as you feel it -- without any thought about wordage. When you have finished, then, and only then, start reading it with a Critical Eye! You will be surprised how often you have repeated yourself, how many - "not necessary to the story"- words you have used. Try it! You will suffer while you are taking out the words, but you will have a better story for it. I have cut several 2,000 to 2,500 word stories of mine that didn't sell, down to as little as 725 words, and then sold them. These extra words seem so necessary, but watch out for them! Here is an example from my own work: Original: "Mary came in the door, then closed it behind her." Rewrite:"Mary came in." Nobody expected Mary to come in via a window, and everybody closes a door after coming in. See what I mean?

The following sentences are Not musts! They are merely suggestions in case you're "fresh out" of ideas to get started. You may use these completely as they are here. In part. Or not at all. I can see interesting possibilities in these "beginning" prepared by "Yours Truly" and Rita Reitci, Editor of TNT. I wonder if You can, too?

MAR 10 Copy 1955 XPN4827

CROSBY CROONINGS FEBRUARY 1955

With a New Look for the New Year.
The New Year is still pretty "New and Fresh", even tho it is February.

Forthis New Year there are New thoughts, (and some old ones left over)
New experiences.
New strength and inspiration.

"Every day is a new beginning,
Every mern is the world made new".

The trouble with New Year Resolutions is that we forget to live just a day at a time - not a whole year.

Old Man Time hounds our footsteps, unless we learn to live a bit philosophically and independently. In spite of all, the following is true:
Seconds fly, minutes race by, and add up into hours:
Hours pass through the hour-glass, building days with Sun and showers.

Days make weeks, - each human seeks to stay the swift progression;
We're pushed along on the assembly line,-Time leads the swift procession.

* * * * * * * * * *

The months of November and December found us "tripping" again! On Nov. 2 we took a visiting cousin and wife to Death Valley, - a second trip for us, and a more satisfactory one. We brot back some fine pictures (colored film, 35mm.) and loaded with some exciting looking stones. The weather was perfect.

On Dec. 1 we took same cousins and headed for Mexico, first passing through noted Tijuanna, just over the line, in Mexico. From there we drove south through an interesting stretch of country, called "Baja (pronounced Baha) California", - sort of an extension of southern California, formerly, but it is now Mexico.

The country was sparsely settled, houses being little more than huts, and there was mountain, desert and ocean scenery, with many new forms of Flora. A few small towns lay along our winding way, and there were flocks of Goats.

We reached Ensenada, our destination, 68 mi. down, at dark. It is a Spanish town, with fine tourist accomodations, - Motels, hotels and restaurants, many beautiful gift stores displayed tempting articles. We studied Spanish in the restaurants, tho there were both English and Spanish menu cards.

The small city is cuddled in the arms of a small Bay, in from the Ocean. Myriads of Sea Gulls filled the air. We stayed over night in a fine Motel.

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * *
* * *
*

This number of "Croonings" is a sort of "hit or miss" pot pourri of many things thrown together, - because of hindrances; made simple as possible because of having to make the stencil myself, not under too favorable circumstances. Learning the details of the process is not easy, under these "Circumatances".

X-PN4827

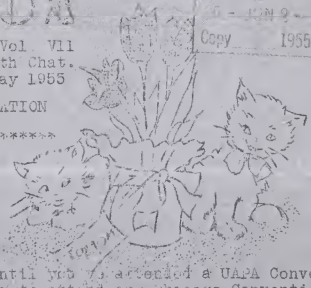
CHATTERBOX

- JUN 9 -
Copy 1955

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut Street
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. VII
Eleventh Chat.
May 1955

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.



This is the time of year when I wish I could drop in on each and every one of you, and personally invite you NOT to miss the most wonderful part of belonging to UAPA. I have said it before, and I'll repeat it again: "You just "ain't" lived until you've attended a UAPA Convention!" Please DO make every effort to attend our Chicago Convention July 7-10th, and give yourself the time of your life!

Believe me, folks, there's just no thrill quite like finally meeting the people you have been corresponding with and the editors who have been monthly "visitors" at your home. I have attended UAPA Conventions from New York to Los Angeles, and each one has enriched my life with new interests and friendships. It was been far from easy to "follow my heart". It meant "going without" a great many things throughout the year, in order to finance the trips, but I have never regretted it. And take my word for it, you won't regret it either. A UAPA Convention is always educational, interesting and fun -- but the very best part is MEETING PEOPLE! I would like to meet YOU this year, so please don't disappoint me. And what's more important, don't disappoint yourself -- come and join us at Chicago if you want to have a glorious time with folks who speak your own Ajay language. Be seeing you July 7-10 in Chicago!

SPECIAL NOTICE: I'd like to ask my readers a special favor. I would be very grateful if those of you who read THE NEW YORK NEWS of THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE, or any newspaper that carries syndicated stories by THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE-NEW YORK NEWS SYNDICATE, would get in touch with me immediately. It is very important to me to receive "tear sheets" (the page in the newspaper on which stories appear) of back copies in which stories by JACK RITCHIE appear. These stories appeared intermittently last year, and about twice a month this year. If you have any of these copies, or are in a position to obtain them from the newspapers, I would be glad to reimburse you for your trouble. Would also like tear sheets (covering about the same period of time) of Jack Ritchie stories that have appeared in MANHUNT and MALE magazines. Thank you!

In case there is still some one who doesn't know it -- Jack Ritchie is the pen name of my son, John Reitci. Both he, and Rita (TNT Editor) have moved to Washington Island, Wis. where they hope to do a lot of writing this summer. Rita is working on her second book, and John hopes to be able to finish a book he is working on between turning out short stories to pay for groceries.

Book prizes have been mailed to the TNT Contest Winners. We regret that we could not print all the names suggested. There were just too many entries. Sorry!

X-PN4R27
C
#457



CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. VII
Twelfth Chat.
June 1955.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

****

I'd like to thank all the members who remembered my birthday. Each greeting was like a warm hand clasp across the miles, and reaffirmed my belief that UAPA folks are the "friendliest people". I'd like to have the opportunity to say "Thanks a Million" to you in PERSON next month! SO - pack up those bags, make those reservations at the Graemere -- and start counting the days (like I do!). REMEMBER, for the time of your life, it's CHICAGO - July 7th through 10th. I'll see you there!

****

And now for the BIG news! Here are the names of the Winners in our Contests. Everyone can't win prizes, but I do feel that you all have gained by the experience of entering these Contests. Right?

STORIES

FIRST PRIZE - Helen C. Smith SECOND PRIZE - Mathilda Ackerman
THIRD PRIZE - Eileen G. Fields

Honorable Mentions (Will be listed in alphabetical order in all catagories)

Velta M. Allen - Belle S. Mooney - Nona D. Spath.

****

CHARACTER SKETCHES

FIRST PRIZE - Truda McCoy SECOND PRIZE - Helen C. Smith
THIRD PRIZE - Frances Lail Vaughn

Honorable Mentions: Velta M. Allen - Leona Meals - Juanita Nolte

****

ARTICLES

FIRST PRIZE - Belle S. Mooney SECOND PRIZE - Mary L. Silvia
THIRD PRIZE - Jerry Spinelli

Honorable Mentions: Eva B. Bonhoff - Anthony Cama - Eileen G. Fields Helen C. Smith - Nona D. Spath

****

POEMS

FIRST PRIZE - Eileen G. Fields SECOND PRIZE - Katie Hallock
TIED FOR FIRST - Helen C. Smith TIED FOR SECOND-Paul E. Pross

Third PRIZE - Margaret K. Lohr Tied for THIRD - Anthony Cama.

Honorable Mentions: Claire Emerson - Eileen G. Fields - Leona Meals Emma Steward Jacobson - Margaret K. Lohr - Orma McCormick - Paul E. Pross - Grace S. Skinner - Nona D. Spath - Ann Wiestling.

****

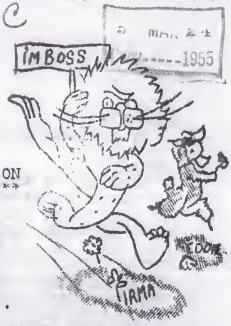
REMEMBER - THE GRAEMERE - CHICAGO - JULY 7-10. I'LL BE THERE! WILL YOU?

X-PN4827 #458
C

CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut Street
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. VII
Ninth Chat,
March 1955.



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Boys will be boys! I was wondering why all the "tittering" when Norbert Marciniak, assisted by "kibitzer" Eddie Daas, cut the masthead for this paper. NOW I know! Oh, well, as long as they had fun! (Seriously, though, Norbert deserves a big THANK YOU for his help in getting out recent Bundles).

I'd like to take this opportunity to apologize to Mary L. Silvia. Last month, while cutting stencils for The Old Oaken Bucket, I inadvertently typed "his" for "her", thereby changing the meaning of a sentence. It should have read; And her insatiable ambition sent her husband to his death. Sorry!

SPECIAL: Claire Emerson, Editor of PEOPLE'S FAIR MAGAZINE, and Judge in our Short, Short Story Contest, asks me to convey her Thanks to all you nice folks who sent her Christmas Cards, and also remembered her Birthday recently/ She enjoyed hearing from you, but, with her many duties, is too busy to answer you individually. I'm sure you all understand how it is.

And now, I, myself, have to offer the same apology. Owing to the added UAPA duties since George's illness, and the state of my health, I, too, find it an impossibility to answer all the accumulated mail of the past several months. Please, do FORGIVE me, if I have not answered your letters, or Get Well Cards. I DO appreciate your thoughtfulness, and I will try very hard to answer all current mail, a little at a time. Write me again, won't you? Thanks a lot.

ROSES to all you folks who have ALREADY mailed in your Contest entries. Your response is gratifying and overwhelming! I knew you were just waiting for a Contest to get busy writing!! Keept it up! Remember, you can enter ALL five of the Contests. DEADLINE is May 15th, but why wait with Your entry? Mail it NOW!

And speaking of Writing, have YOU written to the NEW Editors whose papers have recently been added to our Bundles? I'm sure they'll greatly appreciate hearing from you. Constructive criticism, helpful suggestions, as well as praise, will be welcomed, I'm sure. All our Editors went to please, so let them know what your wishes are.

My heartfelt Thanks to Paul E. Pross, Jr. for publishing my poem, Morning, in last month's WINDFALL, and to Bill Ellis for a nice print job on it.

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR PLANS about attending the Chicago Convention, July 7-10th? I expect to see YOU there!

5 DEC 16
Copy
#459

Child Security

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF CHILD SECURITY, INC.
The "Chevalier" of the "Unwanted Child"
1836 Cimarron Street, Los Angeles 19, California
"Love Is Security"

VOL. 2, NO. 2 EDWIN B. ALLEN, EDITOR WINTER, 1955

X-PN 4827
C

MOTHERHOOD

By Helen E. Middleton

Esther Talford sat mending Mervin's socks. Lamplight fell kindly on her greying black hair, slightly rounded shoulders, her thin, efficient hands.

Tay, the fat alley cat she had befriended, purred loudly at her feet. Opposite, Mervin read the evening paper. There was no sound except the cat's singing and the rustle of the newspaper. Esther thought: I'd like to switch on the radio, but Mervin wouldn't like it. Tonight, with the news I've got, I want him in a good mood! She bit her lower lip. Why was it that Mervin couldn't or wouldn't understand how, at 36, she longed to have a child in the house; a little, trusting child to carry on the family name and traditions and love? Resolutely, she put down an uncompleted sock.

"Mervin," she began hesitantly, knowing how he disliked interruptions, "I want to tell you something."

With a sigh of obvious resignation, her husband emerged from behind the newspaper. His thin face was strained; a frown pulled his sandy brows together.

"What now?" he asked. A sheet of newspaper slipped from his hands and he scuffed at it impatiently with a polished shoe.

(Continued on Page Two)

THE SPIRIT OF THE GIFT

'Tis not the weight of jewel or plate,
Or the fondle of silk and fur;
'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich
As the gifts of the wise men were;
And we are not told whose gift was gold
Or whose was the gift of myrrh.

—Edmund Vance Cook



"THE MASTER CALLS"

5 MAR. 24
Copy---1955

Child Security

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF CHILD SECURITY, INC.
The "Chevalier" of the "Unwanted Child"
1836 Cimarron Street, Los Angeles 19, California
"Love Is Security"

X-PN 4827

VOL. 2, NO. 3 EDWIN B. ALLEN, EDITOR SPRING, 1955

LOVE, THE GARDENER

By Leonora Sill Ashton

Sheldon Cheney, in the preface to his book, "The Saints That Moved the World," states that in the final analysis of human thinking, there is only one subject of permanent interest and that is soul. He further adds that the ground of the soul is to recognize the Divine actuality of life.

In the being of every new-born child, there exists that mysterious realm—that "ground" of the spirit, ready for the cultivation and nurture of a creative awareness of this high destiny which is the birthright of every boy and girl.

Who is the gardener capable of performing this task? Love, and Love alone.

Had we not known this before, we would have been convinced of the fact through an event which took place in our home this summer, when two-and-a-half years old Ann, and her parents and baby sister were visiting us. The grounds surrounding the house, enclosed by a hedge, are opened to the street by a gate with a firm latch. This street in turn leads to a main thoroughfare where two lines of cars, moving in opposite direction speed continually to and fro.

The latch on the white gate fascinated Ann. "She can't reach it or move it though," we assured ourselves. One day she did both, and pulling the gate open she darted towards the traffic filled street with

(Continued on Page Twelve)

CHILD SECURITY PLEDGE

We pledge allegiance to Every Child
The one for whom we all must live.
We will study his needs and seek to give
Our thoughts, our time, that we may know
How to teach, how to train, how to help
him grow
In stature, in wisdom, in heart and in
hand,
In favor with God and his fellowman.
—*Source unknown.*

TID-BITS

One-Line Philsopher

Joy is the Soul's sweet-scented rose . . . let us tenderly plant it this springtime in heart-freshness and enjoy its beauty and fragrance the rest of the year.

There is no past we need to long to return to. There is only the eternally new which is formed out of the enlarged elements of the past, and our genuine longing must always be for a newer, better creation.—*Goethe.*

Come, let us live with our children.—*Froeble.*

Childhood is the budding time of life; if you injure the bud, neither you nor others can enjoy its blossom or fruit.

Conception: The Spirit-of-Love distributes life-quality into highly selected environment—the spiritual cradle of Mother Nature's infinite creative progression.

X-PN 482 7

CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci Vol. VIII.
1732 W. Walnut Street First Chat..
Milwaukee 5, Wis. July 1955

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION



***

#462

Casual Convention Comments

OP-APA 27

July 10, 1955



I WENT

Dear Fellow-members of U.A.P.A.

As these personal impressions are being committed to paper, one of our most successful "United" conventions (the 60th) is drawing to a close here in Chicago; and it is with a mingling of joyful and saddening emotions that we bid departing delegates farewell.

We rejoice in having met so many wonderful people, while at the same time pondering as to just how many of us shall ever meet again — for we remember with a sigh the twelve members who departed this life during the past year.

Like ships passing in the night, we meet and greet and then speed apart, sometimes never to meet again: a fact which should sanctify and intensify the all-too-few precious moments when we are in fellowship at a convention.

Yes, this has been a good convention! In summarizing my notes, I find that a total of some sixty-four have attended this 1955 convention here in Chicago at the Graemere Hotel.

I also find it interesting to discover that these members and visitors have come from ten different states which span our continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific; for they hailed from Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Georgia, West Virginia, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and California.

Nor are we forgetful of the many who had planned to attend, but who were prevented by illness and other last-minute developments over which they had no control. I can but assure you that each one of these was greatly missed.

Among those in attendance are six former presidents of the "United"; besides three newly-elected presidents of all the foremost "Amateur Journalist" associations in the United


X-PN4827
.C

X-PN 482 7
1C
H484

CONVENTION PHOTOGRAPHS

There were several group photos taken during the Chicago convention. If you wish copies of these you may secure them from the Secretary, Edward F. Daas, 550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin. The convention photo costs 50 cents each; the others are 10 cents each. In order to help you to identify the members, keep this page for reference if you are going to order some.

Number 1.-Convention photo (read from left to right on all pictures).

Little Kathy abd her mother, Lily Dolin, Margaret M. Jones, Carl A. Josseck, Matilda Ackerman, Harriet Gilmore, Christine Ciancio, Ronald Ciancio, Marge Adams and Fred C. Eichin. At speakers' table: Alma "Rusty" Weixelbaum, Milton R. Grady, Irma Reitci, Larry Doucette, Jr., Maud Curtis, Edward F. Daas and Easter Lily Ellis. (Continuing on outer side) Mrs. and Mr. Joseph Ellis, Estella Scharf, Clara Goebel, Ann Wiestling, Nona D. Spath, Maude Blackwell, Bea Dragin and Pearl Thomas. Inner group: James F. Dolin, Florence Ackerman, Irma A. Keehn, Orella D. Halstead, Mabelle S. Henning, George R. Ciancio, Jr., Ethel Boehme, Ella Leufenberg and L. Mabel Gould. (Back of them) Bertha Mason, Louis G. Brechler, Gustave Kiss, Pearl F. Kiss, Margaret Lohr, Margaret D. Larson, Lorraine Good, Hilda Dierkes and Lewsi S. Thomas. (Wm. Wallace Ellis and James A. Doucette not on the photo as they were taking photos.)

No. 2.-The official Board: Wm. Wallace Ellis, Official Editor; Irma Reitci, Chairman of the Executive Board; Lawrence L. Doucette, Jr., President; Maud Curtis, Second Vice-President; Edward F. Daas, Secretary.

No. 3.-Three Presidents of the national organizations: Milton R. Grady of the American; Alma Weixelbaum of the National; Lawrence L. Doucette of the United.

No. 4.-Present President, Lawrence L. Doucette, Jr. and retiring President, Irma Reitci.

No. 5.-Present andpast Presidents: Lawrence L. Doucette, Jr., Wm. W. Ellis, Irma Reitci, James F. Dolin, Louis G. Brechler and Edward F. Daas.

OUT OF DATE

To rime in time
To earn a dime
The meter must be right.
But if it rimes and chimes
these times,
You're really out of date.
Hackneyed and outmoded
Is the name for it.
For chimes and rimes in poetry,
Brother - You're too late.

Mary R. Nelson

WIDOWS

Now that Jim is buried
I've gone to live with Jane.
Her husband - Dr. Harry,
Well, it isn't just the same.
So now that son is married
(His wife is an odd one)
In homes for aged I've tarried,
They charge an awful sum.
The friends who used to greet me
Are in the same melee.
The husbands who have left us
Are better off than we.....

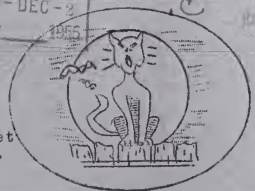
Mary R. Nelson

5-DEC-2
Copy 1955

Vol. VIII
Fourth Chat
Nov. 1955

Published by
Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut Street
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

CHATTERBOX



A
UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
****

Hello, all you nice people! Sorry I couldn't be with you last month! But it is good to find that some of you missed me! Thanks ever so much for the Get Well cards. I appreciate them very much, but must ask you to please forgive me for being able to answer you personally at this time. I still tire easily and must not spent a great deal of time, "just resting".

Also want to Thank those of you who have taken the trouble to mail me copies of newspapers, or clippings, containing either my, or my son Jack Ritchie's stories. Many of these arrived here while I was ill, and frankly, I have forgotten who sent what. I am, however, deeply grateful, to each and every one who was so thoughtful. Thanks a million, dear friends.

And would like to add one more Thank You, to the publishers who printed Contest material in the last Bundle. Both the writers and I, think you're "super"!

And since you're all so good about doing nice things, why not sit down RIGHT NOW, and write a "Hello - how are you?" letter to George Boehme? I am happy to tell you that he is feeling much better these days - but a letter from YOU would add a bit of sunshine to these gloomy Fall days. (I've got a great, big basket of "Thank You's" saved up - so here are some for all of you who will write to George!)

Also, just for fun (Who needs a better reason?) drop a few lines to that hard working trio -- Eddie Daas, Mary Nelson and Norbert Marciniak. The only time they take "time off" from UAPA work, is when they are reading their mail, so -----!

Speaking of Norbert (who, besides various other tasks, cuts all our mastheads) please don't blame him for the Cat on this -- beautiful one. I should have used this masthead last month! So, let's all just imagine a big, fat, gobbler up there - one who is wishing you - A HAPPY THANKSGIVING DAY!

****

Have read, and enjoyed, all the NEW publications appearing in our recent Bundles. Have not had time to comment on them so far, but will try to remedy that in the coming months. Let us start with CHICAGO MINIATURES, today.

This co-operative venture by Chicago UAPA members, contains both poetry and prose - a real treat for all tastes.

X-PN 48 27
C

CHATTERBOX

Volume VIII
Third Chat
Sept. 1955

Copyright 1955

Published by Irma Reitci [illegible] Walnut St., Milwaukee 5, Wis.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Hi folks! Bet you always thought you'd have to be dead to get to PARADISE! 'Tain't so! I just got back from there, and I'm more alive than ever! 'Course I must admit that my Paradise is better known by another name - WASHINGTON ISLAND, WISCONSIN.

I have done a lot of traveling and sightseeing, but I've never met up with a place that's quite like this Island for sheer Beauty. I could write pages about the scenic beauty of Washington Island, but it's a place you've got to SEE to know the magic of it. And "see" it I did, With Rita as my guide, we explored one beautiful spot after another.

For those of you who are statistically minded, here are a few facts: Jean Nicolet discovered the Island in 1634. It lies just off the tip of Door County peninsula. The white man (mostly Nordic) started to settle there about 125 years ago. The Island contains 1,488 acres -- 26 square miles. The population at present is 786. (At the next census it should be atleast 788 - John and Rita are seriously considering making the Island their permanent home). Seven miles of water separate the Washington Island from the main land. There is a grade school,High School, Community Hall, two churches, and just about everything else you would expect in a small community, including a local doctor.

Yet, Washington Island is different. This is due to the people who call the Island "home". They are to a great extent of Danish and Norwegian descent. I had always had an idea that Nordic people were "cold". I couldn't have been more wrong!

The moment I stepped off the ferry and met the Island taxi driver, Mads Hanson, I started to revaluate my opinion. His warm handclasp and his smile was an introduction to the general friendliness of the Island folks. This was confirmed more and more as I met other Islanders.

There were the Karly Jossens and their children, who welcomed me to the Island. And Mr. and Mrs. Ray Krause who accepted me with the graciousness of "the folks next door". Ray Krause is the manager of the R.E.A. office. (Rural Electrification Association -- I think!) He is also Justice of the Peace and numerous other things besides. Edith Krause belongs to several organizations; does the R.E.A. office work, and CAN she bake! I can still taste her Chocolate Peanut Squares we had at the beach party the evening before I left the Island. I did also been looking forward to meeting Orville and Florence Jess, of whom I had heard a great deal from John and Rita. (Florence is a UAPA member!)

X-PN 482 7 C #467

"TRAVELOGUE" EDITION of CROSBY CROONINGS SEPT. 1955

State of Idaho - Land of fine farms - Potatoes - Lilacs

2nd Copy For 1955

Nevada State Line

Nevada the Gambling State, and Mining of all kinds. Eating places all had bars, and were full of gambling machines. We visited in Reno and vicinity from Fri. til Mon., with two Nephews:

Tire blew out here.... 9 mi. from nearest town of Wells... Changed to spare and went back to Wells -- got new tire, and went on to lovely little City of Twin Falls, Idaho. Took motel for the night.

Reno

one has work with American S. S. Union, and we went to a S.S. of his. On Sat., were with other nephew and family; he works in a copper mine and lives on the grounds in a nice modern company house. Had Picnic supper in a Canyon, by a river --both nephews and children, nine of us. We got some lovely rocks, very remarkable, petrified wood, Copper and others.....Reno is called the "Biggest Little City in the World" and everyone knows about "Harold's Place" for Gambling.

From Reno, drove n.e. through desert, mountains, forests

Hi Sierra Mt. Range

Never out of sight of snow-capped Mts.

Mt. Whitney

Calif. Nevada Line

We left home 5 June I -- early, but alright to avoid crowds, later in Park,

Las Vegas

Very few towns lit- farming.

H48

0000---000---000---000---000---000---000---000---0000



0000---000---000---000---000---000---000---000---0000

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Vol. 1 - No. 2
Aug.-Sept. 1955

2 - OCT 1955
Copy

0000---

---0000

Since our first issue of Chicago Miniatures, we have received many heart-warming letters from our friends of the U.A.P.A. Truly, each encouraging comment, like a magic fountain, serves to refresh Pegasus....A SINCERE THANKS TO ALL, and now. "Hello again!"

Alice Julian, Editor

0000---000---000---000---000---000---000---000---0000

CICADA

X-PN 482 7

The cicada is back in the white oak tree,
He has come to cry his bitter news;
In his voice is a plaintive note,
And a tinge of sorrow our thoughts imbues.
With a vague portent that is felt, not seen,
We know it is time for the leaf of green
To turn to brown, and the flowers to seed,
And the grass to wither upon the mead.
Summer moves on in majesty,
Radiant sunrise, dazzling noon,
Spectacular sunset, serenity,
And a bountiful harvest for gathering soon.

-- Mary Hill

TRUTH, said George L. Greene, " is something man cannot create; neither can he destroy it. He can only discover it."

5 - JUL 14
Copy 1955
#469

THE COMMENTATOR

Presenting the opinion of Milton R. Grady in matters concerning the National Amateur Press Association. Printed by him at Pill-box Press, 1726 55th, Des Moines 10, Iowa.

There Ought to Be a Law!

Among many of our members a good subject for jest is the annual "Let's Amend the Constitution" movement. Actually, the basic tenets of our legal framework are changed not at all. The added frills or afterthoughts that are tacked on each year are usually arrived at by meeting head-on some "minor crisis" in the conduct of the association.

Changes are good for progress. Look at the automobile! This year the membership will act on six proposed amendments to the NAPA Constitution. These proposals were printed in the March N. A.

The following paragraphs are intended to convey my reactions to the legislative changes.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT NO. 1—"To require either activity in the recognized pursuits of the hobby of amateur journalism or the alternative of paying increased dues in order to remain as a member of the association . . ."

An irritating thorn in many publisher's skin is the subject of "deadheads." These silent members are just names on the membership list. They neither write, publish, or take an active hand in adminis-

X-PN 482 7

5-DEC-
Copy 1955
X-PN 4827
.C
#471

CROSBY-GROONINGS

Thanksgiving Edition-Nov. 1955

Editor: Nina Hard Crosby
1874 7). Raymond
Pasadena 3 Calif.

"Thanksgivin' An(n)"



"Yas sir, that wuz her name,-'Thanksgiving An',-anyhow, that wuz what everbody called her. She an' I useter wuk at the same white folks' houses sometimes. An' she wuz the thankfullest, singinest woman I ever seed. She'd go round singin' that li'l ole song,-some words outa the Bible, to a tune she made up herself, I reckon!

"She allussaid she wuz so thankful case she could earn money to give back to Gad fer all His blessin's to her. She wuz allus helpin' folks, too. "Thanksgivin' An',-it wuz sure her rightful name."

An she wuzn't dumb, either,-knowed what wuz in her Bible, and often sed if folks would read that great Book, they wouldn't git into all kinds of meanness,-this juvnile linkency,-an' parents, too. An' she'd tell how many Bibles that 'Merican Bible Society printed an' sent out all over the world,-15,000,000 of 'em, in a year. She read 'bout that Edgar Hoover; he's some man, an' he stood up fer Bible readin',-said boys an' girls an' grown-ups need to read it together in their homes.

An' sakes alive! the way she talked 'bout Mothers goin' out to them Bars, leavin' their childern alone, to get into mischief an' be neglected an' sometimes get burned up! Yes, an' how folks get theirselves killed on the big hi-ways 'cause someone said "O, one more drink won't hurt!" Pore fools, ain't got common sense! If they'd stop before they tuk that first drink, she'd say, they wouldn't be "one more", or two more, an' folks wouldn't get smashed up like they do,-jes plain murder an' suicide!

"But some folks has sense, fer she said that "Big Boy Texas" has voted himself lhl dry counties; an' they's some other dry spots too,-Ohio, and other States have dry counties. She read all about sech things in a Paper she took.

"Well, guess I'se talked long enuff. So back to someone who can talk better'n I can. But I sure wanted you-alls to know 'bout "Thanksgivin' An'."

. . . . . .

"Our judgment is as good as our information", Yep, a right good sayin'!

Now this is one of Budah's sayings:
"Hatred ceases not by hatred."

Some of the participants in any difficult or unhappy situation must show the love (which is "active goodwill"), that mollifies.

Then add "cooperation"*! That's a good sounding word! "One-man enterprises went out of style; TEAM WORK is the watchword in business today." ORGANIZATIONS are merely groups of men and women KEEPING STEP, and carrying the same TUNE". Merle Crowell.

* Cooperation is spelled with two letters - WE!

But no two folks are alike. Let not the Hammer find fault with the Saw; nor the Screwdriver say to the Plane, "Your work is all surface work,- shallow!".

Each Tool has its own distinctive work to do, all cooperating.

"It is the everlasting teamwork
Of every bloomin' soul." J. Knox

If I've been the Hammer and Saw, or the Screwdriver and Ruler, on this "Who are the Common People",-let's call in some other Tools. For Inst., Nona Spath will use her Tool next issue. (Most of these ideas and expressions at bottom of page are from a Leaflet Dr. Thompson sent me.)

Jes' we all agree to this theory, but our disposition get in the way.

H471

X-PN4827 .C

The Touch Of The Master's Hand

'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin.
But held it up with a smile.
* "What am I bidden, good folks," he cried,
"Who'll start the bidding for me?"
"A dollar, a dollar"; then, "Two! Only Two?
Two dollars, and who'll make it three?
* Three dollars, once; three dollars, twice;
Going for three—" But no,
From the room, far back, a gray-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow;
Then, wiping the dust from the old violin,
* And tightening the loose strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet
As a caroling angel sings.

* * * *

* The music ceased, and the auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said: "What am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.

"A thousand dollars, and who'll make it two?
Two thousand! And who'll make it three?
Three thousand, once, three thousand twice,
And going, and gone," said he.
* The people cheered, but some of them cried,
"We do not quite understand
What changed its worth." Swift came the reply:
"The touch of a master's hand."

* * * * *

And many a man with life out of tune,
And battered and scarred with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd,
Much like the old violin.
* A "mess of pottage," a glass of wine;
A game—and he travels on.
He is "going" once, and "going" twice,
He's "going" and almost "gone."
* But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul and the change that's wrought
By the touch of the Master's hand.

—By Myra Brooks Welch

This poem has been published in "The Best Loved Poems of the American People" - an anthology issued by New York Times. Also in "The Book of Popular Poems". Thousands of copies have been distributed. Radio has used it hundreds of times.

The author lives at 2150 Fifth Street, La Verne, California.

Printed by Chester A. Stein at Aberdeen, Wash.



#472

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Vol. 1 - No. 3
Oct.-Nov. 1955

As I write, we have not quite yet come to these months...October...November...but very soon I shall flip a calendar page, and shall know that it is the time-for-return of many lovely things. . . . . Crisp, invigorating autumn days; roof-tops lightly silvered with first frost; winter asters graciously nodding "hello", brown-leaf afghans at their feet; fresh apple cider, sweet and tangy; Halloween, and merry neighboring children--oh no, Withces 'n Goblins--calling at my door . . . Then another calendar page turned. . . . . Spicy, golden pumpkin pies, and savory mincemeats; turkey and trimmin's . . . Indeed, most blessed of all, THANKSGIVING, when all men are kindred, as the nation voices its multifold thanks for God's bounties. From seeds sown, to the harvest reaped . . . Greetings to these old familiar things, so shiny new; it is the time for their return!

-- Alice Julian, Editor

X-PN 4827

AS I SEE IT

Troubles are like little babies,
Both have unquenchable thirst,
And most people know
They continue to grow
Only when they are nursed.

-- BEA DRAGIN

#473
X-PN-1827

"CROSBY CROONINGS" October, 1955

5-OCT 2
Copy 1955

Farewell Summer ! Welcome Autumn !

"Will Summer with her heated breath ever go away?"
Thus sighed weary humans, perspiring all the day.

Ruddy Brother Autumn, with a twinkle in his eye,
Heard complaints and slander, so crept in on the sly.

Said, "I thought 'twas time I came along
To change their sighing to a song."

"Thought I couldn't come too soon,
So I came in the light of the Harvest Moon". N.H.C.

. . . . . .

After Summer Heat, and Varied Vacations, School Starts, Office and Industry launch forth in full force, and even Santa Claus is stirring, people selling Christmas Cards at doorways, and Stores advertising Toys and Gifts! Thus Santa puts on his Commercial Mask !

Even UAPA has made a new start, "Forgetting the past, and looking toward the future", asking, perhaps, "What is fitting to present to our readers for their reading pleasure?"

It strikes me, that it would be very "fittin'" to do a little review work, by perusing a wise article by "our Bill" Ellis, in the United Amateur of May, 1954, entitled "An Evaluation", under "Bundle Reviews".

Quoting from parts of it: "Consider the distribution of each Bundle, as if it were.....like a Magazine, with various departments; each indivudual editor in charge of his chosen field of representation; thus we may avoid in the future, many pitfalls of the past."

"In some instances, harsh criticisms have been given wings, bitter words have been exchanged, individual preferences have been proposed as templets for what shal or should not be published; some good members have been lost, some excellent Papers have ceased to appear, -- and we have all been the losers.

"Each reader has freedom of choice to read, consider, agree or disagree, or to ignore entirely. Each enjoys what appeals to his individual whimsy, and magnanimously grants the same courtesy to others.....This is "Freedom of the Press".

Now may I add my own idea - or "picture", of the Bundle, which I placed in my first contribution to the Bundle: "One of my objectives was VARIETY, - trying to present a "tid-bit" for everybody, in spite of the many tastes; I thought of the Bundle as a "Picnic dinner", everyone bringing something different; Some bring pickles, some bring pies; there's chicken salad and chicken fries; some like onions, - others hate the smell ! And even GARLIC suits some very well.

. . . . . .

After I made an appeal in one of my Papers this year, as to whether some members might like to have me "air my ideas" on "Just Who Are The Common People?", two persons responded. I am publishing the first chapter.

X-PN4827

OCTOBER 1955

DONT SEND YOUR KIDS TO CHURCH!! TAKE THEM!!

the "show me state"

THE ORRIBUS PATCH

things could be verse

5-007 26
Copy 1955

SAINT LOUIS UNITED AMATEUR WRITERS & POETS

Editor---
Eddie Schaffer....
First Vice President of
United Amateur Press Assoc.
3915 Shenandoah Avenue...
SAINT LOUIS 10, MISSOURI...

HELLO..HELLO
FROM ALL THE GANG AT
SAINT LOUIS!!

HAPPY ..HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ALL THE GOOD FOLKS WHO HAVE A BIRTHDAY IN OCTOBER!!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Again and AGAIN...THE WELCOME MAT IS OUT FOR YOUR NATIONAL CONVENTION SITE RIGHT HERE IN GOOD OLE SAINT LOUIS...
SO DON'T FORGET US FOLKS....LET YOUR LOCAL SECRETARIES AND PRESIDENTS...AS WELL AS OUR WONDERFUL NATIONAL SECRETARY EDDIE DAAS AND OUR NATIONAL PRESIDENT.. LAWRENCE DOUCETTE..KNOW THAT SAINT LOUIS WANTS YOU...ALL OF YOU...EVERYONE OF YOU TO COME AND MAKE SAINT LOUIS YOUR HOME IN 1957....

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Awonderful welcome to all the new members right here in Saint Louis! It was a real pleasure to see so many faces at our first meeting September 20, 1955 in Room K of the JEFFERSON HOTEL. In fact with the help of Victor Bacon and our East Saint Louis member, "BRUDY" at the meeting, and so many helpful entrants to our local chapter...it was, friends, a most joyous moment for U.A.P.A.
One of the fine things which stood out was the friendly atmosphere between the members then present. It was such a pleasure to hear members stand up and each say a few words...read some of their work...and the enthusiasm which lent itself to the reception at your SAINT LOUIS UNITED AMATEURS' VERY FIRST MEETING in the new era. As President of the local group..WELCOME FRIENDS!

* * * * * *
ATTENTION:::::

One of our new members, Ronald Voigt who owns and operates a mimeograph is working on a "paper"...golly..we sure hope he gets it out in time!!
Ronald lives at: 3859 Sullivan Avenue
Saint Louis 7, Mo.
Send some of your work to him, folks.. or just drop him a line and say hello.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Listed here are other members of our wonderful Saint Louis Chapter:

Mrs Marian Downing - Asst.Secretary
Mr. Eugene Downing-6336 Julian Avenue
Mrs. Rose F. Brown
Mr. Brown...(potential)
Mr. Dick Wilhelm
Mrs. Gertrude Schmulbach
Mr. Roger Courtney-Contest Chairman
VICTOR E. BACON - -Local Advisor
Mrs. J. Dietz-2624 So. Kingshighway
Miss Susan Webster - SECRETARY
Mrs. Pat Prow....(special)
Mrs. William D. Ittner, Sr.
Mr. F.T. Martyn -5431 Parmer Avenue
Dewey Alexander-6040 West Swan Circle
Mr. Louis Gould - 725 So. Skinker Blvd.
Miss Mary Pershall - (at College)
EVA C. DOWNING..2830 Endicott Avenue
Kingsley J. Luckett - Program Chairman
Miss Mary Elizabeth Duggan-Pro.Chairman
Mrs. Beulah L. Boyd
Mr. & Mrs. John Bryske
Mrs. Virginia Hollingworth
Miss Nellie Crawford-1411 So. Seventh.
Mrs. Lois McFall-7701 Vermont

{ space reserved for new members }

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Would you like to have some of your work shown? Send a bit or two to those who are equipped to help. While space is so precious and sometimes limited, everyone will eventually have their work reprinted. This cooperative attitude is so commendable...and will tend to build a closer and more intimate relationship in U.A.P.A.

Make Saint Louis U.A.P.A. National Convention Site-1957-
Everyone is Welcome!! We want to be your host-1957-

EDDIE

We would like to thank Mr. Greg Lucy of the STATLER HOTEL in downtown Saint Louis, who has given our group the very fine and appropriately dignified meeting place, THE SAINT CHARLES ROOM located in the STATLER. What a wonderful place for our NATIONAL SITE of the ANNIVERSARY CONVENTION in 1957. Thank you, Mr. Greg Lucy. Drop him a line folks and let Mr. Lucy know - what a fine gesture, on his part. Not only for accommodations now but for the wonderful hopes of having THE STATLER HOTEL in Saint Louis put out a WELCOME MAT to EVERYONE.

Eddie

X-PN482
C
#475

JULY
JUNE

THE CORDUROY PATCH

AUGUST
SEPTEMBER

'55

5-
Copy
19

PUBLISHER:
eddie schaffer...
1st Vice President
3915 shenandoah avenue...
saint louis 10, missouri

CO-PUBLISHERS.....
Clara Ballard - WICHITA
Trudy Schmalbach...east st.louis

* *

HAPPY BIRTHDAY AND JOYOUS GREETINGS TO ALL THE MEMBERS, EVERYWHERE....

* *

The welcome mat is out for our UAPA here in Saint Louis...who courts the hand of destiny for your attention in the 1957 NATIONAL CONVENTION SITE.

* *

Peanuts, popcorn and crackerjacks to Eddie Dana who has gallantly stodd by through the chaos of convention, as well as conventions. Eh?

And may we have less provacation amid our members during the ships course through the new year term of office.

* *

To those who put yours truly into the honorable office...heartiest thanks for the vote of confidence...may your choice have not been made in vain. I know so little about these things that I shall have to do a lot to pretend having some knowledge. Golly...

* *

WELCOME TO ALL THE NEW MEMBERS and I hope you will drop me a line, no less then ten words at least..during the passage of the year. At least to say HI'YA mister bus driver.....

* *

SUGGESTION:::
Recommended that an amendment be had through proper channels to rename our group, THE NATIONAL UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION. Adds to the wisdom of our many long-standing members and will cherish dignity as well as pride inspirational to new members and to the public at large. That is, THE NATIONAL UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION. How about it folks? Write to your officers and nod your heads.

The lady got on the bus and asked the bus driver where "ifflesniff" street was. When the bus driver said he didn't know...she became indignant as she asked "Then what are you driving a bus for if you don't know the streets"? Ahh yes...it turned out that the street she wanted was not "ifflesniff"...ahh noooo she was looking for, "Raggapewff".

* *

THINGS COULD BE VERSE

* *

By the way folks:::: DON'T SEND YOUR CHILDREN TO CHURCH. TAKE THEM!

* *

FALLICY...by schaffer

If only tongue could think...as quickly thinks the mind
'ere long before it speak a word as is unkind
Rescind belittling thoughts which evil doth foretell
Such misery build with words, yet all wound of heart dispel...
So enter there, love's meadow..fragrance restless of despair
Mid scents of blooning sprigs; deep-rooted love to bear
And fulfill each melancholy as all innocence entwined..
Whose lips with hunger thirst; drink deep till light of mind -
Long hours betwixt each dawn, fleet.... drought of haste; that pleasure
Pledged between each cry..as love may find full measure..
Yet, long before it speak such word as is unkind;
Oh, if our tongue could think!
Then, as quick! DRAW THE BLIND!

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Welcome to Saint Louis in 1957 - National U.A.P.A. Convention !!!

DEC 1 1955
X-PN 4827
.C
5 Copy...
#476

Colorado Roundup

Fall, 1955



Number 3

DEC 16 1955

No. 9

#477

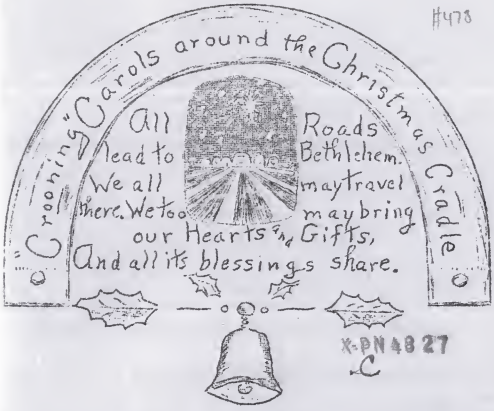
5
Copy

The Clarion

X-PN4827
.C

A Journal of Fantasy
and Whimsey
for December 1955

#478



X-PN 48 27
C

RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN !

THERE IS JOY TODAY,

FOR A SAVIOUR, CHRIST THE LORD IS BORN !

IT IS THE BIRTHDAY OF THE "KING OF HEARTS",

A KING DISPENSING MORE THAN "TARTS".

HE CALLS HIS LOYAL FOLLOWERS "FRIENDS",

AND GIVES A LOVE THAT NEVER ENDS.

X-PN4827
.C
#479





H430
X-PN 48 27
iC
5-DEC 2.
Copy 1955

Vol. 1 - No. 4 December 1955

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Alice Julian
4203 N. Winchester Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

****

THE INSIGNIA

HAPPY
HOLIDAYS
TO ALL!
*
*
Alice
Bea
Lorraine
Mary
Nona
*
*

The White Star of Hope
O'er Bethlehem's hill
Still shines on the world
Through men of good will.

For two thousand years
This light has been known
To shew men the way
To God's holy throne.

But some turn away
And seek their own light,
With hope of high gain
Through conquest and might.

The world has known grief
Through failure of man
To follow this light
And the definite plan.

Oh, White Star of Hope
Shine over our world,
With love the insignia
On banners unfurled.

-- NONA D. SPATH

HQ3

Child Security

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF CHILD SECURITY, INC.
The "Chevalier" of the "Unwanted Child"
1836 Cimarron Street, Los Angeles 19, California

X-PN 48 27

"Love Is Security"

C
8-DEC 28
Copy 1955

VOL. 3, NO. 2 WINTER, 1955-56

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO CHILDREN

By Hazel H. Branscom

As the Christmas Season approaches, all the Christian world takes on a hushed, joyous anticipation of expectancy. We lose ourselves in giving, shopping for gifts to give, cooking, preparing food for others. I often wonder if deeply within the subconscious we, like the Magi of old, are bringing gifts to the Christ Child.

Unfortunately, there are those among us who give with our eye upon getting and are disturbed if the gift received has less material value than the one we gave. The straining after material things often causes us to forget the gifts of the spirit. Love, kindness, soft answers and appreciation of each other should take on greater value in our human relationships.

It is indeed commendable that so many organizations distribute material gifts to the needy as part of their charity work at this season. No child should have to awaken on Christmas morning empty handed.

The greatest gifts parents can bestow upon their children are the intangible ones. Courtesy, integrity, self-esteem, self-reliance, resourcefulness, judgment, obedience to the laws of the universe, discrimination, control of emotions, poise, charm, appreciation of beauty, reverence for life and their Creator, thoughtfulness, consideration of others and generosity. These, any and all parents can give to their children.

These gifts are given by example, at every moment of the twenty-four hours in each day and become a way of life for those who desire them. There is not money enough in all the world to buy them. They perform miracles, without a price tag, in every country on earth, under all conditions. There are no substitutes. These can be used the whole year through, each year of life.

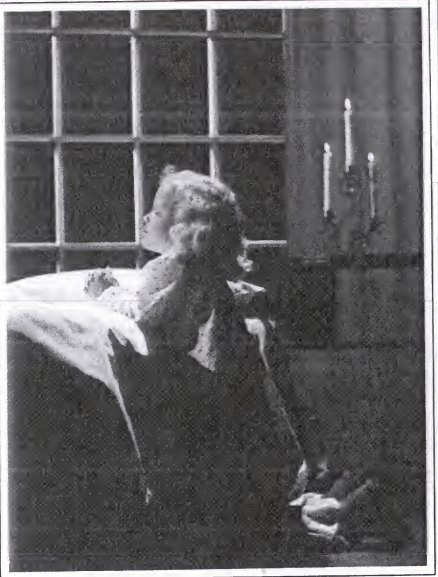
(Continued on Page Ten)

A BABY IN THE HOME

A baby came at Christmas
And changed life for us all—
While to the little children
There came a special call.
Hang up your dear one's stockings
Then fill them with good things—
Bright joys, to keep one smiling,
And love's perfume—that clings.
Make room for tender words,
Add an embrace of bliss—
Then tuck in an earnest prayer,
And seal all with—a Kiss!

"HELPFUL MINISTRY"
(Dr. W. J. Thompson)

#482



X-PN 48 27

C

Christmas Greetings

FROM

VERA MARIE JENKINS

EXP 6- DEC 28
Copy 1955

EDDIE SCHAFFER

has just written

X-PN 4827
H433

The Corduroy Patch

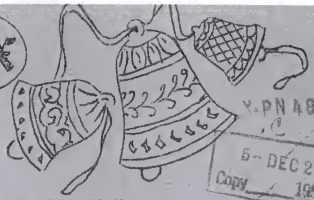
$3.00 *per copy*

HERE, AT LAST, is the long-awaited collection of verse that was born on a bus and written by a startlingly new and different poetic talent. *The Corduroy Patch* is the product of a remarkable man, Eddie Schaffer, ex-Marine and currently one of the more popular bus drivers in the city of St. Louis.

Here is a volume of amusing, sig-

EXPOSITION PRESS INC.
386 Fourth Ave. New York 16

Chatterbox



Vol. VIII Fifth Chat
December 1955.

Published by
Irma Reitci Milwaukee 5,
1732 West Walnut St., Wisconsin

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

V-PN 48 27
5 - DEC 28
Copy 1955

Though it is still November while I am writing this, there is a promise of snow in the air outside, and the spicy fragrance of cookies baking, indoors.

No, Christmas isn't too far away. Especially when I close my eyes. I see you and You and YOU, grouped around that Christmas tree, with your family. Your cheeks are flushed and your eyes are shining, and your heart beats a happy tune. If you will listen very carefully, you will hear my voice coming to you across the miles, wishing you

A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
The Happiest of all NEW YEARS!

****

Now come with me to Wichita, Kansas. Here, our Gladys Hembree has been busier than the proverbial bee, recruiting new UAPA members. And WHAT members! As you will have noticed by their publications, they are not only talented, but also ACTIVE members!

SUNFLOWERS is the attractive publication by Mrs. Helen Etnire. I am NOT a poet,but I DO appreciate good poetry, and in SUNFLOWERS I have found nothing but excellent poetry. I love to quote favorite lines from poems to make my point But - where to begin, when all the poetry is that good? Tell you what - - why don't we just reread the back issues of SUNFLOWERS? I find new magic each time I do that. I feel sure you will, too.

KANSAS GAY-FEATHERS is all it's name implies. It is edited by Ida May Hull, and is a gay bouquet of poetic, as well as prose, offerings by a number of our Wichita members. There we find a beautiful sonnet,THE PEARLS, by Ida May Hull, as well as an interesting Editorial. In the poem JUST ONE DAY, Ella Dunn Howell adds a dash of humor to the October number, and Rose L. Wilson does the same for the November number. Helen Etnire gives us a glimpse of October in Kansas, while Mrs. R. N. St. John introduces us to WINTER ON MY MOUNTAIN. (A cozy cabin on a mountain top, watching the snow storm outside, while "fragrant logs in the fireplace ..keep me safely warm". Now that is a picture of which dreams are made) Then we have calm revery,as we listen to LITTLE GIRL IN PRAYER, by Nova T. Ashley, and the homely warmth and security of our kitchen in MY FAVORITE ROOM by Nelly Rooney Tiller. And perhaps you shed a tear, as I did, when you read DERELICT TIMBER CLAIM, by Nellie Aly Middleton, and wondered what might have been, if "wheels" had "passed that way". And then you noticed BEYOND THE FENCE, by Ruth

#435 X-PN 48 27
.C

THE CORDUROY PATCH
By
Eddie Schaeffer

First Vice President
United Amateurs Press Association
National and Global
POETRY BELONGS TO EVERYONE

5- DEC 25
Copy 1955

Co-Publishers:
Lois McFall
Marian Downing
Pat Prow-(Editor)

Louis Gould
SAINT LOUIS UNITED AMATEURS

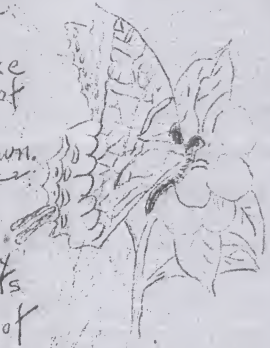
WORDS TO LIVE BY:
Don't send your kids to church!
TAKE THEM!!

* * * \

#486 X-PN4827

CROSBY GROUNINGS EASTER EDITION '95

Sing a Song of Easter
Of Resurrection's Dawn,
Of Lillies pure
White
Radiance
And fear of
Death
Withdrawn.



The
Butterfly
Suggests
Thoughts of
RESURRECTION—
Once, a crawling worm,—
In resurrected body
Soars on Jewelled wings
Sipping sweetest nectar
From lovely flowery things.

#487 X-PN4827
C

The CORDUROY PATCH

"THINGS COULD BE VERSE"

A Feature

GUEST POEM
BY
CLARA BALLARD



oooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---oooo

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Vol. 1 - No. 6
Apr. - May 1956

oooo---

---oooo

It is always with deep gratitude that we find new publications appearing in the Bundle. May we keep abreast of the times by hereby greeting and thanking all newcomers who have contributed to the good reading in our looked-for packets. Also, it is wonderful to see an ever increasing membership role. Be an ACTIVE member! Therein lies the source of a blossoming power to Ajay, and a fruitfulness to its literary merits.

Alice Julian, Editor

oooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---ooo---oooo

SUNDAY MORNING

Within the quiet cloister of the church
I listened to the reading of the Word,
And to the sonorous soaring of the hymns
That seemed by heavenly angels must be heard,
Sung in joyous lifting up of spirit
By all who, like me, were by grief beset,
Had come for a renewal of their faith,
Longing for relief from human fret.
As if it were a warm cloak, happiness
Came to me and wrapped me 'round . . .
In that sacred place of song and prayer,
Hope and peace of mind by all were found.

-- MARY HILL





* * * * * * * *DAISIES* * * * * * * * * *

*
* Out in the country *
* A bright sunny day *
* Myriads of daisies *
D * Along the way. *
A * D
I * A
S * Pearly white daisies I
I * Like bright starry eyes S
E * Daisies purple and blue I
S * Borrowed tints from theskies. E
* S
* In pastures and meadows *
* A carpet they laid *
* An intricate pattern *
* Only God could have made. *
* *
* Clara Ballard*
* Corduroy Guest *
* WICHITA *

* * * * * * * *DAISIES* * * * * * * * * *

THE ORDER OF INTERNATIONAL LIONS:
LIONS CODE OF ETHICS

To show my faith in the worthiness of my vocation by industrious application to the end that I may merit a reputation for quality of service.

To seek success and to demand all fair remuneration or profit as my just due, but to accept no profit or success at the price of my own self respect lost because of unfair advantage taken or because of questionable acts on my part.

To remember that in building up my business it is not necessary to tear down another's to be loyal to my clients or customers and true to myself.

Whenever a doubt arises to the rights of ethics of my position or action towards my fellowmen, to resolve such doubt against myself.

(MORE LIONS CODE IN NEXT ISSUE)

As you can see friends by the cartoon below...this is the way we ought to be in our dues...regardless of what organization we belong. It is the primary function of dues to establish for our groups that self respect which will enable us to reach out and not only help our fellowman...but to further our own goals.

Render your dues NOW!!

EXPERIENCES OF A BIG CITY BUS DRIVER::: Ye olde patch

Rolling down Oakland Avenue, eastbound, with a standing and swinging load out of Brentwood, Missouri....I pulled the bus up in front of the Saint Louis Arena. Waiting there were four small girls, possibly ranging in age from 7 to 10. About to crack a joke to the big girl putting money into the fare box, I looked up and saw tears in her little blue eyes. "What's the matter, honey, whatcha crying about"?

At that, the girl burst into tears as she cried, "My mommie is going to give me a whipping when I get home."

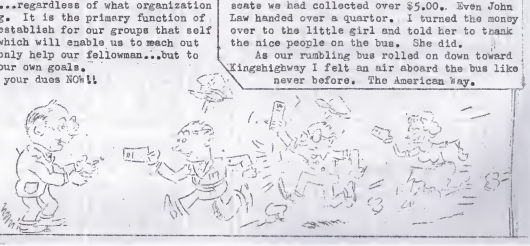
"Now why is your mommie going to give you a whipping, honey"/ Golly I was surely curious. For here was something I hadn't quite expected nor ever run into before.

"I lost $4.85", cried the little girl. All this time the tears gushed from her blue eyes...and something was happening to me.

Yanking up the emergency brake I stood up and facing the bus-jammed passengers I heard myself saying out loud, (even with a uniformed policeman aboard), saying, "Folks, this little girl is going to get a whipping when she gets home. She lost $4.85. Now we don't want her to get a whipping when she gets home....do we?"

By the time I reached the third row of seats we had collected over $5.00. Even John Law handed over a quarter. I turned the money over to the little girl and told her to thank the nice people on the bus. She did.

As our rumbling bus rolled on down toward Kingshighway I felt an air aboard the bus like never before. The American Way.



1956
Volume ONE
Number One

To Be Entered
In Any
Offical
Contest
For
Recognition
of
Poetry By
Members.....
None
To Be Omitted

ST LOUIS
The Corduroy Patch

JAN
PN4827
C
#470

EDITORS
EDDIE SCHAFFER
CLARA BALLARD

COPUBLISHERS:
GLADYS MEMBREE
MARIAN DOWNING
G. EDWARD LIND
DEWEY ALEXANDER

To Be Entered In
MIMEOGRAPH
or
Stencil Design
Contest

GUEST OF THE OLE PATCH::::

Every impulse for a thoughtful act
Or a smile from a heart filled with love
When the hasty word much easier would come
Take heed, Be directed by One above.

We must learn to know from simple things
And not from some complex way
Lay aside all thought of personal gain
As we travel along each day.

Each morn a new day lies ahead
Rejoice, give thanks and praise
You'll find new duties await you
For He speaks in various ways.

Few know what it means to pause each day
Or to somehow feel an uplift
But a smile from a heart filled with love
Is truly a wonderful gift.

Gladys Membree
Wichita, Kansas.

AMATEUR WRITERS AMBITION

My ambition is to write about
Things that folks will read and then
out out
To past in scrapbooks for all to see
The cherished thoughts for posterity.

G. Edward Lind
Waukegan, Illinois

SHADOW OF DEATH

It comes like a whirlwind
Out of the night
Clutching us all in its' grasp
Then departing taking along
Bits of our inner selves.

It circles the world
Until once more it perches again
At the door
And mocks with laughter the well of tears
It left upon our souls.

How many visits this darkness makes
Is numbered in our hearts
To unveil
Fear and stricken grief
And banish us all from earth.

Marian Downing
6236 Julian Avenue

DON'T SEND YOUR KIDS TO CHURCH! TAKE THEM!

There is nothing like a Happy Birthday!

To all of you who have a birthday in the merry month of JANUARY...greetings and best wishes from the ole PATCH; but a Pat.....

Edith M. ERICSON Mrs. Julia O. LENGLE
Norbert A. MARCINIAK Edwin L. BROOKS
ALICE JULIAN NORA KEETH MARGARET LOHR
JOSEPHINE MIKESKA KATIE M. HALLOCK
ZYLPHA BERLIER EMMA D. BABCOCK
SADIE S. CUNNING WM. D. ALLEMAN
OLIVE MORGAN LORRAINE GOOD
MARY NELSON MARY FRANCE W. MYERS

AUTUMN

By DEWEY ALEXANDER

Say! What goes this morning?
Somehow there's a change.
I know it's not I;
I'm still quite the same.
Oh! I see it now;
It is all very clear
It's the work of Jack Frost --
He's paid his first visit here.
My! Look at those trees,
They're a sight to behold,
A rainbow of colors
Rich with purple and gold.
Watch that fox squirrel scamper
With his tail carried high
Out in search of a nut
To add to his supply.
And from the lumberjack's blade
My, the chips how they fly.
The logs must be ready
Old man winter is nigh,
Says old Farmer Brown,
"It's all been quite a strain.
But I've fruit-laden shelves,
And in my bins there is grain."
Father Time has spoken
Like the chimes of the clock.
Peter Rabbit seeks refuge
In that tall fodder shock.
He speaks of long dreary days
And not too far ahead,
The lonesome howl of the wind
As you snuggle in bed.
Yes, it's this time of year
I always will love, -- and I've a favor
to ask of our Maker above.
To my humble prayer I hope He'll lend ear,
And let me once more say, "Look! Autumn is here."

JAN 31 19[illegible]

X-PNA827
.C
H470

CHATTERBOX

Vol. VIII
Sixth Chat
Jan. 1956

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

****

Hi! Just thought of a new hobby! Think I'll start collecting broken New Year's Resolutions. Bet I could find some at your house, too. (Mine is practically littered with broken resolutions!)

But there is ONE resolution I intent to keep -- come what may. And I don't want to catch YOU breaking this one, either. What resolution? Why, the MOST IMPORTANT ONE you've made, of course! (If you haven't done so yet, there's still time. So,"get on the ball", pal!)

In case you've got a bad memory, let me refresh it. You and I have resolved that we will - positively, and absolutely - ATTEND THE UAPA CONVENTION IN NEW YORK,NEXT JULY!

Now - now! Don't make with the excuses - I've heard them all. The most frequent one is -- "No money." -- right? Who has? But there is something we all have - months of time to figure out how to acquire the money we need. That's easier said than done? You are telling me? But, take my word, it CAN BE DONE! But, we all know that nothing really worth while, is easily achieved. And friends, there's nothing more worth while than attending a UAPA CONVENTION! If you've attended even one - you know what I mean. If not, then it's high time you gave yourself this RARE TREAT! There is no thrill quite like meeting, and having fun with the world's most interesting, and fascinating people - Amateur Journalists.

O.K. You're sold. But, how do you go about "acquiring" the necessary cash? Well, gather round children - you are about to get a lesson in economics. Now --- you and I have resolved that we WILL attend the UAPA Convention in New York, next July -- even if we must make a few minor sacrifices to do so. We all agree on that? Fine. Now take out your paper and pencils and make notes.

Ladies first: No doubt you, as well as I, have a household budget that's pared down to bare essentials. Right? Well, take it from a gal whose had several years experience in "manipulating" such a budget, you CAN SAVE enough money from a tight budget to come to New York by next July, by using a lot of NO power!

You want some specific illustrations? Well, sit tight ---- here we go! There was that little hat -- the cutest thing you ever saw -- and it was marked down to $4.98. It took a lot of NO power to turn away, and tell myself that last year's hat wasn't "too bad". But the $4.98 I dropped into the piggy bank made the New York Convention that much closer. And, do I suffer when I turn away from the costume jewelry counters! (Junk jewelry is my greatest weakness!) But - - those 49 cents and 79 cent sure do add up with the months.

#472



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION 1956

Vol...1 - No. 5
Jan. Feb. March

***



X-PN 4827

A Christmas Filigree

#473

FROM
LULU GERTRUDE FINCH
Montrose, South Dakota. Member of U.A.P.A.

X-PN4827
.C
H474



CHATTERBOX

Volume VIII Seventh Chat - FEB 24 1956 Copy-----1956

February

Published by

Irma Reitci 1732 W. Walnut St.

Milwaukee 5, Wis.

****

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

PN 1927 #1495



****

H496

"CROSBY CROONINGS."
FEBRUARY-1956

5 - FEB 24
Copy-----1956

X-PN4027
.C

Climax, to the Series on "Just who are the 'Common People'?"

Lincoln, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

by Edwin Markham.

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Herpes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the COMMON ROAD -
Clay warm yet with the ancient heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy:
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic ever-changing face.
HERE WAS A MAN TO HOLD AGAINST THE WORLD,
A MAN TO MATCH THE MOUNTAINS AND THE SEA.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The goodwill of the rain that loves ALL LEAVES.
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The mercy of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;
The undelaying justice of the light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind -
To grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.
Sprung from the West,
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
Up from Log Cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve -
To send the keen axe to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.
And evermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king:
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke
To make his deed the measure of a man.

X-PN4827
.C

THE CONVENTION BULLETIN
Issue? Volume 5 Number?
Yet Olde Rue Driver
DEC 0 1956
1956



WHAT THE U.A.P.A. MEANS TO ME

THAT THE U.A.P.A. MEANS.....

By
Eddie Schaffer

A stranger in a distant place so many miles from home...
Here, in the big city, as traffic winds along its way,
My thoughts overwhelmed; gosh, I further need to roam...
For time...PRECIOUS TIME is left, with words a guy can say.

No matter then, what's doing. In the back of my mind...
Rejuvenated thoughts dear friends...by our U. A. P. A.
Even though night turns back to morn; invariably we find
The hard realities spin dreamers into the clutching arms of day.

To you then, those friends who stick-to-it-ivaness, no matter
What beguiles some idle tongue, its sneering, turned cheek;
Who trust in God - and in God can see no idle chatter
Yet think what they will think, WITHOUT an itsy-bitsy qualm to speak;
So measure up to the rule by which I've tried to live....
To hate no human being, and my son, in my heart forgive...
For friendship to me? Dear God...just living is a thrill.

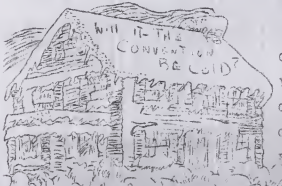
So guide me along your way, though in stumblin' I still
A drop of faith, retained - in a stronger grasp than mine...
My faith in you...God...with all prudence, so design.

Yes; in Saint Louis, names...of those who would so soon forget
U. A. P. A. purpose; tides beyond all prejudice, and such voice
As only to encourage writers, poets, wielders of the pen, for you
To succeed...how true - that jealousy is but a trivial choice.

You! Who would vanquish such group in its spectacular climb.
I pray you are happy, - yet, remember friends next year
SAINT LOUIS faces a crucial test. (NOW NOT WORTH A DIME)

Still all is not lost, friends, for with God, I see clear
Such things can be done...to coordinate each muse
For faith in God, and with such friendship we can use
To sweep aside all hatreds, all prejudices of man...
And for myself, dear Lord, I'll do the very best I can.
And if in the doing you will not find it to resent
To help the group to help themselves by a mutual consent
Saint Louis may rejuvenated find such sweet success...
Though in this acid moment, we fail a mental test...
To be bigger than what we hope we are or think we are
By working for the betterment of the group, by far...
For if only such will bring us back together..
This, call it what you will, from stormy humid weather...
Then TIME...THE MORNING OUT... even on CONVENTION '57...
(Which I have prayed for three years...muses heaven),
That very week, in the pitch, where with opened eyes..
We can watch our star..what then...THE ANSWER WITH YOU now lies.

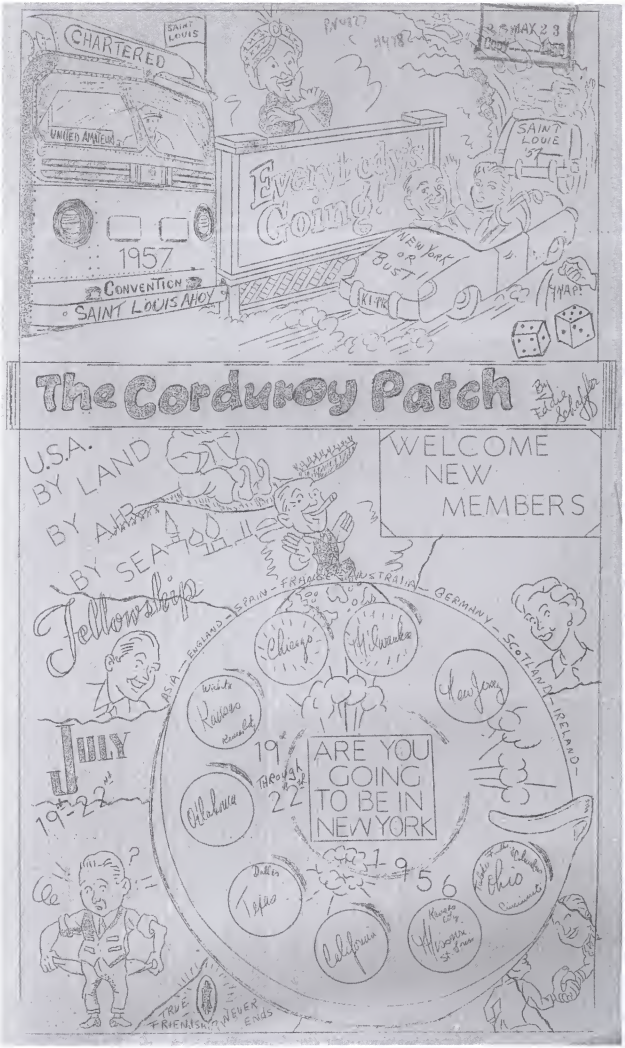
That's what the U. A. P. A. means to me...so don't forget...
And how about it friends..what's it gonna be? Your regret?

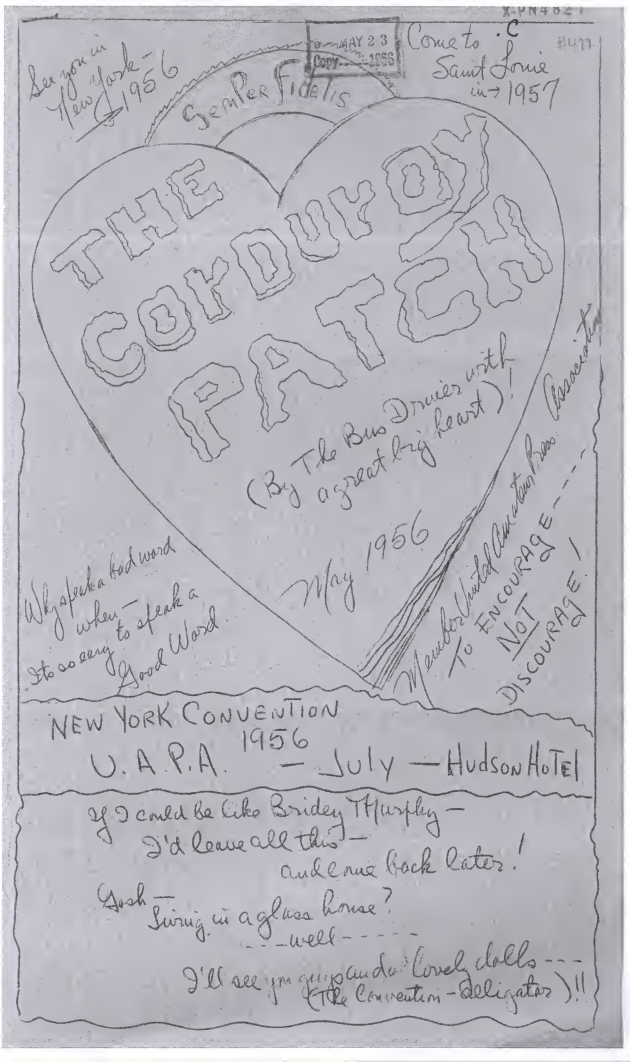


Eddie Schaffer
Post Office Box 3266
Chouteau Station
Saint Louis, Missouri.

God bless you, Wocie...
where-ever you are...
You too Clara, and Millie..
reach out for your star.
God bless the U. A. P. A.
striving for a goal..
God forgive those who hate
warm each empty soul
Empty because they are
A F R A I D.

Eddie


CHARTERED
SAINT LOUIS
UNITED AMATEUR
1957
CONVENTION
SAINT LOUIS AHOY
Everybody's Going!
NEW YORK OR BUST
SAINT LOUIE ST
The Corduroy Patch
U.S.A.
BY LAND
BY AIR
BY SEA
WELCOME NEW MEMBERS
Fellowship
USA — England — Spain — France — Australia — Germany — Scotland — Ireland
Chicago
Milwaukee
New Jersey
Wichita Kansas
Oklahoma
Dallas Texas
California
Kansas City Missouri St Louis
Ohio
JULY 19th Through 22nd
ARE YOU GOING TO BE IN NEW YORK
1956
TRUE FRIENDSHIP NEVER ENDS


See you in New York — 1956
Semper Fidelis
MAY 23 1956
Copy
Come to St. Louis in 1957
THE CORDUROY PATCH
(By The Bus Driver with a great big heart)!
May 1956
Why speak a bad word when — to speak a Good Word is as easy.
Member United American Bus Drivers
To ENCOURAGE — NOT DISCOURAGE!
NEW YORK CONVENTION
U.A.P.A. 1956 — July — Hudson Hotel
If I could be like Bridey Murphy — I'd leave all this — and come back later!
Gosh — living in a glass house? — well — — —
I'll see you guys and dolls (The Convention - Deligates)!!

X-PN4827
. C
#5m
5 - MAR 27

CHATTERBOX

Vol. VIII
Eighth Chat
March 1956.

Irma Poitet
1738 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

***

X-PN4827

COME TO THE CONVENTION!

MAY 23 1956 Copy

The annual convention of the United Amateur Press Association will be held July 19th to the 22nd in the Henry Hudson Hotel, 355 West 57th Street, New York City.

There will be an informal Get-Acquainted meeting at the Henry Hudson Hotel on Wednesday evening, July 18th.

There will be business sessions at 10 A.M. on Thursday and Friday. The program for Thursday afternoon to be announced. There will be a sight-seeing trip on Friday afternoon.

A Literary program is being arranged for Thursday evening at the Henry Hudson Hotel in which delegates are asked to take part. If you have anything to offer for this program, please write Grace Moss Weitman, 994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York.

Friday 8 P.M. television show at one of the Broadcasting stations to be announced.

Saturday at 10 A.M. the convention of the United Amateur Press Association will be held at the Henry Hudson Hotel. If you have been a member of the Alumni and have not renewed, will you please send in your renewal. The annual dues are only One Dollar. Also give any suggestions you may have to put the Alumni on a firmer basis.

Saturday at 12:30 P.M. there will be the annual Memorial Luncheon at the hotel. The afternoon will be left open for the delegates to visit theatre, go sightseeing or shopping.

Saturday at 6:30 P.M. the annual joint banquet of the U.A.P.A. and the Alumni Association at the Henry Hudson Hotel. Please make your reservation as early as possible.

On Sunday Grace Moss Weitman will be hostess at a picnic at her summer residence, at 630 East Shore Road, Long Beach, New York. There will be swimming for those who wish to do so, games and plenty of eats. If you have ever been a guest of Grace's either in New York or at all of our annual conventions, you know that you will enjoy her hospitality on this Sunday. And if you have never met her there is a wonderful experience in store for you. The fare from New York to Long Beach is $2.20 for the round trip. You are invited to bring the "other half" and the children, too, for a glorious day at the beach.

All those who make a reservation for the Saturday evening banquet are entitled to be guests at the Memorial Luncheon and the Sunday picnic at Long Beach.

To make proper arrangements for these affairs it is necessary to know whether or not you are coming and which affairs you plan to attend. Therefore, PLEASE write as soon as possible to Grace Moss Weitman, 994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York before June 15th. After that write her at the Long Beach address given above.

Will you help us make this the biggest and best convention in our history. We can assure you a good time. You will give us a good time by coming.

Edward F. Daas

X-PN4827
.C

CHATTERBOX

VOLUME VIII
Tenth Chat
May 1956

MAY 23 1956
Copy

Irma Reitci 1732 W. Walnut St. Milwaukee 5, Wis

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Hi again everybody! Bet you're all busy with house cleaning or gardening. Time to take a breather, though - so why not pull up a chair and let's do a bit of visiting again.

Yes, thank you, I'll have a cup of coffee. Now, let's see- where shall we begin - - -.

We finally had the pleasure of meeting ONE member of EVANSVILLE ON PARADE editorial staff -- Dorothy C. Shrader.

A group of us from Milwaukee - - Margaret Larson, Margaret Lohr, Eddie Daas and myself -- attended the Spring Conference of the Wisconsin Regional Writer's Association which was held at Hartland, Wisconsin, on Sunday April 30th.

It was here we met Dorothy. I managed to sit next to her at the luncheon, and we had a nice little chat. As you probably all know, she's quite a busy person, but she still manages to do quite a bit of good writing. (I very much enjoyed SPRING LOOK in the April issue of Evansville on Parade). Dorothy is tall and slender (How I envy these slim gals!) and she has a beautifully modulated speaking voice. Hope we'll meet her again - real soon. (I'm also looking forward to meeting her co-editor, Helen Smith)

Eddie Daas will probably tell you all about the interesting speakers at the Conference, so I'll just mention that it was a real treat to meet that dynamic lady, Neita Friend, once again, and to say "Hello" to another one of our members, Margaret Freer. Both of these ladies have attended our Milwaukee "parties". We hope they will come again very soon!

***

X-PN4827

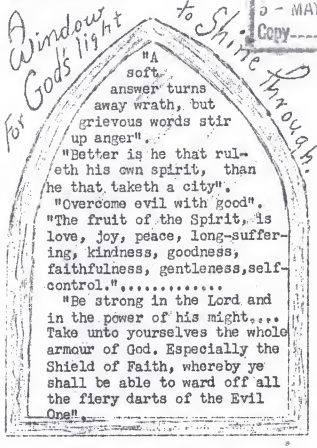
#503

Croonings, and Comments, about our Cronies.

... UAPA ...
...Publication....

Nina Hard Crosby, Author, Editor
1874 N. Raymond, Pasadena 3, Cal.

MAY 23 1951
Copy



Let us be Gay!
All because of that "Kansas"
Gay-feathers "Double Quartette!
They asked some of us slow Uapa'ers to write to them! Here's my bit: "You have a galaxy of names and talents to conjure with! I have juggled with those names, and here is the result:

If Nellie Rooney's a "Tiller" of the soil,
Ida May Hull peas, or anything else she may please.

To be "Frank", Lenora should not change her name!

And if a certain girl wants to ride with her own husband, how "Cozie" it would be for "Ellen" to ride on the "Binder" with 'im.

As for Ruth Catlin,
I think she's battlin'
To win in the race;
But Zora and Jere
Will catch up, I fear!

And lastly, Helen Etnire,
Whose poetry I admire,
Keep on Keeping on, Gay Feathers!

Complimentary, critical, comical, - a little of each, perhaps. I do try, tho, to do the criticising in private, but once in a while, THAT doesn't work out right.....

Dear Clara Ballard, of "Honeywood" fame:
I would conjure up compliments unto your name; An artistic page, was your contribution, Easter, in poem and Scripture; Birthday, and floral exhibition.....

..... o .....

That "Tasseltown Rhymer" surely 'spresses his most every-day experiences and observations, in Poetic Pattern - by the "foot", a "foot" on each side of the sheet, - a study in "poetic feet",
Warmth, pathos and imagination, in that "Missing Misses".....Those St. Louis UAPA-'ers do things up in a big, whole-hearted way. So, Bravo! P. T. Martin.!

..... o .....

(right here let me slip in, that Ed. of "Pt. and IMpt." and I have been in communication, since my first comment on her. Fine pict and wonderful accomplishment, that "Thread reprod." of "Last Sup."

..... o .....

Dear Margie Zimmerman, To me, "Margie" seems like a little girl,-a small person, -but she says she "aint"! Anyhow, she got a whole Page into Apr. Bundle, -an "all-out" for "Shut-ins" (of which she has been one, or partly so). But she keeps herself out of sight, mostly.
("Shut-ins" and "Shut-outs", and "Shut-ups" have been my specialty all my life, tho obliged to curtail my activities these later years).

..... o .....

Well well! What shall I say?
About this, I'm nearly speechless today!
Why? O, that "Chicago Miniatures", --
Sorta took my breath, -didn't it yours?
Those 1/2 doz. poetesses
All decked out in frilly dresses!
Poems short, and poems long,
Autobiography like a song!
Mary, Nona and Lorraine,
Harriet, Eleanor, Alice and Bea, -
All clever and good,
They all suit me!

..... o .....

Who was it that suggested more comments on Papers and people in this Paper ??
He set a pretty good example himself. What a fine Bundle April was !

"Crosby Croonings" Quotes
From "National Voice" July 1956

Washington, D.C. The needless drowning of six Marine Trainees, at Parris Island, the result of a drill instructor's vodka-drinking, is tragic beyond words. The Marine Corps is to be commended for its prompt investigation and the frank statement of the facts.

The thousands of Mothers and Fathers with sons in military training, who have written the Defense Dept., protesting the sale of Beer and Liquor in the Armed Services, are not likely to be satisfied with an investigation which merely places the responsibility on an unfortunate Drill Sargeant.

They will want to know how the Defense Dept. can justify its persistent and oft-repeated opposition to legislation providing greater safeguards to youth from following the example of drinking Officers; as well as the continuous availability of Beer and Liquor in Officers' and N.C.O.Clubs.

The NEEDLESS sacrifice of a single American youth, is shocking to the conscience. In the light of the present episode, it would seem that the Defense Dept. should be sufficiently shocked, to respond with alacrity and straight-forward action, to discourage drinking among the armed personel.

Instead, it has apparently placed every facility at the hands of the Liquor Traffic to induce YOUTH to become regular consumers during their military training.

Congress has a right to know what efforts the Defense Dept. has made to ascertain the extent to which drinking generally, contributes to the accidents in Military Discipline.

The National Polcy should be determined on FACTS, - not on attitudes toward drinking."

.....

Half a Paper is better than none, me - thinks. This is a Patriotic Edition, with Patriotic ideas.

.....

Now all you dear friends in UAPA - dontcha call me a CRANK or a FAN-AT-TIC because of my "quote" on front page. I'm strictly in line with Abe Lincoln, Edgar Hoover, all Ministers of the Gospel and Social Workers. This is good Patriotism!

6-AUG 1
Copy 1956

X-PN 821
#504

Comments,

"This is My Song", Maple Leaf Review", or "UAPA Voice of Canada," - any and all names of Ruth Cleaves Hazelton's "Spring-Summer" Publication, are properly descriptive.

A generous one in size, and one to welcome whenever it appears, - variety and value; beauty and extensive but concise comments on Papers, - comprehensive in her efforts to touch on many.

My thanks for mention of two issues of "Croonings" on "Common People", and her own thot on the subject, in a five-line verse.

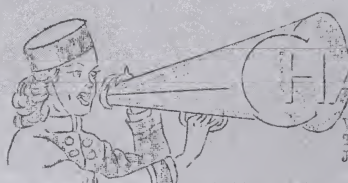
My word of appreciation of her prose dissertation on "Values", - something worth mulling over, - on "Creative Writing". Also all her verses, - but "Song of the Red Winged Blackbird", I consider magnificent, in flight of Thought and imagination, variety and wording.. It took a long Poem to express it all. And her words, "If we can't discuss things sanely in a friendly way, we are not adults".

Said Benjamin Franklin,"If Printers were determined not to print anything till they were sure it would offend no one, there would be little put into print". (Front p.,Sat.Eve.Post, January 21, 1956) Would this not be a comment on "censorship, etc.?

Now to YOU, Georgine Alice, - you poor "burd in a Netted Cage". Ha! But you do seem to be exercisin' yourself, far and near, in various ways, - I don't believe you are too much frustrated, or "cramped in style", huh? You were very comfortin' too, in your assurances to some of us "Amateurs", that our Papers are appreciated by recipients of them; and that you are apparently passing 'em out to "some who can't become members. Don't forget to send a copy of the Paper to which you contribute, - we want a glimpse of you in action. You asked some of us to "drop a line" to you, - this is MINE. Nice of you to divide up your space with others, two very good Poets, I thought.

Nina Hard Crosby
Editor and Author, etc.

X-PN4827
.C
5-AUG-1
Copy 1956



HATTERBOX

Vol. VIII
Twelfth Chat
July 1956

Irma Reitci
1732 W.Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

Folks, I am happy to bring you the names of the WINNERS in both the SMELL OF WHITE and the FIRST NOUN ON PAGE 93 Contests. In the Noun Contest we have the Winners in both Poetry and Prose.

RUTH CLEAVES HAZELTON, who judged the SMELL OF WHITE entries, announces:

"I would give FIRST Place to Virginia A. Hahn, because she caught the symbolism implied in a color having a corresponding scent, and her imagery touches the heart without rhetoric-yet with vividness.

I would give SECOND Place to Juanita H. Nolte, because she saw the corresponding idea that we all have that links whiteness with Divinity, and her concluding idea that white signifies "redemption" is thoughtful and philosophical.

The two HONORABLE Mentions would be in order:
Rita K. Reitci and Katie Hallock."

****

TRUDA McCOY who judged the Poetry in the NOUN Contest writes:

"Without any hesitation, I place CARDINAL ON A GRAY DAY by M. Kathleen Haley, FIRST. This is a beautiful,serious poem, and can easily be sold - if she has not already done so." (Editor's note: She HAS sold it!)
The next two tied for SECOND Place - Antisocialist by Orma McCormick, and Bee, As In Bloomer by Dot Davis Adams."

****

HELEN C. SMITH, who was kind enough to judge the PROSE part of NOUN Contest (Page 93) writes:

"For FIRST place, I would select, "To Cynthia" by Anthony Zoubek. It is written so earnestly and so self-searchingly, that I believe it merits the top award. In the last paragraph, when he says "I'm filled with awe when I realize the magnitude of all this." we know that he searched his soul when he wrote "To Cynthia".

In Addition to the aptness and emotional appeal of this piece, I find it well-written. It is a fine example of creative non-fiction.

SECOND place I would give to "Beauty Spot" by Ella Laufenberg. Second place is awarded to this article because of its vivid display of imagination. It is like a legendary tale.

THIRD Place in my estimation goes to "Woman" by Ella Bedsaul, Here we have a conscious effort to build a story from one word. We have an opening - a build up of circumstances and in the end the solution -- Woman."

****

My heartiest CONGRATULATIONS to the above Winners, and I would like to add my Thank You to the folks who were kind enough to act as Judges. And to ALL who participated in the Contests a SPECIAL Thank You - we NEEDED you to make a Contest, remember - and better LUCK next time!

X-PN4827
.C

5-NOV-9

Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 3, Wis.

** C H A T T E R B O X **

Volume 10
Third Chat
Oct. 1956

#506

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Pardon me folks for blowing my horn, but I'm that HAPPY and PROUD, I've got to let off steam.

Some of you may remember my telling you a few months ago that my daughter-in-law's book, THE YEAR OF THE HORSE, had been rejected by a publisher, after being "considered" for almost a year.

Well -- I am now happy to be able to tell you that this book has been Accepted for publication by J. P. Dutton & Co. for their 1957 Fall list. This means that you will be able to buy a copy at your favorite book store come next Fall.

The story is about a boy's (in his early teens) exciting adventures in the time of Genghis Khan. All historical facts and dates are correct. Rita spent months doing research on the history customs, etc., of the times, before beginning her book. You'll find the book both entertaining and educational. And I feel certain that you will find this book just as interesting reading as the teen agers at your home.

So, remember, THE YEAR OF THE HORSE by Rita Ritchie, will be on sale at your book store next Fall. Thank You.

Speaking of publishers, reminds me that I have been asked by several of our UAPA members, what I think about having their work published by one of the Vanity Houses --- publishers who want YOU to pay to have your book published. Actually, this simply means that they will do a PRINTING job for you, and you'll be paying for that -- and even for that, you'll probably be paying too much.

The difference between a bona fide publishing firm and a so called Vanity Publisher is simply this: The Publishing firm PAYS YOU - the Vanity House expects YOU TO PAY.

From the above, you may gather that I am NOT in favor of Vanity publishing. At least, when we are speaking of PROSE FICTION.

POETRY is another matter entirely!

But, let us first continue about Prose Writing.

I have spoken with several people who have had books published by Vanity Houses. And in all, but one case, they have not been happy with the end result. Complaints ranged from dissatisfaction with printing, layouts, kind of paper used, to disappointments in sales.

I have a friend who actually invested $1,000.00 in this way, and has been able to get very little of it back in book sales!

Yes, I have heard that Vanity Houses give your book some publicity and also place books in some book stores. However, the buying public feels that if a story has merit, it will appear on the list of a bona fide publisher. Would YOU spend $2.00 to $3.00 buying a book you know to be a paid printing job? People who buy books know their publishing houses -- and they usually aren't the type of people who'll "gamble" on an unknown author published by a Vanity House.

5 NOV 9 #507

CROSBY CROONINGS TRAVELOGUE EDITION

X-PN4827 C

Nina Hazl Crosby, Author and Editor October 1956
1874 North Raymond Pasadena 3 California

"CROONINGS" in very plain garb this month; time forbids artistic flourishes. We have just spent two weeks "on wheels" and would like to share our experiences with other members.

On September 11th we set forth, over the Angeles Crest Highway, over the mountain range to the north of us, and descended to a desert valley on the far side; thence onward to our favorite route east of the High Sierra Mountain Range, of which we have written.

Mammoth Lakes, a famous resort off the main highway high among the towering peaks, attracted our attention. Pine forests along the way; the lakes, like jewels in a green setting, while far above the peaks were covered with snow, towering majestically over all.

We sought a nephew who resides in Steamboat Springs. Well named, with springs steaming up from the earth in many places. A sanitarium built near-by utilizes the alkaline hot water for medicinal purposes.

We found the nephew in the midst of constructing a new home for his wife and four children; so we pitched in and helped - yours truly nailing shingles on the side of the house. Fun - when just helping.

Next we visited another nephew who lives and works at a copper mine; came away with a piece of processed copper, 90% pure. Then we drove 263 miles west, to their father's ranch, west of Chico. En route, our car engine caught on fire; fortunately, we had a hand extinguisher, and with two puffs the fire was out. Now we are advising everyone to carry one of those handy gadgets in their car. As we drove over Donner's Pass, 7,000 feet at the summit, we observed the Ski-Lift - chairs hung on a cable extending from top to bottom of the highest peak, in which those who do not ski can ride and observe the glorious scenery.

Leaving the high elevation of Nevada and descending to the low levels of Chico, California, we were quite noticably affected by the change; Nevada is cool and the air is very clear. Ranch life in California is very interesting to study: nut and fruit groves, extensive grain and vegetable fields; cattle and sheep-grazing. We ate home-grown melons, peaches and figs; we attended a farm-animal auction; pigs, cows, calves, sheep and one horse were sold. The auction was conducted in a covered enclosure, into which each animal was driven, to be exhibited before the bidding started.

Church services were a part of our Sunday program. The first rain of the season fell while we were there.

There is no right way to do a wrong thing.
He stands straightest who kneels most.

#508

CHICAGO MINIATURES



X-PN4827
.C

NOVEMBER - 1956
No. 9

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Entries in the RHOMBUS CONTEST were exceedingly fine! Copies of Lorraine Good's book "Deep Emerald" have gone forward to winners, LORETA INMAN, TRUDA McCOY, and FRANCES LOIS VAUGHN. Their poems appear in this issue. It was gratifying to Lorraine to see such hearty response, and we hope all the contestants enjoyed the challenge afforded by this new poetry form. Thanks to the following, for participating: Ella Bedsaul, Virginia A. Hahn, Eva R. Hartley, G. Edward Eind, Ruth Metric, Juanita H. Nolte, Nina Phalen, Bonnie E. Parker, Lorraine Pedgorski, Estella M. Scharf, Savilla S. Reely, Jennie Claire Ulan, Olive Roberts, Ann S. Wiestling, Beatrice Winkler, and Margie Zimmerman.

A BLESSED THANKSGIVING TO ALL U.A.P.A. FRIENDS
-- Ye Ed. and Staff

NOVEMBER

Late Autumn days, very still,
When the leaves that are left hang listless,
Waiting to be windswept...
To the flying force resistless.
Cold rains out of gray skies,
Or bright days of southward sun...
A lighted fire of logs,
And jovial times are begun.

-- MARY HILL

X-PN4827
.C

Child Security

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF CHILD SECURITY, INC.
The "Chevalier" of the "Unwanted Child"
1836 Cimarron Street, Los Angeles 19, California
"Love Is Security"

VOL. 4, NO. 2 WINTER, 1956

IS THERE A CHRISTMAS ANGEL?

By Margie Zimmerman

As the birthday of the Christchild approaches, tiny, winged creatures appear in shop windows, schools and churches. They perch on top of Christmas trees, and decorate homes and lawns in doll-like charm! Little girls don golden wings and participate in Yuletide pageants; so it is not surprising to hear younsters ask: "Is there REALLY a Christmas ANGEL?"

The Angel of Christmas lives in the minds of all children, who celebrate the birthday of the Holy Child of Bethlehem. It breeds peace, good-will, and brotherhood, as humans in many parts of the world worship the Babe of the Manger. It smiles on each child who finds the spirit of faith, hope and charity! It is a living symbol of that first Christmas!

The spirit of Christmas shines brightly in the hour of worship and prayer. It matures in the joy and sharing of family gatherings. It breathes happiness into the soul of each little one, who knows a happy home, headed by responsible, loving parents, who instill love, faith, obedience and stability into the hearts and lives of household members.

The Christmas Angel shall not pass away so long as angels live in Heaven. It shall bring laughter to each child who knows the meaning of Christmas, and meets the spirit of the Saviour in daily living. It shall continue to glow so long as Christ and His followers brighten the world! It shall send its light to the darkest corners of the earth as Christians GIVE and SHARE!

But it shall not be seen in irresponsible wayward homes! Little ones who see no Christmas tree, who know no faith and worship, who have no loving, wholesome parents, find no Angel of peace, brotherhood and good-will! They find only sadness, frustration and fear! Unless some human angel offers friendship, aid and loving guidance! Unless some human angel offers tithes to organizations who supply the needs of these unwanted children, they may never meet the Christmas Angel!

Each New Year finds them more cynical, and less anxious to believe and follow the spirit of peace and good-will! Each lost, lonely and wayward child of today is a man tomorrow! Our world cannot grow strong, unless he grows strong! If he matures without the acquaintance of Christian teachings so necessary to fruitful maturity, he may walk alone to destruction! He may reach manhood spiritually maimed, and drag others with him on the downward road!

CHILD SECURITY, INC., WISHES ALL THE BEST OF SEASON'S GREETINGS

5 - DEC 20
Copr. AA 1956
X-PN4827
.C
#510

CHICAGO MINIATURES

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
December 1956 - No. 10



WITH WARM WISHES FOR
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR
... TO ALL ...



**** From the Chicago Miniatures Family ****
LORRAINE, NONA, ALICE, MARY, BEA, AND HARRIET
****

This is the Season of the Bright Star, guiding us. The Birthday of the Holy Child is proclaimed by church bells, convocations, carols, greetings, gifts, and exultant hearts. Whether we live in a great city or the smallest hamlet, Bethlehem nestles close, and the Nativity scene is before us; the Miracle of Christ's advent again inspires, promises, and comforts. All men are blessed. Our Christmas Day again brings the good tidings and the angel hosts, singing

* * "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON * *
* EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN." *

The season's greetings we gaily extend
To all, including a seldom seen friend,
A passing acquaintance, a clerk in the store;
O, jolly good fellowship is with us once more!

A merry Christmas!
May this heart warming cheer
Leave bright embers of good-will
Throughout the new year.

Alice Julian, Editor

X-PN4827

CHATTERBOX

J - APR 30
Copy-----1956



Volume VIII Ninth Chat
April 1956

Published by

Irma Reitci Milwaukee 5,
1732 W. Walnut St. Wisconsin.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION.

****

First of all, folks, I'd like to clarify a few matters which seem to puzzle several of our members.

You are free to Sell (or offer for sale) ANY material entered in any UAPA Contests.

The same holds true of ANY poetry or prose published in a UAPA Bundle paper. Furthermore, since these are Amateur publications and you do NOT get paid for you contributions, it is perfectly ethical for you to submit your material to any market you wish.

NO MATERIAL ENTERED IN ANY CONTEST WILL BE RETURNED! We must emphasize this point once again since several of you have included stamped return envelopes with your submissions. Please be sure to keep a copy of your entry.

We are all busy people. It takes a lot of time to look through all entries after a contest closes to find one paper; find the corresponding envelope, and mail it. Now multiply this work at least fifty times for each classification, and I'm sure you'll understand why it isn't possible for us to return your papers.

****

MAY I ASK A FAVOR OF YOU? Do you have any old school readers - like McGuffy's Readers, or any other kind, published before 1920?

If you are interested in selling for a nominal sum, please write to RITA REITCI, Washington Island, Wisconsin, and give her particulars. Thank you!

****

Received several letters about my recent article wherein I pointed out several "ways and means" of saving money toward making YOUR appearance at our New York Convention in New York, possible.

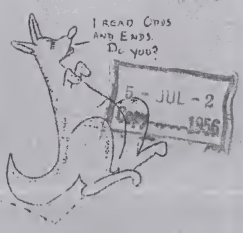
Here is one letter I thought you might enjoy reading as much as I did. It is from Leona Moals, Los Angeles, Calif., and reads:

Dear Irma: I have been wanting to congratulate you on your stirring account of how to raise money for the coming convention. Promptly I put it to work by washing and setting my own hair. I challenge your statement that you are the world's worst hair setter. I claim that distinction. In no time at all I had $3 saved. Just about that time the dog got sick and since she comes first in our family, there went my three dollars for her doctor bill. Got any other ideas how to get to N.Y.?

Isn't it the truth? Just when I -- but this is Leona's story! body got any good last minute "saving" ideas? Leona and I are interested - so WRITE me about them!

But whether you Fly, Ride or "Hitch-Hike --BE SURE TO COME TO NEW YORK, JULY 18-22. Guess I'd better get started SOON--- It's LONG walk!

X-PN&827
.C



Odds & Ends

A CO-OPERATIVE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS

ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

THIS MONTH'S CO-PUBLISHERS ARE:

Ida Zuberbuehler, Juneau, Wisconsin
Emma Stewart Jacobson, 18 Creed Street, Struthers, Ohio
Beatrice Winkler, 270 Riverside Drive, New York 25, New York
Boris Zwenigorodsky, 914 Castro Street, Oakland 7, California
Grace Moss Weitman, 994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York
Art Rakestraw, 1153 North McKinley, Oklahoma City 6, Oklahoma
Leslie A. Shaw, 122 East Avenue 45, Los Angeles 31, California
Lorraine R. Podgorski, Forest Trailer Park, Park Ridge, Illinois
L. Mabel Gould, 4530 North 156th Street, Milwaukee 10, Wisconsin
J. B. Ferguson, 1836 Cimarron Street, Los Angeles 19, California
Paul S. Weiner, 446 North Sweetzer Avenue, Los Angeles 48, California

---

TRANSITION

I woke. The sky was purple.
The Hudson lay dark and still.
All at once, like a veil lifting,
The purple paled to a faint violet tint.
A soft white-pink with mingled gold
Flooded the heavens. Gold, more gold,
And still more gold spilt across the skies.
Suddenly a laughing blue played hide and seek
With billowy white clouds.
A flush of rose appeared from nowhere.
I closed my eyes.
So much of beauty!

I slept.

Bird calls awakened me.
Day, white and shining, had arrived.
The wavelets on the Hudson sparkled silver;
With thanks, and prayer, I greeted the new day.

Beatrice Winkler

* * * * *

You, too, may become a co-operative publisher of this paper. The cost is $2.00 per page or a Dollar for half a page. You have an opportunity of getting your writings published quickly and at a small cost. You may become a co-operative publisher by contributing financially to the cost of this paper without sending MSS.

X-PN4827

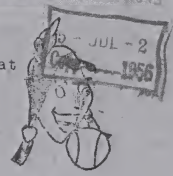
CHATTERBOX

VOL. VIII
June 1956
Eleventh Chat

Published by Irma Reitci, 1732 W. Walnut St.
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

JUL - 2 1956



****

THANK YOU - all you nice people who remembered my birthday! Your cards and letters helped to make the day a very special one for me. Thanks heaps!

RITA REITCI also wants me to deliver a Big THANK YOU! She was tremendously thrilled to receive so many Birthday Greetings from our UAPA family. She is very busy working on a book at the moment, but hopes to "catch up" on her correspondence soon.

MACIE BARTLETT received many lovely birthday greetings also, and she has asked me to convey her THANKS to each and every member who wrote to her. Please DO keep writing to Macie, folks. Your letters will bring a bit of cheer into her sick room.

And speaking about birthdays - - I received a very welcome gift from Eddie Daas for mine -- ROGET'S THESAURUS in DICTIONARY FORM. Folks there's no comparison between this book and the old edition of Roget's Thesaurus. This new book is arranged like a dictionary, with the words in alphabetical order, and with synonyms grouped according to meaning! You've got to SEE this book to fully appreciate what it can do for you. I think this book is a MUST for every writer. Why don't you examine the new Roget edition the next time you visit a book store?

****

On May 26th, The Milwaukee Amateur Press Club held its Annual Birthday party at the Knickerbocker Hotel. Eddie Daas will probably tell you all about it, but I would like to put in my own two cents worth about our Speaker, Mr. Lawrence Keating.

I have heard many lectures on writing, but Mr. Keating's informal speach was by far the most interesting and informative. He spoke mostly on the writing of the short story - the do's and don'ts as well as the mechanics involved - were discussed. This may sound like "old stuff" to you, but let me quickly assure you that Mr. Keating made that "same old stuff" sound interesting, worthwhile and even new! I feel certain that all of us made mental notes to be sure to remember all the things Mr. Keating told us, and to try to incorporate them into our next try at writing a short story.

Mr. Keating also pointed out that there was no such thing as "No time for writing". He assured us that we can MAKE time for writing - if we really WANT to write. As an example he told us about an experience of his own. There was a time when Mr. Keating was ill in a hospital, and was only allowed to use a typewriter for 10 minutes a day! It took Mr. Keating six weeks to write a short story at this rate -- but he DID write it - and it sold the first time out! NOW you haven't ANY excuse left, folks! Anybody can find 10 minutes a day for writing!

Mr. Keating was also kind enough to make a few comments on stories read at the party. He especially seemed to like EAGER BEAVER by Kay Mann, and recommended that Kay try the Catholic markets with it.

Mrs. Keating is also a writer, besides being a very charming lady. Chatterbox feels proud to have had the pleasure of meeting The Keatings!

5- OCT 22
PN4827
.C
#514



CHATTERBOX

Published by
Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.
Milwaukee 5 , Wisconsin.

September
1 9 5 7.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

****

Hi Folks!

I'm just bursting to tell you some WONDERFUL news!

We have all enjoyed DUTCH NEWS by Jac Homan in the past, and have greatly missed this interesting and informative paper since its absence from our Bundle. Our late mutual friend, George Boehme edited and published Dutch News for as long as his health would permit him to do so.

Having felt for a long time that Jac Homan had too much to offer us to let him "fall by the way side", I have finally offered to publish his DUTCH NEWS from two to three times a year. (If anyone wishes to finance further issues for Jac, who is unable to send money out of Holland, it would certainly be appreciated both by Jac and the UAPA membership.)

Jac has assured me that he will be pleased to continue to write for us, but would like to write about whatever is of interest to us. So it is entirely up to YOU.

Here are Jac Homan's own words about this:

HOLLAND CALLING

Yes, here is Holland calling again. Glad to meet you again via the UAPA Bundle. It is a long time since you've heard from me. Our good fellow-member, Mrs. Reitci will give some space to write some words to you. In the near future it is my intention to write some articles about Holland for the Bundle. Of course, there are many subjects about Holland to write about. Therefore, please make a choice of the following subjects, and write me a card letting me know what subjects you would like to have me write about. Examples:

Holland Invites You; Holiday in Holland; Holland in Summer Time; Holland in Winter; Holland Land of Water; The Romance of the Dutch Bulbs; Netherland Living at the Bottom of the Sea; The Power of the Dutch King; The Netherlands in America; Etc.

Please make your choice and let me hear from you. I will answer you in the near future. I await your cards with great interest.

Many greetings from Holland,
Your Dutch fellow-member
Jac Homan,
Postbox 43, Hoorn, Holland.

****

Before going on to telling you more about the folks who were at the Milwaukee Convention, I would like to send a great big THANK YOU both from myself and from RITA REITCI, to those UAPA folks who were kind enough to mail us orders for Rita's book, The Year of the Horse, published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Your autographed book should have reached you by now. Again, many Thanks. For those who have as yet Not ordered the book -- you SHOULD be able to get it at any book store!

XMN4827
.C
5 JUN 20



CHATTERBOX

MAY 1957.

Published by
Irma Reitel Milwaukee,
1732 W. Walnut St., Wisconsin.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

EXTRA! EXTRA!!! EXTRA!

The United Amateur Press Association Convention of this year will be held in MILWAUKEE, Wisconsin, next July!

The reason for the change in Convention city, is explained to you elsewhere. The change of Convention site, however, will in no way affect the varied plans we have for the BEST Convention ever!!

In fact, since our President, Larry Doucette, has seen fit to appoint me Convention Chairman, I will consider it my PERSONAL responsibility, and pride, to make this coming Convention one that you, and You, and YOU, will long remember in pleasant retrospect.

It is too early to give you specific details about entertaining you, but you may be sure that We will "go all out" to preserve, and to add luster, to the reputation Milwaukee has earned as the "BEST" UAPA Convention City.

IF you have ever attended a Milwaukee Convention - we KNOW you'll want to come again. If you have not had that rare treat, you have missed one of the Best Things in Life! Why, you just "ain't lived yet" brother and sister!!!

So...Come One...Come All! Milwaukee in July!

Come and sample Milwaukee "Gemutlichkeit". Have some of that famous Milwaukee "home cooking". (So what if you do gain a pound or two? Live it up a little, boys and gals!)

Our Lake front offers unsurpassed scenic beauty. And Cool, very COOL Lake breezes - even in July!

Our downtown section, where the Convention Hotel will be located, is always several degrees Cooler than the outlying districts. Our better shops and department stores are downtown also. You'll be able to shop in comfort, gals. I can promise you, that even if you're only interested in "window shopping" you'll be thrilled with what Milwaukee has to offer.

I couldn't begin to enumerate ALL the worth-while and interesting things you might want to see - or do - while in Milwaukee. But, we'll do our "durndest" to show you anything you wish to see while here.

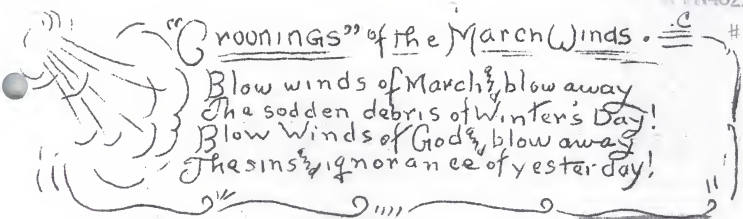
To me, the best part of any Convention is saying "Hello" to old friends, and meeting New Ones! You'll find that UAPAns are "the nicest people!" So, why not give yourself the Pleasure of meeting a group of them here in July?

We, here in Milwaukee, will all work toward making this coming Convention the BEST EVER! It's up to YOU to make it the BIGGEST!

NOW is the time to make plans to attend the UAPA Convention in Milwaukee next July! I'll be expecting YOU! I know you won't disappoint me!

Be seeing you ALL in Milwaukee in July!

X-FN4827



5 - MAR 26 1957
Copy

T H O U G H T S -- BORNE UPON THE MARCH WIND:

HOW SELF-CENTERED CAN ONE BE,
NEITHER LOOKING FOR, NOR CARING FOR SOME THINGS WE OUGHT TO SEE!

When the Bible says, "Look not only on your own things, but also on the things of others", it does not mean "prying inquisitiveness", it is simply another way of saying, "Don't be self-centered" or "Don't be so bound up in your own interests that you can't be interested in the duties, sorrows, pleasures and needs of others." Another way or two of expressing the same thought: "Edith is a small country bounded on the east by Edith, on the west by Edith, on the north by Edith, and on the south by Edith."
"Anyone all wrapped up in himself or herself is a small package."

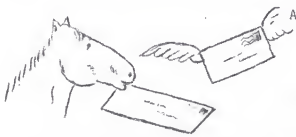
****

March comments on U.P.M. publications of several months past: Christmas may be far in the past, but personally, I have specialized this new year, in doing things to stretch the spirit and the memory of Christmas as far and as much as possible; for instance: Kept up the decorations all through January; kept the many Christmas cards, too beautiful to banish so soon, (a goodly part of them from U.P.M. members, which I appreciate very much) kept them on display, even changing from some to others; writing post-Christmas cards and letters (which should have been PRE-Christmas ones) and which I call "Christmas Stretchers."
I see some Christmas U.P.M. sheets were "past" in the Jan. bundle. YOURS TRULY, with "truly" excellent and striking material from cover to cover, of fine seasonable nature. Its "pre-Christmas" Nov. sheet was also a most interesting collection of poetic and prose expressions; the WRITING GUIDE in several successive issues were helpful and well worth being presented. GREEN MOUNTAIN was a "post-Christmas" issue, too - a real "Christmas Stretcher", fine, suggestive first page and the second page a good sample of the editor's over-welcome, pleasing written COMMENTS.
WELCOME TO OUR FOUR NEW MEMBERS, written up in Christmas WHO: Lucian Wesley Colton among them, with whom we had become somewhat acquainted before he joined; we are glad he is in. THE TRIO of Jan. from the hearts of Hahn, Muzum and Mitchell, is a fine specimen of Christmas thought, in many strains, sweet-spirited and well written. January ECHOES in true Ellisonian style, was poetic, informative and inspirational, fitting and true to its name, for the new year. Last page graced by a guest poem of value; one whole page devoted to October, in poetic form; well done. Can't refrain from special comment on Mary J. Frome's Christmas folder, hand-made, artistic front page design, and inside poem a truly new and welcome slant on "The Man of Sorrows." CORDUROY PATCH sort of took one's breath!

Nina Hard Crosby, Editor & Artist, 1874 N. Raymond, Pasadena 3 Cal.

X-PN4827
.C
5 - MAY 15
Copy 1957
H517

CHICAGO MINIATURES



April - May
1957

Number 12

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Wings to our penned thoughts! How thankful we can be for the giant strides of our U. S. Mails, within a few score years. On April 3rd, 1860, "rapid" overland mail delivery on horseback via the Pony Express was established between St. Joseph, Mo. and San Francisco, Cal. The schedule allowed eight days; stations were set up about 25 miles apart, and each rider was expected to cover 75 miles a day. Eventually there were 100 stations, 80 riders and between 400 and 500 horses. (Discontinued on completion of the line of the Pacific Telegraph Co. in Oct. 1861.) We didn't pay much attention in the history class at school if there isn't an indelible imprint on our minds that those were hazardous days for the mailman with Indian hostilities and bad-men to beleaguer him. . . It was only as far back as 1903 when the Wright brothers took their first flight- yet look at the magnitude of air-mail systems across the world today.

By the way, did you know that Sunday, August 4th is set aside this year for Friendship Day? You may (and should) want to greet distant friends with cards or letters...Better still, drop a line just any time the spirit moves, and that may be RIGHT NOW.

Alice Julian, Editor

X-FN4827
C
#518

CHICAGO MINIATURES

June - July
1957

No 5 13 AUG 15
Copy 1957

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

-- A Bi-Monthly --

CHICAGO MINIATURES is now TWO years old...Get out the yardstick! No, we haven't grown in page length, but we hope we do measure up to what you, our readers, like in the way of poetry and prose. It is our aim to continue to blend the light with the serious, bringing you verses in every season.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never (Keats) -- and poets, everywhere, now pause to recapture the earth's verdant songs, putting them into bright bouquets of words...A happy and inspiring summer to all fellow wielders of the pen!

-- Alice Julian, Editor

****

$64.00 QUESTION

Where shall we spend our vacation?
It's very hard to decide,
East, West, North and South,
The world is so big and so wide.
Shall we go to the mountains?--
The seashore?--country?--city?
We cannot go to all of them,
(Hardly)--more's the pity!
So where shall we spend our vacation?
Australia?--Paris?--or Rome?
My piggy bank answers the question--
"Right here in the back yard, at home."

-- BEA DRAGIN

W-PN4827
.C
5 - SEP - 3
Copy 1957

CHICAGO MINIATURES

#517



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Aug.-Sept. 1957 No. 14

"Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man." --
Sir Francis Bacon

GLADSOMENESS

Delphinium spears of brilliant blue
Along the red brick wall,
And early 'mums splash radiant hues,
And hollyhocks grow tall.
Marigolds border the flagged walk
To the fountain that throws its spray
Of light into the burning air
Of a glorious Summer day.
It is hard not to be optimistic
In a world bright with flowers and song;
And our hearts overflow with rapture
As the sweet summer days drift along.
-- MARY HILL

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: By Mary Hill

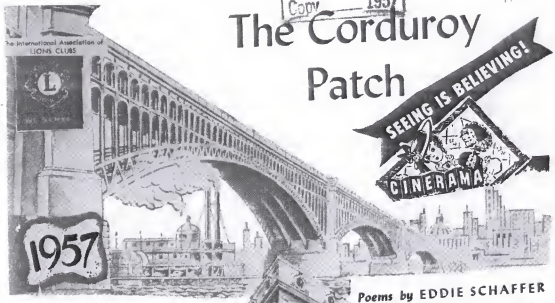
Ours was a way of life characteristic of the age of elegance. Father came from Scotland, bringing a Bible and a volume of Shakespeare, from which he could quote thousands of lines. He was an architect and builder. Many



X-FN4827
MAR 26

5 - MAY 15 1957
Copy
X-PN4827
.C
H521

The Corduroy Patch



SEEING IS BELIEVING!
CINERAMA

Poems by EDDIE SCHAFFER
NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION



Convention center of the United States

X-PN4827
.C
#522

The Corduroy Patch

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

"THINGS COULD BE VERSE"

5- FEB -1





PET SHOP

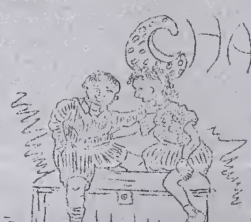


ST. LOUIS

BUS DRIVER

EDDIE SCHAFFER

5 - SEP - 9
1958



CHATTERBOX

August 1958

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut Street
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Hello! Bet you're waiting to hear all about Convention "doings"---so..

Well, first of all, I'd like to say that Paul E. Pross, our new President and Chairman of the Convention, went "all out" to arrange a "never-to-be-forgotten" Convention. (And at considerable personal expense, I might add!). He planned and supervised every activity from the "Get Acquainted" session on Wednesday evening at the apartment he shares with Otto Anderson, where various exotic "tid-bits" and beverages were served, to the last "good-bye" on Sunday.

Thanks are also in order for Otto Anderson, who was Paul's "right hand man" during all of the Convention, as well as to the members of Writers' Unlimited of Chicago, who helped Paul to make this Convention a memorable one. Among these were Nona Spaeth, Alice Julian, Beatrice Dragin, and many others.

Highlights, besides the "Get Acquainted" session, were:

The Literary Tea, Thursday afternoon at the hotel, given by Paul E. Pross. We were served delicious punch and cake, while delegates read their own stories and poems. An inspiring talk by Bill Ellis added to the enjoyment of the afternoon.

Friday evening was "Drama" night - the entire evening's program again arranged by Paul. Another bright page to put into our memory books.

Unfortunately, I do not have Friday evening's "program" with me here at Washington Island, Wisconsin, where I am writing this "copy". A sudden "emergency" necessitated my coming up here a short time after returning from Chicago. Sorry that I cannot, at this time, go into details of Friday night's entertainment -- will try to do so next time.

I can, however, tell you this much -- both Irma Schmidt and Elizabeth (Bette) Reitci, our "Milwaukee singers" were enthusiastically received by a large audience. And, well they might be. Both of them have beautiful voices - and their choice of songs was excellent.

Thursday afternoon there was a "rubber-neck tour" of Chicago's north side. Those that took advantage of this opportunity learned much about Chicago "geography" as well as many interesting facts about its history.

Thursday evening a boat trip was scheduled. From all reports every one enjoyed the two hour excursion. Those that missed out on Thursday, took this trip on Saturday night after the Banquet. I, for one, never spent a more peaceful, cool and enjoyable two hours.

Saturday noon, the Grace Moss Weitman Memorial luncheon was enjoyed by the delegates. I am sure I speak for all present when I say THANK YOU, GRACE!

5 - JUL 21

July ********** *** C H A T T E R B O X *** ********** 1958

#524

Irma Reitci 1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee, Wis.

****

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

****

Hello Everyone!

To those of you who missed Chatterbox last month, and also to those who have written to me within the past few weeks and have NOT received an answer, I am offering this explanation: First- there was illness in my family which necessitated my "lending a hand" and left no time for other pursuits. Second - the above situation was no sooner in hand, when - three weeks ago - we had an extensive FIRE at my home. No one was injured, but property damage is considerable. All of us here, my parents, husband and myself haven't as yet quite recovered from the shock.

The fire was caused by a painter using a blow torch to remove old, loose paint from outside of house before applying two new coats of paint. Evidently they were careless about the use of the blow torch, for by the time the fire was discovered between the outside wall and the inside, it had had a big start.

So, lately, my time has been taken up escorting Contractors, Building Inspectors, elebtrical inspectors, etc. through the house, from basement to attic.

X-PN4827

Now our contractor tells us that the work of rebuilding will take approximately three weeks - so you can see where I'll be knee deep in carpenters, plasterers, electricians, painters, etc. till the minute before Convention Time.

HOWEVER - unless something New Happens to stop me, I still intend to be in Chicago for our Convention in July. I hope to be able to attend from the 23rd through the 27th.

How about YOU? I hope you are among those planning to be with us! Don't let ANYTHING prevent you from coming and having a wonderful time. From the minute you make up your mind to GO, you'll begin to feel the Excitement which is a part of every UAPA Convention. Meet old friends - make new ones - meet Pen Pals of long standing. (I am very excited about finally being able to meet FRANCES LOIS VAUGHN and KATHLEEN HALEY, who have promised to meet All of us in Chicago!)

PAUL E. PROSS, our Convention Chairman, has been busy planning various entertainment features for us - and this coming Convention promises to be The Best Ever - and ALSO one that will be Different from any previous one. So, no matter how many other Conventions you have attended, you've never been to one planned by Paul E. Pross!

Give yourself a very special TREAT - Come to Chciago - festiveties start on the 23rd - and won't end until the 27th!

Be seeing you in Chicago SOON!

****

What with so many things happening in my private life, I've been somewhat out of touch with UAPA "happenings" lately.

However, I understand that PAUL E. PROSS has accepted the nomination for UAPA President. I cannot think of a better young man to shape UAPA destiny for the coming year!

Bill Ellis has served us well and faithfully. He has not allowed illness or financial difficulties to interfere with his devotion to UAPA. He is now probably looking forward to a "breathing spell" and

X-PN4827
C
5 -MAR 12
Copy 1959
#525

"CROSBY CROONINGS"
January 1958

SPECIAL NEW YEAR GREETINGS TO ALL UAPA MEMBERS AND MOST ESPECIALLY TO
The Ten who sent me CHRISTMAS CARDS--THANK YOU!
The Fourteen EDITORS who contributed fine PROSE, POETRY and ART WORK
To the CHRISTMAS BUNDLE--CONGRATULATIONS!
The twenty-three who have BIRTHDAYS in January 1959--HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Now for my Paper which was too late for the December Bundle..... In November G. Edward Lind sent me a communication written by Lawton W. Luther, "a new amateur paper". Perhaps others have received copies. G. E. annexed his comment: "I think it is tops. How do you like it?" In response to that letter signed "Luke", I felt impelled to write down my reaction to it and let that be my contribution to the Bundle. The author refers to an item published by G. E. Lind in which he spoke of a sponsored program encouraging the effort for Peace in the world. The program was initiated by President Eisenhower in 1956, "people to people", to create understanding among the peoples of the earth. The President called attention to the necessity for "communication" between people. He apparently laid the suggestion at the door of the United Amateur Press Association.

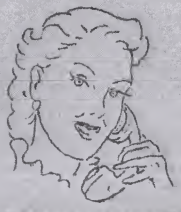
We have the tools for "communications"--let us use them,-and with this good slogan: "Pens and Presses for Peace". Also this one, "The Pen is mightier than the Sword". In regard to the President, let me say this: a military man and a General, called from his military career, to be President of the U. S. A! Just recall the objections to that! BUT, as President, he reacted violently against WAR,-you recall that, too. Had he shown a belligerent attitude, he could have launched our nation into a world war! Instead, he has been the chief means, under God, of keeping us out of war!

Be thankful! Recognize the fact for all it is worth and give all due credit! Then launch forth upon your own campaign for Peace. Let us all make sure that the attitude of peace in all directions dwells in our own hearts; that we settle our own personal combats with one another in a peaceful manner, following the "Prince of Peace" whose Birthday we have just celebrated. "Agree to disagree agreably." Be controlled, be tolerant.

Now for my own special reaction to that letter of "Luke's", as I grabbed pencil and paper to express my tumbling thoughts. "Voices! Voices! Voices! From all sides, calling for PEACE; for Integration; for Wild Life Preservation for the sake of the soil, and for the benefit of humanity; for the FIGHT against the hideously unceasing, relentless spread of ALCOHOLIC CONSUMPTION,-among MOTHERS, Hi-Schoolers, Adult Young Men and Fathers, in our land. Added to all this, the Voices calling for help in the fight against increasing numbers of diseases, and the multiple organizations sponsoring mental, moral, medical procedures for the help of the sick, hurt, orphaned, imprisoned and refugee peoples.

Here let mecall attention to the fact that there is ignorance, in general, of the great response to these Voices, by a certain Organization,-a Movement of Mercy by one of the largest Charitable Organizations there is on the earth! I speak of the CHURCH! Protestant, Catholic, Jewish. I would not presume to differentiate between them,

R576
APR 11
X-FN4827
.C



CHATTERBOX

Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

March
1958.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Hi Everybody!

I was glad to learn that some of you folks heeded my "scolding" about not enough members entering contests. At this writing, I now have entries from 16 members. If all goes well, I hope to be able to give you the results of this contest in next month's Chatterbox.

One member wrote me that this was her first attempt at writing fiction, but since I asked for more entries, she sat down and tried writing the beginning of a story. (For a first attempt, it was a very good one!) We need more of this kind of Spirit in UAPA!

****

I do hope you read last month's WHO SAYS SO. It is published by Norma Anne Kirkendall.

Among other things, she says "you can disagree with me if you want to." Be that as it may, I DO think, however, that her statement -- "...the reports from conventions which I have read about in AJ haven't really made conventions interesting or inviting to me. Maybe others feel the same way -- and that's why the same handful appear each time"-- deserves thought and consideration.

If YOU have any SPECIFIC ideas about improving conventions so that they will be more attractive to YOU, why keep those ideas to yourself? Why not let those in charge - either our President, or the Convention Chairman - know about your ideas so something can be DONE about them?

We would ALL like to see a larger attendance at Conventions, and I'm sure if any of you come up with Specific ideas of how to achieve this, it will be appreciated by all. (But, please, no meaningless generalities!).

Thank you!

Those of you who have written me how much you have enjoyed Rita Ritchie's THE YEAR OF THE HORSE, may be glad to learn that her second book, THE GOLDEN HAWKS OF GENGHIS KHAN has been chosen as a 1958 Fall selection by THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD.

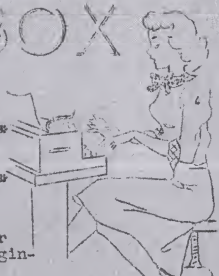
****

BLUSHING VIOLETS DEPT.

ANTHONY CAMA: Has sold 14 stories to top national Juvenile magazines. Recently sold two stories to American Red Cross News: La Festa (The Feast Day) and Chee Chee - the donkey that loved lemons.
He also won the Helen Miazza Honno Poetry Award for 1957 -- a silver loving cup.

5-MAY
Copy
A529
X-FN4827
.C 1

CHATTERBOX



Irma Reitci,
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

April
1958.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

Hello folks!

I know you'll all be happy to hear the results of my Short-Short story beginning, contest - and here they are:

FIRST PRIZE goes to RUTH GAVIN of Chicago for Thanks to a Dead Man.

SECOND PRIZE to EDYTHE M. CAMPBELL of St. Petersburg, Florida for Big Fish.

First Honorable Mention to DOROTHY C SCHRADER of Evansville, Wisconsin for The Blue Man.

Second Honorable Mention to WINONA MORRIS NATION of Midwest City, Oklahoma for Stars on the Street.

Congratulations to all the above. We are hoping that winning in this contest will be an incentive to more and more writing by these gifted people! Books will be mailed to the first and second prize winners soon.

MY deepest thanks, too, to ALL the folks who entered this contest. We all can't win, but we can all try. And I'd like to say here that all the entries were above average - even the judge (a former writing teacher) had trouble picking the honorable mentions- so not a one of you should feel down hearted for not winning this time -- there's always a next time, you know! Again, thank you!

THANKS TO A DEAD MAN (First Prize Winner) by Ruth Gavin.

Bill Matson from the Herald was there when they cut down the body. He'd overslept that morning, arriving at the precinct station just as the call for the pulmotor squad came in. But he'd been right behind the police sergeant and the medical examiner when they'd plodded up the three flights of stairs to the cheerless cell of a room - twelve hours too late.

He was aware of the prying eyes behind the half-closed doors which followed their progress. He heard the excited whispers. But part of his mind was still brooding over the few curt words in his wife's last letter: "We are all well. Thanks for your check. Mary." Nothing more. Not "Lovingly, Mary." Not "Yours, Mary." Just "Mary."

As soon as he crossed the threshold of the third-floor bedroom, his stomach turned queasy. A police reporter for the New York Tribune these eighteen months, and with a one-year hitch on Korea before that, he barely made it out of the room in time.

Judge's remark: I rate "Thanks to a Dead Man" first because it has all the essentials of a good opening. The Main character, with some details of identification and conflict, and time, place, and situation are presented in easily-read, interesting manner.

#528 X-FN4827 .C

CHICAGO MINIATURES



Contest! See page 4

APRIL - MAY
1958

U.A.P.A. and J.L.A.P.C.
PUBLICATION No. 18

THE MIDWEST SPRING
(Malayan Pantun)

My heart is calling for the Spring,
But I shall strongly bid it stay;
If snow and ice still firmly cling,
I shall not sweetly dream of May.

But I shall strongly bid it stay,
The song which springs within my heart.
I shall not sweetly dream of May,
Though all the tiny budlets start.

The season lifts the heart from pain.
If snow and ice still firmly cling
And clouds are dark with falling rain,
My heart is calling for the Spring.

-- NONA D. SPATH

****

"An open mind affords the opportunity of dropping a worth-while thought into it." -- Anon.

#529

5 JAN - 2 1958

CHICAGO MINIATURES

U.A.P.A. and J.L.A.P.C. PUBLICATION No. 16
Dec. 1957 Jan. 1958



X-PN4827
.C

GREETINGS OF THE SEASON

Dear Ajay Friends:
We wish you very happy holidays...This is the time when heart and hearth are warmed with good fellowship; may the cordial glow be a lasting one, twelve months over!

Alice -- Bea -- Harriet --
Lorraine -- Mary -- Nona

SOUND OF THE BELLS

Ring out, oh Christmas bells, once more,
As you have done each year
Since first that lowly stable door
Opened to hope and cheer.
Ring out, oh bells, reminding earth
Whose searchings never cease,
Not atoms, but a Saviour's birth
Is still the door to Peace.

LORRAINE GOOD

****

GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN,
LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY,
FOR JESUS, OUR SAVIOUR,
WAS BORN UPON THIS DAY.

-- Anon., Old Carol

#530 5 - MAR - 5
Copy 1958

"CROSBY CROONINGS" for January and February 1958

X-FN4827
C

Same old Sheet, same old Publisher,
With New Year Greetings a month old,-
I enter upon the New Year's race,
With old members,new,and yet untold.

-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-

In the tepid temperature and summery surroundings during this winter season, in Southern California, it is not too easy to trace the exact seasons, or months, even. It has been a bit over-done this winter, for even this semi-tropical State.

Such sunny skies, clear and blue, with greenery of trees, shrubs and grass; and the blooming of shrubs and many flowers,- Hibiscus, Camelias, Calla Lillies, small bulb flowers and Pansies, since masses of Mums ceased to be at their best; roses have continued blooming, but not profusely, and now are being pruned back.

There are Flowering Peach Trees, breaking into heavy, brilliant pink blooming; and Acacia Trees are covered with bright yellow, plumy blooms. Such floral splendor !

Of course, the temperature has been down to 40°, at night, and some places a bit lower. But during daytime, Old Sol just boosts it up to 60°, 70°, 80° and over, even to 90 plus in spots. In northern California, it is cooler and rainier. We have been feeling the need of rain, badly, of late, but just at the driest, a gentle rain began last week and continued for several days,-(about as LONG, as we THOT we could stand it). So much for weather.

Sad to say, the crop of colds and flu has been about the same as in other States — as freezing Florida, for instance; and people seem to have as much sickness in Calif. as in the rest of the country. But there

5-JUL 21

CHICAGO MINIATURES

June - July 1958



A United Amateur Press Assn.
Publication - also circulated
in JLAPC No. 19

Dear Ajay Friends:

Are you planning to attend the UAPA Convention, to be held here in Chicago, July 24th to 27th? Besides the immense personal pleasure each member and guest is bound to derive from meeting and greeting, A WELL ATTENDED CONVENTION can be a warm tribute to the organization as a whole, and to the people who have served faithfully as officers and in other Ajay capacities. DO COME AND HAVE A WONDERFUL TIME!

Alice Julian, Editor

INTO EACH GARDEN

Into each garden rain must fall
To make the flowers sweet,
And for each person, great or small,
To make his life complete
There must be pain to help him grow
Tall in another's needs;
There must be tears to help him sow
The richest of all seeds:
New understanding, truer love.
And where these flowers start,
Time will unfold the blossom of
Contentment for each heart.

-- LORRAINE GOOD



#533

5-JAN13
Copy ____ 1959

X-FN4827

.C

CHRISTMAS

GREETINGS

TO ALL

H534 X-PN4821 .C

OCEAN CITY

NEW JERSEY

5 -AUG 28 Copy 1959

America's Greatest Family Resort

BEST *FOR A VACATION FOR A LIFETIME*

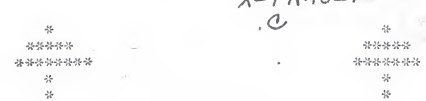
Not only is Ocean City the favorite family resort of a million summer visitors who find that long, sunny days, invigorating sea-air and a complete activity program take the puckers out of puzzled brows and renew tired bodies. But an increasing number of families have found Ocean City to be a most desirable place of permanent residence. Artesian wells, fathoms deep, have tapped virgin springs of marvelous water — cold, sweet, sparkling. The high moral standards, established by its founders and maintained by all city administrations, insure a wholesome environment, which, with excellent Schools, Churches of all denominations and a friendly people constitute an ideal Vacation Spot or Home City.

Ideally Located
Easily Accessible
Cultural Environment
A Distinctive Seaside Resort



DEPARTMENT OF
PUBLIC RELATIONS
CITY HALL

#535
X-PN4827
5



C H I P S

As little chips of wood fall
From a shattered tree,
May many bits of comfort
Soar out afar from me.
- editor-

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBL.
Helen Prodoehl, editor
9020 So. La Salle St.,
Chicago, Ill.
Nu. 4 December 1959

CAKES

Raincloudsdo not mean that sunlight
Not again will blend its glow
Through the sky or send its rays down
Even to the earth below,
See how swift they disappear in
Vastness of the waiting sky,
And how fast the clouds that follow
Into distance also fly.
Nothing here remains forever,
Time moves forward also, too...
Cares we may behold this moment,
Soon will fade far from our view.
- Helen Prodoehl -

S.E.Reporter,Chicago

****

X-PN4827
C

CHATTERBOX



October 1959.

Published by
Irma Rotici

1732 W. Walnut
Milwaukee 5,
Wisconsin

Hi Everybody!

First of all, I'd like to say that I am very sorry I was unable to keep the promise I made in the August issue. Circumstances over which I had no control, made it impossible for me to have a September issue of Chatterbox.

Now I find myself in the position of "yesterday's newspaper" in regard to Youngstown Convention news. It's no longer "news". The Man Says, and other Bundle papers have already given you an excellent picture of the past Convention, so there remains very little for me to add.

I do, however, want to say (and it cannot be said too often) that Eileen Fields did an exceptionally excellent job as Chairman of the Convention. She proved what one lone woman can do - if she puts her mind to it. Thank you again for everything, Eileen!

Also would like to mention that it was wonderful meeting these old friends once again: Maud Curtis, Fred and Betty Dyckman, Louis Gould, Orella Hallstead, Bill and Easter Ellis, Beatrice Winkler, Olive Roberts, Anne Wiesling, Eva Hartley, Kathleen Haley, Frances Lois Vaughn, and others whose names escape me at the moment.

Among the new friends we met, and hope to see again next year were: The charming Harriet Nicholson and her husband Osborne, Eileen Fields, Wilda Fowler, Marjory Stanley, Virginia Hann and our new President, Wilfried Myers and his beautiful daughter and wife. There were others we met briefly, but hope to get to know better next year in Ocean City.

Just one more thing before I say Farewell to the Youngstown Convention:

I'd like to say that I think that the Paul Pross innovation of a Presidential Citation is a magnificent idea. It might be a good thing for UAPA if this became a permanent feature. I, for one, very much appreciated the honor of receiving this Citation. I feel sure that other members who were honored this way, share my sentiments. Thank you, Paul.

And now the time has come to look FORWARD. July may seem to be a long way off - but really, it isn't. There's just enough time to make plans and start saving for that trip to Ocean City next year! Making plans to attend a UAPA Convention is half the fun of going - - so don't miss that part of the fun! And it's never too early to start a Convention Fund. So why not NOW?

Ask any of the folks who attended the last Convention whether it was worth "pinching pennies" to get to the Convention. They'll tell you it was worth "doing without" a few things in order to be able to meet, personally, the folks they knew through The Bundle or through correspondence. They'll also tell you about the FUN they had at the Convention.

I want to meet YOU. Others feel the same way, too. So how about a nice "get together" at Ocean City, N.J. next July? Be seeing you there!

X-PN4821
C
5 AUG 28
Cert 1950
#537

COLONIAN

"When a man has no opinion of his own, you have recognized a fool."—*C.F.*

Volume 1 ◆ July, 1959 ◆ Number 1

One Man's Opinion On

Flying Saucers And The Like

By Charles Fingerman

Flying Saucers

I have seen several varieties of flying saucers—some are shaped like a hamburger roll; some look like a flying ball point pen, and many of them resemble an ancient Mayan temple coursing through the atmosphere. One thing is true of all of them: They rush along at an incredible pace, as though they wish to reach nowhere ahead of time.

Is some hidden, unknown nation on earth making these strange planes? We cannot, as yet, believe that any known country possesses the ability to manufacture vehicles so unconventional in appearance and performance.

What are these flying saucers? Do they come from inside or outside the earth? Do they come from other planets of our Solar System? Or are they arriving from some distant galaxy? We do not know all the answers, but many of our scientists think these space ships fly without pilots. Other savants believe some living navigators have been found, and these visitors hae told us that they have come from Venus and Mars, as well as some globes that are not members of this Solar System. These flying saucers may be magnetically controlled; there may be beings who know much more about the various potentialities of magnetism, gravity, and electricity than the most enlightened of the terrestrials. If this is so, such knowledge should humble us, for we do not know as much as we think we do.

The True Significance of Flying Saucers

Few understand the true significance of flying saucers.

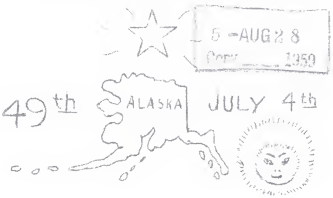
It is the author's firm belief that Bible history is being written right in our time, and that the coming of Space Man reveals the fact that The Third Testament will soon be a part of the other two portions of the Bible.

It is safe to say that strange sights portend a new era in the affairs of civilization, and that if we comprehend things clearly, little that is sinister will happen to us. Perhaps we are being warned to improve ourselves; perhaps we are being informed that our present civilization is somewhat

Turn to page three.

X-PN4827
.C
#538

CHICAGO MINIATURES



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSN. PUBLICATION

July - Sept. 1959 No. 24

LOVELY ILLUSION

You walk with me and earth's
a floating cloud.
You touch my hand and I
hear angels sigh.
The older folks with tolerance
smile and say
We both will tumble earthward
by and by.

-- ALOISE TRACY

in Boston Post

"Pleasant words are like a honeycomb, sweetness to the soul and health to the body." Proverbs 16:24

"Happiness makes up in height for what it lacks in length." Robert Frost

X-PN4827
.C
H537

CHIPS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS PUBLICATION.
Editor...Helen Prodehl
9926 So. La Salle St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Number 3. Sept. 1959

Dear Friends:

I would like to thank everyone for their very friendly letters welcoming "Chips." I will try to answer all of them in the future, when our vacation trips are over for the summer. We have been away to Cedar Lake, Ind., where my brother has a summer home in the "North Woods" of the area. What a wonderful experience it was to get up early at dawn when the trees placed dark shadows on the lake and then when the sun painted its glorious hues in the sky. I never tired of nature's beauty nor the silence that surrounded us all of the time. Now we will again take off for a few days to fill our minds with more of all this. I hope that everyone has had as much enjoyment out of this summer as we have. Thank you for the wonderful papers in the bundles. They are so inspiring and hold so much pleasure for me.

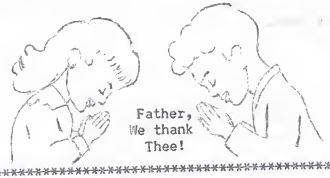
I would have loved to attend the Convention but could not manage that trip with all the other activities that we had planned. Hope to be able to attend another time.

-The editor.-

****

X-PN4827
.C
#540

CHICAGO MINIATURES



****
A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSN. PUBLICATION
****
Oct. - Dec. 1959 No. 25

"It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place."
Robert Louis Stevenson

WE DEDICATE THIS ISSUE TO CHILDREN

I LOOK FOR A CHILD

When thoughts become troubled and cares are great,
I look for a child to open the gate
With a face all smiling and full of joy.
Oh, it does not matter if girl or boy
Is drawn to the rescue in times like these;
When there is no end to life's miseries
And a magic carpet is somewhere, near,
I look for a child to make it appear.

-- LORRAINE GOOD

****

"Know you what it is to be a child?...It is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into

X- PN4827
.C

Chatter

No.8 De Land, Florida Nov. 1959

The Un-orthodox Printer

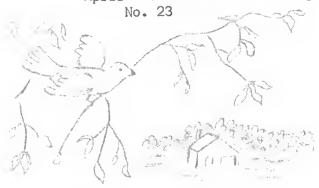
Dora Moitoret sent me an interesting card. She ended by stating that if she ever got to De Land, for me to watch out, as she would grab a stick and begin to set type. I'm afraid that she would be lost in my little shop. Nothing is arranged correctly.

When I first started printing as a hobby back in the early thirties I bought a 2½ by 3⅜ press from Sigwalt complete with a font of type etc. The box for the type was just a rectangular box with sliding lid and a lot of little square compartments. No instructions for distribution of type and no markings on the box. I marked the compartments with pencil in alphabetical order. As a child of six or seven I had learned the alphabet both forward and backward. In reverse the alphabet makes a kind of singsong rhyme. Try saying it over a few times with a

MAY 14 1959
Copy
H542
X-PN4827
.C

CHICAGO MINIATURES

April - June 1959
No. 23



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSN. PUBLICATION

MAY

May is laughter, pastel, gay,
In a finger-picked bouquet;
Windows sparkling in the sun,
Back yard gossip, front porch fun.

May is earth's green quilted vest,
Baby robins in a nest,
Meadowlarks in lush duet,
Wind, a sighing symphonette.

May is springtime courting June,
Garden, warm with afternoon;
It is Summer's favorite pup,
Stretching, yawning, waking up.

-- LORRAINE GOOD

****

GRACIOUSNESS

Graciousness in living
Is understanding, giving.

--ALOISE TRACY

#543

X-PN4827
.C

CHIPS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSN. PUBLICATION.

Editor - Helen Prodoehl
9026 So. La Salle St.
Chicago, Ill.

Number 1. July, 1959

Hello Friends:

This is my first attempt to publish a paper of my own, and I hope you will enjoy reading it. Have enjoyed all of the papers in the Bundles and hope that you will find something of interest in mine.

- H.P.-

******

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing.

- Benjamin Franklin -

Chips

As little chips of wood fall
From a shattered tree,
May many bits of comfort
Soar out afar from me.

- Helen Prodoehl *

X-PN4827
.C
$544
AUG 2 8

CHATTERBOX

JULY 1959

Published by
Irma Reitci ——— 1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Hi!

Sure wish ALL of you had been able to share in the pleasures and fun of the 1959 UAPA Convention at Youngstown, Ohio. It was one of the very best Conventions I've ever attended -- and I've been to a great many.

I know you want to hear all about this past Convention, and I'll try to give you a "picture" of some of the " doings" and of the folks who attended the 64th UAPA Convention.

But only on one condition: That you start planning to attend the next Convention at Ocean City, New Jersey next July! Why can't you be a part of the fun and good fellowship? Money? Very few of us are blessed with too much of that stuff, but we've found that with good planning (starting as of NOW), and foregoing some of the smaller pleasures during the year, we COULD attend the annual UAPA Conventions! And so can YOU! If you really want to come to Ocean City, start saving right NOW for the time of your life next July! I'm looking forward to meeting you and You and YOU!

However, before going into details about the Youngstown Convention, I'd like to hand out a few well deserved Bouquets:

The biggest one goes to Eileen Fields, Chairman of the Convention. This charming, soft spoken lady worked very hard during the past months to make the Convention the success it was. Personally, I especially want to thank her for arranging the Wednesday evening thater program for those of us who arrived early. It was indeed a rare treat to witness the performance of The Youngstown Players in Arthur Laurents' play, A Clearing in the Woods.

Our thanks too, to Wilfried Myers, our new President, and to Edward F. Daas, who so ably assisted Eileen in her huge task.

Also many thanks go to Anne Wiestling and Eva Hartley for the original and beautiful table decorations. Anne and Eva have become "regulars" at our Conventions, and we always look forward with a great deal of pleasure to saying "Hello" to these Wheeling "gals".

A Big Bouquet goes to each of the following:

Irma Schmidt of Milwaukee and Olive Roberts of Independence, Mo., who sang so beautifully for us.

Otto Anderson and Bea Winkler who so ably accompanied them.

Paul Pross, Jr., the Lone Performer, whose three readings moved us to both tears and laughter.

Wilda Fowler, Marjory Stanley and Bruce Whipple for their outstanding performance in the one act Skit written by Wilda.

A second Bouquet to Marjory Stanley for her inspiring and informative talk on Saturday evening.

And a very, specially fragrant Bouquet to Harriet Nicholson, both for her immensely interesting talk on Edna St. Vincent Millay, and her beautiful, inspired reading of Edna's poem, Renaissance.

A boutonniere also to Harriet's gallant husband who made us see that Ocean City was the Ideal place to go to for our 1960 Convention.

I will tell you more about the entertainment, etc. beginning next month, when I'll start a detailed, day to day, account of Convention "news".

X-PN4827
.C
MAY 14
Copy 1959

CHATTER

Published by,

Irma Reitci,
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

April 1959.

Hello Again Everyone!

Did You miss Chatterbox? Some of you nice people did, and wrote me about it. I want to Thank every one who took the trouble to let me know you wanted me to continue with Chatterbox.

Don't know how often I'll be able to make it, but will do my best to say "Hello" as often as possible.

A special Thank You also goes to those of you who were kind enough to drop me a line letting me know that you liked A Square Foot of Texas by Jack Ritchie (my son) in Good Housekeeping Magazine. Some of you even went so far as to tell the Editors about it. Haven't found the time to thank you via letters, but please believe me, I DO appreciate this favor.

Did you notice the New Look in our Bundles lately? It seems to me that new publications are appearing monthly. I consider this the best thing that's happened to UAPA for a long while! We need new Editors with new ideas! Welcome to the fold!

We want these new publications to continue to appear month after month, don't we? Well, then let's make sure! Let's each do our part in keeping these new Editors with us.

Everyone can't publish, but everyone can find time to write an occasional letter or card of appreciation. The individual publishers are spending time and money to bring you something which they hope will bring you pleasure and enjoyment. A few kind words from You will make them feel that it's all worth while. When there is no word of approval - or even disapproval - there isn't much point in publishing, now is there?

***

X-PN4827
.C
#546

G -AUG 2 8

C H I P S

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSN. PUBLICATION.
Editor - Helen Prodoehl
9926 So. La Salle St.
Chicago, Ill.
Number 2 Aug. 1959

The tree house

Watching the trees move as breeze ruffles the leaves up and d own, and the sun sprays them with its warmth, is a pastime that I always enjoy. It is in those moments that I wish I could have a little landing built up high on the branches where I could sit and feel close to the birds who inhabit them. I can remember when my father built us a place like that where we could play, with a ladder to the ground that could be moved upward if we so desired. When we played there we felt like modern Robinson Crusoes and we managed to keep very busy and happy there when the Missionary Circle met at our house and we were supposed to stay out of the way for a while. It was a haven for us and perhaps this was the reason why our father built it. Then, when the meeting was over we would scamper down and head for the kitchen to see if any food was left. The wonderful haven in the tree temporarily forgotten as the modern Robinson Crusoes foraged for food. - Editor

****

"He that can compose himself is wiser than he that composes books." - Benjamin Franklin



X-PN4827
C
H547

Christmas Greetings

5 -JAN- 4
1950
Copy

A TOAST TO YOU FOR CHRISTMAS

My best to you, the old friends and the new,
A Merry Christmas for each member too.
And when you trim the tree I shall be near
To drink with you a toast of Christmas cheer,
May all the dreams of friendship light the way
To many years together on this day.

Martha M. Clark

Dear Friends:

Can you remember way back when you went to school on a Monday morning, how long it seemed until the following week-end? But as you get into the "Golden Age" the months pass by faster than those five long week days of long ago. It seems just yesterday that I addressed you with my annual Greetings for a Merry Christmas, and here it is Christmas again. It is the time of the yesr when you remember all your friends, and I have been blessed with so many of them, thanks to the Lord. I am most grateful to all of you who remembered me during and after my illness, last Christmas, and on my birthday. Thank you and my best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Yaer!

Edward F. Daas

Hi Everybody!

Due to the many demands on my time, I find it impossible to publish a Chatterbox this month. Sorry!

I do NOT, however, want to miss wishing all my old and new UAPA friends, the happiest Holiday Saeson ever.

Therefore, I am joining Eddie Daas in sending you my sincere greetings!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR to each and every one of you!

Irma Reitci

PROPERTY OF THE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

X-PN4827
C
#548

5 -JAN- 4
Gov 1959

Chatter

No. 10 De Land, Florida Xmas 1959

A WARM AND FRIENDLY
WISH OF CHEER
FOR CHRISTMAS AND
THE COMING YEAR

Ray C. Stang

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



H. Armstrong Roberts

PN4827 .C #549

A Christmas Filigree

by

Winifred Lewis

5-JAN13
Copy 1959



H. Armstrong Roberts

A Christmas Filigree

by

Winifred Lemia

TN427
.L45
5-JAN 14
Copy 1959

"T I M E & T I D E"

Editors: MacLean and Nicholson
851 Seventh Street, Ocean City, N. J.
January 1959

Volume 1 January, 1959 Number 1

5-JAN 13
Copy 1959
4551
X-PM4827

OUR SEASHORE HOME

Are you seeking a location for *The Home*, Your *Dream Home*, which you have happily looked forward to when, from the rush and turmoil of years, you may be able to enjoy in a way which brings you peace of mind, enjoyment and contentment? If so, here is the answer.

Visit the delightful resort town of Ocean City, New Jersey, not only for a beneficial vacation for visitors, but from a year round standpoint.

As an example: Bess and Bill Higgins lived in a small town in the western part of Pennsylvania. From the time they married they toiled diligently with their small store, a regular Country store, selling everything from needles and pins to the essential items in a home and on the farm. Through their loving understanding that in order to reap happiness it was necessary to give happiness, their little store rapidly expanded to the increased demands of a growing community.

Naturally as the business increased, the demand on them increased, hence there seemed a need on their part for a vacation. Now the question - where can we go to fully enjoy the nice things and yet not be wearied too much.

They had been reading of the seashore and an article recalled to their memory a description of one just to their liking. Oh yes, Bill said to his wife, it was Ocean City, New Jersey.

X-PN4827
.C
5 -APR-
Copy
#552

Nina Hard Crosby, Editor, 1874 North Raymond, Pasadena 3, California

A LETTER FROM INDIA

I am writing a letter to tell you about a letter I received from India. It was from one of our UAPA members there, a native of India. His name is: Rammanlal Vadilal Shah.

He enclosed several sheets and folders advertising his writings and his business, and he wanted these to be circulated in the Bundle. But he did not realize that four or five leaves could not get into several hundred Bundles.

So I thought I would tell about him and his writings in an open letter, thus making it possible for them and him to be made known in each Bundle. Therefore, I am going to try to give a fair representation of his works, in order to give a welcome and a friendly feeling of acceptance among us.

I do not know how long he has been a member as I can't recall his name on the Roll. This is the first effort he has made, so far as I know, to make himself known.

As would be expected, he is a follower and student of Buddha. His writings show his sincere and deep study of many lines of thought connected with his religion. As a follower of the Christ of God, Creator and Redeemer of the universe, I cannot recommend the source of his teachings, but I recognize his right to them, and want to give a fair and open welcome to him as a human brother. There is much fine teaching in his writings which are highly recommended by other native Indians. He writes in English and desires correspondence with American members, so you can get in touch with him personally as you desire. He collects stamps, snap-shots, coins, paper money and articles of art.

I will quote his list of interests in writing: "literature, religions, Vedas, Upanishads, Bible, poetry, dramas, dances, spirituality, philosophy, mysticism, aesthetics, erotics, metaphysics, arts, psychology, occultism, atrology, palmistry, numerology, customs, cultural subjects, publications and business affairs."

Here are names of some of his books: Pourings of a Struggling Soul, Message of S'akuntala, Wife, and Reality of Life. Both Hinduism and Buddhism are considered in his writings.

He invites us to see him if we travel in India; also says he intends to visit the United States in the future. All I think I need to say further is that you may get in touch with him, if you desire, at this address: Rammanlal Vadilal Shah, Jain Society, Opp. Akhada, Ellisbridge, Ahmedabad-6, India.

We bid him welcome to our Association.

* * * * * * * * * * *

NOW! Altogether, "WELCOME" to the bran new members who came in with the New Year! ALL SEVEN OF YOU, WELCOME!

And what would be appropriate for those Old Former Members who have been resting and "roosting" out there in the sidelines for such a long spell? Whome we "Loved long since and lost awhile!" Return and be received back into our warm embrace! Maybe you've improved your writing style - and - maybe we have too! Come back and see. Got a lot of new material, too, in the Bundle.

Now I just can't get by without a smile and a salute and a good word for each publisher in the January Bundle. My personal remarks

X-PN4027
.C
Copy

Having given U A-ll P-erfect A-bsent treatment for several months, I am resuming my typewriter to send Greetings for Christmas, and some Comments on Papers. I would not let the Christmas Month pass without showing up,-I might be "ex-communicated". But I've been doing a lot of special things (between resting spells. You know all good music has "rests" as well as notes).

As a matter of fact, things are gettin' to be too much for the ole gal! Just too many things of all kinds need attention. So many sick and lonely and needy folk to be ministered to. Tryin' to keep up with the procession is too much! But I must get on with Comments!

Wish I could find one completely descriptive word to splash on my pages, for each Paper in the Bundle! For bright brevity! Also I wish, in passing, that I could properly describe most of our days' weather for the last couple of weeks of November. Indescribably beautiful! Glorious! Heavenly! Clear and shimmering light on every thing, especially the mountains near us; temperature just right. It is all something to be thankful for,-a little smog once in awhile but out-weighed by other things. Roses still blooming, and Mums in masses of all colors everywhere. Nature is out-doing herself along lines of pleasantness. Why must human nature make such a mess of its living and doing? Why aren't we more in love with the God Who made us and the world? And more obedient to His benevolent laws? Why not more helpful to those in need of some kind? Why are we not more cheerful and radiant? More understanding and broad-minded? (Answer or recipe elsewhere.)

My Comments on October and November papers are to be mostly on the newer papers and editors. You older, more familiar one, just remember all the good things I've said about you. Now if I succeed in getting all I shall try to say on one and a half pages, I'll be s'prised!

For October: ODDS AND ENDS--eight pages. A list of nine new members filled it full of running over with clever, intelligent, entertaining, humorous poetry and prose. From KITCHEN MECHANIC to Presidential Admiration: short personal letters, echoes from the Convention,-even some forwords for next year's Convention! And a get-acquainted paragraph from Preacher-Poet Owens, and an interesting, almost tragic story of a desert experience by him. Sympathy for the deaths of loved ones was a part of the Paper, in which we join. Welcome to the new members. We noted 18 Birthdays--shows they're still alive!

Introductions in WHO to Helena Blackman and Elsie Koenigk, whom we see have interesting biographies and one gave a good poem. May we see further evidence of their abilities. To the editor of BRANN FLAKES I want to again express my appreciation of that name for her Paper. Glad to have her finish the true story she started in her former issue, of her ambitious daughter's choice of and entrance upon a teaching career in South America. And we sympahized with the "true-blue gal" left behind, in loneliness. A most interesting story of the daughter's preparation for the trip.

LITTLE WONDER; sure enough, it was. Much in small space. Nice print. Vic, I guessed the Wonder Word just before the last clue. "Happisodes"--cute.

WHEELING IN THE NEWS! Such a group of fine writers of poetry and prose and Column "Windfall" under Paul Pross, very special project. Another KALIFORNIA KID has given five other Kids a chance to 'spress

X-PN4827
.C
#554

Child Security

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF CHILD SECURITY, INC.
The "Chevalier" of the "Unwanted Child"
1836 Cimarron Street, Los Angeles 19, California
"Love Is Security"

VOL. 7, NO. 3 AUTUMN-WINTER, 1960

5 FEB 6

The Good Start . . .

By Leonora Sill Ashton

A good start in school; in business; in art; in one of the professions —these and many others akin to them, are things which parents crave for their children. But what about a good start in life itself?

We have lately been reading some books by a learned jurist, Judge John Biggs, Jr., of Wilmington, Delaware. One of these works is in the form of a novel which portrays the fact that unfathomed reservoirs of primitive emotions underlie the conscious in human beings, and that emerging from these—even in the most carefully regulated and peaceful lives—shattering things may occur.

A second volume by this author, entitled "The Guilty Mind" is the published collection of a series of lectures on law and psychiatry which were delivered by Judge Biggs.

Here, in addition to delving into the primitive nature of man, he deals with the mysteries of mental disease, and the elements in the human mind which lead to acts of crime.

The profound thought and analysis contained in this book is lightened by the writer's hopeful look into the future, when he believes that psychiatry, hand in hand with law, may be used more and more effectively than it is now, in detering crime and "in treating and rehabilitating criminals."

As we read even these last, optimistic words however, the idea of the immeasurable distance stretching from our day to such a future of attainment; together with the immensity of the subject as a whole, loomed in such proportions in our mind, that we asked ourself; "In the concepts of dealing with crime, is there not a method of applying the truth of the ancient precept, that 'prevention is the better part of cure?' "

This question has been frequently asked, and there have been varied replies to it and constructive work done in consequence; but this time the answer was given us in the words of a story told by one man about another, in whom he was deeply interested.

The tale is a tragic but familiar one. It was the account of a boy criminal and his development into an adult one. There is no need of

X-PN4827
C

"CROSBY CROONINGS", Nina Hard Crosby, Editor,
1874 North Raymond, Pasadena 3, California
February 1960

#555

BUNDLE COMMENTS FOR DECEMBER

Just can't refrain from discussing the December Bundle, even behind hand, as you know I had no paper in January but this must be IT. I shall specialize on the new publications, with perhaps a word for a few older ones, at least a nod of recognition and appreciation for them.

WHO presented four new members,-very encouraging in number and quality of talent enumerated. We WELCOME this "Big Four". This is my personal "letter" to each and all the new members and papers in the Bundle.

LONE STAR SCRIPTS, glad to see again this youthful, active publication with its cheerful Greeting for Christmas and New Year; and for its messages by the President and Editor showing genuine interest in the UAPA membership and Bundles, and another year with us. Its poems show originality, variety, depth of thought, and good composition, with timeliness.

THE PRINTED WORD by Paul Benn,-something new and interesting in appearance. Truly a well-printed get-up, and an advertising agency of many ideas. Pretty little Christmas Card, too, from the Print Shop.

And now we greet our first publication from Alabama (or am I mistaken?). At least it is from that highly interesting Tuskegee Institute, hurrah! It honors Shut-ins. Has a good-looking frontispiece; is a neat looking printed folder with two distinctive poems inside,-fine! We are honored! And we welcome you, D'Edquard Freeman, editor.

CHATTER, a pretty, neat Red and Green front page, an entire folder. An Ad for Addition all the way through,-very informative for a useful article of use to writers and printers. Is that Chatter?

In FLORIDA FLOWERS we see "Hibiscus" one of two floral publications in the Bundle. Ray Stang introduces the attractive flowering bush of Florida which also grows in California. I have three bushes: one red and the other two pink,-blossoming all summer and into late Fall, even Winter. But ours were touched by frost last week when we had a cold spell start which stays on, but no more frost as yet.

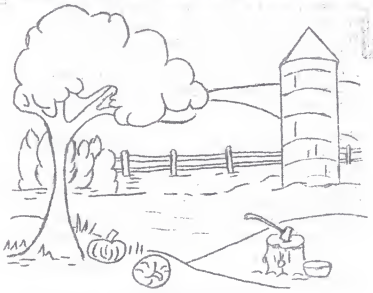
FLOWER LOVERS GUIDE, another of our versatile President's projects is a very complete small Floral Manual,-timely and interesting "Christmas Rose" on first page, a new flower to many perhaps. I salute our PRESIDENTIAL POINTERS, bristling in good suggestions for us! And his big job of personal letter writing to each member.

I must mention ODDS AND ENDS, too, because it was a fine issue with some new contributors' names,-salute to each! And George Crawford's Comments on the October Bundle did full justice to it and calls for Comments by me: thanks for my personal share in it. The whole was fresh, stimulating and encouraging; unique, cheerful and loyal to UAPA! Bless his heart as he recovers from his hospital experience and has to "take it very easy" for perhaps a long time.

BRANN FLAKES with milk and honey! Now didn't that new writer make something out of her name? A clever name for her publication "Brann new", too, as a flavor for the Bundle. A most intereating new experience told interestingly by "Mum" about her daughter. We anticipate the "to be continued". Welcome to BRANN FLAKES!

X-PN4827
.C
#556

CHICAGO MINIATURES



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSN. PUBLICATION
October - December 1960 No. 29

A SOUTHERN TWILIGHT

Gently the tall pine sways in the breeze,
Luringly humming a lullaby.
Coaxing the birds to come and swing
On her cradle boughs close to the sky.

Deep in the shadows the towhees lurk,
Timorous now in the autumn's reign.
Over the road, into the grass
Quail swiftly trip for the scattered grain.

Sun lifts its shaft-beams over the trees,
Twilight appears, and the evening blush
Mingles its gleams with the moon's bright
glow;
Day softly glides to its nightfall hush.

HARRIET ELEANOR WILLIAMS

X-PN4857
C
5
Copy

CROSBY CROONINGS FOR JUNE 1960 #55

WE SALUTE:

Two bran new publications, recent joiners, THE PENDULUM by Arthur Muller, artistic, attractive cover, quite an ambitious small magazine. THE ALBANIAN by Morris Gerber and David Olena, both Albany dwellers. Pictured Capitol building at Albany. The front page is rather dim. We can recall some of our own first efforts in publishing. We can expect improvement.

The galaxy of Co-operative publishers in ODDS AND ENDS, some older ones, and several of our lately acquired ones with smaller contributions, but none the less appreciated. Names: Sonia D., Rev. John H. O., Gertrude Van K., one of the Smiths (Delberta), Clarence S., Olive G., Eugene Percy G., Albert F. See if you can add their last names without looking!

The bright, new idea presented by Grady Graham in CAROLINA COMMENTARY. He appears in new form,-last month as CATAWBA WARRIOR. But his publication he directs entirely to last month's publishers. A clever trick and one worthy of imitation, occasionally. Grady seems to feel a bit like an "ill-lit"! Depreciated his writing sbility. Never mind, Grady, wait until you have associated with us BRILLAINT LITERARY LIGHTS awhile and you will become a bright "reflector",-but that is what you, Martha and I are doing when we comment thus on other editors. We should appreciate the use of your "limited energy" in produsing your papers by hand press. Even one sheet is better than none.

Special salute to the Nicholsons. A glad welcome back--we need you! We await your published work in the Bundle.

The new fresh , spring green on the front page of CHICAGO MINIATURES. Same fine quality inside as always.

The two issues of LONE STAR SCRIPTS,-those shining, youthf ul productions from the huge State that has received so much disconcerting attention from Mother Nature lately.

HONORABLE MENTION:

The two Farms we now have represented; FAIR WEATHER FARM in Illinois, by "A Part Time Wife"--we liked it and expect more,-and WEST WINDS FARM in Vermont,-beautiful looking production and good material.

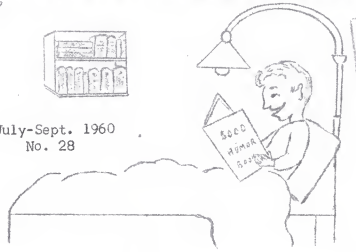
Letters and cards from the following, bearing pleasant commendations for my personal comments on theirs and other editors' papers. Ella Laufenberg, Emma D. Babcock, a late joiner and mother of six children who, it is not to be wondered at, thinks she can't manage a paper, mine, for one. E. Percy Grover another name, fine letter telling of his former frustration when writers' papers were not noticed and commended or otherwise,-he was for ten years a"rooster" on the fence of inactivity; Nellie Disney of Georgia sent me a note and a pleasingly decorated slip with a poem on it, "Easter Joy". I do appreciate any member's effort to write personal letters? These papers of mine, now, are my method of expressing interest.

WHO gives "portraits" of the new members,-Maud Strike, a Canadian; Peggy Mulder from right near me in California; Arthur Muller from New York, Bertha Mae Terwilliger from Indiana; Patricia Deacon from New Jersey and Percy Grover from Florida.All these show much promise of able participation.

Glad to note the second appearance of Tuskegee Institute writer, D'Edquard Freeman's PAINTED POETRY,-artistic in appearance and printed on fine paper. I will refer to Carolina Commentator's comments on it,

X-PN4527
.C
#558

CHICAGO MINIATURES



July-Sept. 1960
No. 28



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSN. PUBLICATION



HUMOR EDITION

Hello, Everybody!

From July to September (this issue's span) can cover a multitude of pleasant hours. What will you do in your leisure? Picnic? Hike? Visit people and places? Take time out for the good reading you promised yourself? - or for writing? Whatever you do, HAVE A HAPPY SUMMERTIME.



COUP DE GRACE

We exercise our lungs and feet,
And "exercising conscious," greet
A friend by shaking outstretched hand;
This is an EXERCISING land -
We exercise our right to vote,
To voice our thoughts, to also quote;
And may this be no idle rumor,
We exercise our SENSE OF HUMOR.

Alice Julian, Editor

JUN 1 1960
5 Copy

Chatter

X-P1V4837 C

No. 12 De Land, Florida, U.S.A. June, 1960

FARMING CAPERS

In England

T. M. PHILBIN

FARMERS IN BRITAIN have often been accused of lying on feather beds, feather beds provided by successive Governments (both Labour and Conservative). Talking to farmers today one gathers that the feather bed has been replaced by a wooden bunk. To some extent one feels sympathetic, yet you realize that farmers the world over grumble when it's wet (won't do the corn much good) and also when it is sunny (them potatoes will be shrivelled up). All the same, the "winds of change" have arrived in farming.

Agriculture is the largest employer of labour in Britain, surprising isn't it, and it is the only industry that has the prices of its products reduced by

X-PN4827
.C
#560

Nina Hard Crosby, Editor, 1874 North Raymond, Pasadena 3, Calif.

Listen! And you can hear the echoes from many of the World's Churches, of Easter Hymns: "Low in the grave He lay, Jesus our Saviour, Waiting the coming day, Jesus Our Lord. Up from the grave He arose with a mighty triumph o'er His foes." He arose a victor from the dark domain and He lives forever with His saints to reign.

After the mockery of the "Crown of Thorns", the suffering and death on a Roman cross, and a night spent in a sealed tomb,--"Came the triumphant rising from the dead and the reunion with His sad and discouraged disciples. Hallelulah! Christ Arose! And behold, He is alive forever more!"

****

How does this old world react to the fact of a living Lord? Does human life show the impact of "Love so amzing, so divine?" Some love and obey, all over the world. Others,- well let us see from some quoted words from our beloved, well-known, literary Belle Mooney: "While one group of the population is busy pushing more people into the gutter, there are other groups who are spending millions of dollars to rehabilitate them". We can use our own brains to figure that out.

And again she says: "In the varying degrees of angry indignation and amused tolerance which TV scandals aroused the "sleeping giant' is still the indifferent public. There seems to be only indifference to the endless stream of deceit and fraud that is poured into the homes by this marvelous medium which could so easily become an instrument of progress, blessing and education." Quotes.

****

But now what do we see in our Bundle to please and edify? One reaction to the "Hard Name" article in the February Bundle: Martha Williams very kindly sent clippings from the Vermont Newspaper of Rutland, a column written by the same Walter Hard spoken of in the article called "Hard Lines and Old Times". His picture was at the head of the column. I have thanked Martha for her thoughtfulness, personally. She gives us charming glimpses of Vermont life and scenery, and writes appreciatively of the Bundle writers. One of her poems was in the Rutland clippings.

I am constrained to praise the fine and notable poems of ELLISONIAN ECHOES by its editor, William Ellis, in the January and February issues: "Heartprints, Second Childhood, Enlightenment and Prosperity". Note, all of us, his repetition of the fact of hand-operated machine with which he prints ECHOES.

February WHO gives promising hints of new personalities in our UAPA membership and of more talents for the Bundle. Six new names,- one from California; the others from Michigan, Georgia and Washington. WELCOME! to you representatives of those States of the Union!

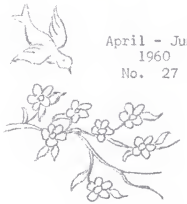
READIN', RITEN' might be able to tell me if I am ever to be a successful writer,-that is, if I am ever goin' to be able to boil down my wordiness, so it can be gotten onto a sheet without falling over the edges or rousin' Eddie to a terrible state of mind!

AMATEUR ASPIRATION, new and neat, a shiny sheep, pleasant and sweet. From Ohio by Florence Fry.

Ray Stang's folders from Florida with good guest poems, descriptions of De Land and Ray's "flowery remarks".

X-PN4827
.C
H561

CHICAGO MINIATURES



April - June
1960
No. 27



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSN. PUBLICATION

THE WAY TO SPRING

The way to Spring is hard and long
For those with dreams to fly.
They listen for the robin's song
And cast a wistful eye
Down every sleeping road they pass,
Hoping with each new day
One budding leaf, one sprout of grass
Will ease the lonesome way.

Through stumbling cold and blinding snow
They guard, like precious seed,
The dreams which faith will not let go--
So tender is their need.
The way to Spring, as I recall,
Is difficult but sure,
For as the robin conquers all
So shall our dreams endure.

LORRAINE GOOD

X-PN4827
C
#562

CHICAGO MINIATURES



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSN. PUBLICATION
Oct. - Dec. 1961 No. 33

Dear Ajay Friends and Other Readers:

Ever since we began co-publishing CHICAGO MINIATURES (first issue appearing in June 1955), I have thoroughly enjoyed my role as its editor. Now, due to lack of adequate time for pursuit of this hobby, I am signing off.

MY SINCERE THANKS to Aloise, Bea, Harriet, Lorraine, Mary and Nona for their wonderful co-operation; to all the folks whose commentaries on our amateur journal have given sweet encouragements along the way; and to U.A.P.A. for being an inspiring fraternity of Ajayers.

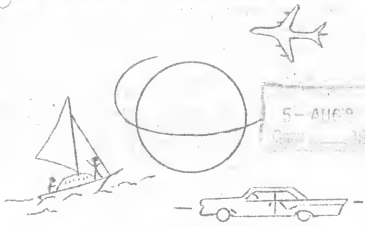
At present writing, no definite plans for the future of CHICAGO MINIATURES can be announced. There may be a reorganization of the co-publishers, and a new editor must materialize. If you have liked "C.M." (hope you did), start wishing for its continuation. Why not put the Thanksgiving wishbone to use?---Above all, have a blessed Thanksgiving, and the best-ever Holiday Season.

Alice Julian
Retiring Editor

LIBRARY OF THE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

X-PN4827
C

CHICAGO MINIATURES #563



5-AUG

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSN. PUBLICATION
July-Sept. 1961 No. 32
.....Vacation Number.....

THE TOURIST

From far across the ocean
She came to fill her heart
With such a world of beauty;
She snatched each precious part
Of loveliness to tuck away
For some far future date
When shadows follow everywhere,
And clouds obliterate.

So much to see, so much to do,
Her face was filled with awe;
I captured the excitement of
The treasured things she saw,
And in amazement I preceived
What long I failed to prize,
The mirrored beauty of a land
All in a stranger's eyes.

LORRAINE GOOD

X-PN4827
.C

Christopher Notes

No. 111 — April, 1961

Better Writing is Everybody's Business!

#564

5- MAY 1 61
COPY 1961

"Eddie, some day you are going to write a book, and I want one of the first copies!"

It was a pleasant but challenging shock for the talented but listless 10-year-old to hear this from his fourth grade teacher. While everybody else was telling him what *not* to do, she gave him a big and worthwhile goal.

Young Eddie took a new outlook on life and even tackled his homework with determination. The memory of that one teacher's confidence never left him.

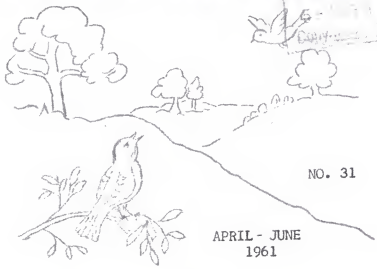
Eighteen years later, Eddie proudly handed his former teacher the first copy of his first book. Over the years, as other books and articles followed, his thoughts often went back to that challenging day.

Although this Chicago schoolteacher knew that she herself was not blessed with the talent to be a creative writer,

The Christophers
Father James Keller, M.M., Director
16 E. 48th St., New York 17, N.Y.

X-PN4827
.C H565

CHICAGO MINIATURES



NO. 31

APRIL - JUNE
1961

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSN. PUBLICATION

MOTHER EARTH

I shall look and I shall listen
As the earth reveals her story;
I shall watch the dewdrop glisten
Like a diamond in its glory.

I shall bend my ear to hearken
To the earth's voice under ground.
I shall watch the clouds that darken
All the sunlight shining 'round.

Mother Earth, Oh, give me comfort.
Let me grow upward from deep root,
As the tree grows tall and stalwart,
Ever bearing wholesome fruit.

NONA D. SPATH

X-PN4827
.C 35(

CROSBY CROONINGS February 1961
Nina Hard Crosby, Editor, 1874 North Raymond, Pasadena 3, Cal.

New Year Greetings and Blessings - even if the first month of 1961 is gone. And we hail February with its weight of greatness by way of famous past Presidents and others because of their contributions to America's great history. And we offer hopes and prayers that the youthful, purposeful new President may accomplish, "under God", a great and needed part in our country's destiny.

I here acknowledge the welcome Christmas Greetings sent by 17 members of UAPA - Thank you all!

And I must mention two notable cards received a little later. They were "Thank-yous". One was a surprise! Wonder if others received one like it, from Tuskegee Institute, and it pictured our friend D'Edquard Freeman, editor of PAINTED POETRY APPRECIATIONS. He has never mentioned the fact the picture showed - that he gets about in a wheel chair and that he belongs to the negro race. We hail his courage and effort to voice his deepest feelings in poetry and artistic form, thus taking his place among other people who have ambitions in the realm of writing. And we welcomeyou D'Edquard Freeman, as one of those others of your race who have overcome limitations and hindrances in their flight to places of distinction.

The other special communication came from the Creative Writing Club of Snyder, Texas. It expressed appreciation and gratitude for the "kind comments and interest" of this CROSBY CROONINGS, for their efforts in LONE STAR SCRIPTS.

I would like, also, to speak of the efforts of Paul Morgan to keep "ambulatory" by sending out special cards, labels, columns in several papers and special bits of writing here and there; also by circulating literature which is sent to him, and he writes letters, keeping in touch with many other shut-ins. He saw to it that I received a copy of a publication by and for Shut-ins, called "World Inside Shut-insClub." That is a very creditable and interesting publication of twenty pages. I saw several names of UAPA members as writers.

We have had a number of these praiseworthy publications which give us a glimpse down the by-ways and hi-ways of those whose lives are limited by handicaps but whose bravery is evident -Hi Flags of Courage Fly!

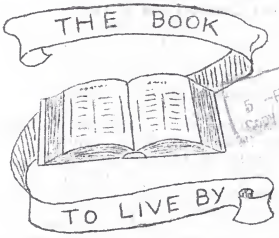
Right here let me join my words to those of all you others as we read BROOKSIE'S writeup of the passing of our dear, delightful and most remarkably talented Mary O'Connor, - poetess and authoress. I recall her words: "One does not necessarily need to be paralyzed from the neck up, just because paralyzed from the neck down." We weep over our loss and the thought of her as "The bravest of the brave". But she is the gainer in this change of status and I can hear her laughter there.

I note also the death of Hans Hoffman, editor of TUSCULUM, a Californian, but with whom I do not feel that I have become acquainted. He wrote a finely edited paper. Our sympathy to his wife.

I will mention only "specials" this time and hope to touch on all of them. I have received letters from Flora Rhoades, Nellie Disney and Kate Hallock, a past member now in California, and for a personal copy of Arthur Muller's PENDULUM, full of interest and art. "Wicks and wax" reminded me too, as it did Martha Williams, of my grandmother's candle mold, and of candles she made for us children.

#567

CHICAGO MINIATURES



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSN. PUBLICATION
January - March 1961 No. 30

Whatever our creed, this we shall know,
We must hearken to God, in grace to grow.

Alice Julian, Editor

****

THY LOVE

We sing about Thy love each day,
We think of it each time we pray;
But knowledge of it is so small
We scarcely comprehend at all.

(The Illinois Baptist) -- ALOISE TRACY

****

"Religion deals with both earth and heaven, both time and eternity. It seeks not only to integrate men with God, but to integrate men with men, and each man with himself."

-- Martin Luther King

PN4327
.C
H568

CROSBY CROONINGS for December 1961, the Christmas Month.

Nina Hard Crosby, Editor, 1873 North Raymond, Pasadena 3, California

The warmest feelings and thoughts spring forth at Christmas! Good will and good cheer abound, because the Author of those beneficent soul-attitudes comes anew each year to our hearts by way of Bethlehem. The glow and the spark of His giving can remain with all who seek and find Him.

This Christmas time my heart swells with deepest enthusiasm as I consider all the different ways in which followers of the Christ emphasize the reality of His appearance on this Planet No. 1, 1961 years ago. The story of His coming is not a pleasant and thrilling fairy tale but is as actual, factual and personal as "potatoes" (a near quote from someone else).

I would like to express myself regarding some papers in both September and October Bundles. Sophie Walbert wrote some years ago, so after the silence, her appearance and voice are welcome, in the same old guise of SYCAMORE. We corresponded a little. I think her poetry is exquisite. Her prose thoughts on the "Sycamore" are interesting, informative and pleasing.

Her offering of thoughts on the name "Amateur" were fresh, encouraging and welcome. There doesn't seem to be any word instead of it. It is quite like the word "religion". There seem to be so many types of thought and activity and experience covered by the word, and some folk object to the use of it, wishing for a more characteristic and expressive word. But after all, what other word is there to take its place of either one? We'll have to coin a new word for each of these.

I am much impressed by the three monthly offerings of Kathryn Vivian Keating, (since she is the daughter of her noble father, Wm. W. Ellis, I wish she might sign her name Kathryn or Vivian Ellis Keating). I am deeply plegged and also astonished at the spiritual depth of this young woman's writing. Her folders are distinctive. Her poem "Pen In His Hand" was very novel in thought, and intensely meaningful. All are beautifully written.

The Bundles of late have been full of variety and novel forms and ideas. Glad to see the new interest by new members, as well as the unfailing quality and inspiration of long-time members and writers.

I see in Kathryn Keating's writings an intense and challenging urge to accept the Star-lit Bethlehem scene as the center of all Christmas celebration, and joyous living throughout the years. I join her and all others in heart-warming wishes for a truly Merry Christmas, for "A merry heart doeth good like medicine."

I salute BUNDLE CHUMS and all editorial friends.

Nina Hard Crosby

GOD BLESS YOUR CHRISTMAS

Christmas is here that happy day
Which heralds the Christ Child's birth
Bringing again "Good Will To Men"
And a hope for "PEACE ON EARTH"
May it gladden your home
And lighten your care
Is my loving wish
And my constant prayer.

Harriet Nicholson

PROPERTY OF THE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

PN4827
.C
#569

CROSBY CROONINGS

A united Amateur Press Association Publication edited by Nina Hard Crosby, 1874 North Raymond, Pasadena 3, California.

"Croonings" - of echoes from Christmas! I still hear them! It takes a long time for their exhilerating effect to cease,-and even then I am sure that the effects only sink in more deeply and permanently.

So I cannot refrain from mentioning the bright. colorful, artistic dress-up of the Christmas "Bundle Chums", even though I am a month late,-have "you-alls" lost interest? The Bundle reached me so late that I have only of late succeeded in reading all the papers.

Mary Frame showed up in her annual diminutive but lovely folder with its one effective, significant little poem, well written. MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION unusually beautiful with artistic touches. Its significant write-up on "Christmas and the Ordinary Man" or "Joseph, the Forgotten Man of Christmas" by the editor, and his prize-winning poem "Three Christmas Candles", formed a lovely Candelabra of Christmas thoughts, as well as an artistic decoration for the page. "Four Stars" in the modern poetic form added interest and attractiveness to the folder.

Wm. Wallace Ellis appeared in brilliant red apparel, with three white candles, the open book and the decorative touches of greenery. His usually effective poetry on different phases of Christmas, aided and abetted byfour poets. An effective appearing folder with one big poem of Christmas sentiments by Martha Clark was Eddie Daas' warm-hearted greeting to all! Marjorie B. Smith voiced her special Greetings and her thanks to all editors for an interesting year in the UAPS. A poem by herself and one by Gladys Tompkins, were both pleasing and meaningful. Kathryn Keating was remarkable for her realistic, down-to-earth appeal of the Christ of Christmas, in the everyday-life and experience of all who accept Him. The cool, exhilerating breath from Vermont via GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER, wafted to us bits of poetry, original, and by other members, and the wee-bit of human interest in her story of the Polish family given a warm reception in her hospitable community. She always manages a terse bit about each editor's paper, too.

But,-halt! What do you think California weather is doing right now,-with 42 degree temperature? Rain was falling, then the sun broke through, and suddenly snow flakes were actually falling for about a minute! I ran to the door, and in pure ecstazy, I let out a cry of of wonder and joy! I probably would not react that way were I in Colorado or any of the mid-west! (That's an interlude!)

ODDS AND ENDS was a bit like a Christmas Tree, decorated by Seven Stars,-Margaret Lohr, brightly shining right out in center Front, with her "Christmas Festival". Thome Henricks and Mable Guthrie gave a double-lighted effect on the newly organized 'Bama Writers Club in Birmingham, Alabama. They will affiliate with UAPA! So, with so much light added, we'll shine! But I note a SHADOW falling, as Pearle Hall relates her unfortunate situation after surgery. She will need the light of our smiles and encouraging words to "brighten the corner where she is."

Thanks beamed forth as Anna Berg recognized a much-signed Birthday card from we know where; she too, was in shadow,-of a sanatorium, but she had memories of the July Chicago Convention, as well as the

X-PN 4827
C

#570



CHATTERBOX



Published by
Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Folks, did you ever have a week where just EVERYTHING happened to you? I did!

I suppose most of you know that Wm. Campbell Gault was awarded the famous "Edgar" (equivalent to a movie Oscar) at a dinner in New York City recently,for his book Don't Cry For Me,a detective story. I have been an avid reader of Mr. Gault's stories for some time, so you can imagine how thrilled I was when I met him in person a few days after he received the award. I found him to be a very modest and likeable man, and the "hints" on writing he gave to a group of us, very helpful. He admitted that writing as a Hobby can be a lot of fun, and very satisfying. But for those who were looking for a "royal road" to professional writing success, he had, alas, only the old formula: "Write and Write and Write!" He said that if you write every day, whether you are in the mood, or feel "inspired", and set yourself a "word goal" (his is 1,000 words per day.) you're bound to succeed eventually. For, as he said, "No writer ever sold a word he didn't put on paper". And did you ever wonder what makes a "teen age" story? Here's Mr. Gault's definition: "A teen age" story is a pulp story, minus murder and sex." You may not agree, but it's a thought provoking statement, isn't it?

I had no sooner "calmed down" about meeting Mr. Gault, when a breeze from the Windy City blew Paul E. Pross, Jr. and his director Otto Anderson (as charming a young man as you'd ever want to meet!) over to my home for a week end. Paul's coming was an especially wonderful surprise as he's been a bit "miffed" with me lately. (And for a good reason!) I had accepted an invitation from him to come down to Chicago for a "critics" only, performance, but at the last moment found I couldn't make it. What I hadn't known was that this was to have been a "Surprise Party for Irma." As you can see, the "surprise" was on Paul. No Irma. But, I do expect to attend Paul's next performance on May 21st, at the Pine Room, Hotel Allerton. Any of you folks in or near Chicago, would do well to get your tickets as soon as possible. A Paul E. Pross, Lone Performer production, is in a class by itself. It is an exciting and never to be forgotten experience. I'll be there. How about you?

NOTE TO THOSE PLANNING TO COME TO OUR CONVENTION: Paul has promised me he'll come to our Pabst Blue Ribbon Hall affair on Thursday evening, and give us a short Solo Drama. Just one more good reason why you should attend our Convention in Milwaukee.

And while I'm on the subject, here's another treat in store for the United delegates:

5 - MAY - 1
Copy ____ 1958
#571

Letters and Cards are hand-clasps across the miles.

VFN4827
.G

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHIMES

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME 7 APRIL 1958 NUMBER 4

MARTHA LOCKIE WILLIAMS, EDITOR- "DEW KISSED FARM" WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHEERIO! Happy Springtime to all!

APRIL JOY

When Spring came struggling in
And on a Friday too, you know;
In Vermont the sugar maples win
Over big problem of deep snow.
Reports say better sugar content
Farmers expected joy, this year
Higher than usual 2 3/4 per cent
On pancakes...maple syrup cheer.

M.L.W.

Along the highways, in the maple groves pails hang sometimes four around a tree, while banks of snow still cling underneath. But the problem is how to gather the brimming pails of sap. In many places the old-fashioned oxen had to take the place of the modern tractor. And snap-shots were taken and compared to the same pictures of years ago. However, many get-to-gether sugaring-off parties are held as I write. And one who has not enjoyed that treat has missed a treasured memory.

And still another "home made" treat to pass along in this synthetic age. Here in the town of Middlebury a man has built up a reputation and big demand for his entire-wheat loaves of bread. Made from grain raised on the farm and freshly ground wheat flour. Harvested in August that was planted in specially fertilized soil the preceding September, staying in the ground through the winter. And when the kernels are ripe hang heavy and golden on the stalks, then cleaned and ground only as needed, to be absolutely fresh to give extra texture to the finished bread and rolls. But its chief attraction is flavor. Sample it when you come this way.

M.L.W.

WEST WINDS FARM

Every day on this New England Farm
Holds more joys than 5th Ave charm.
From sunrise to the close of day
Are new demands, come what may.
Patient animals with each daily need
Expectant faces with mouths to feed.
And all but talk as they appreciate
Or friendly stroke of kindness take.

M.L.W.

Thank you for the many beautiful Birthday Greetings and Easter Cards.

X-FAN827
.M
#572



THE MAD SAYS

5 DEC 6 1957
Copy

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

November 1957

MY LIFE--IN A NUTSHELL

I try
to satisfy
the editors' peculiar taste
but scripts come back--post haste.
"Not bad," writes he
"but not for me."
Ideas come, ideas go
I add to them--watch them grow.
Here it is--my very best
bound to pass the toughest test!
After all that grief
I sigh with relief.
The days drag by slowly
--I dehydrate wholly.
It comes back--eventually,
another catastrophy!
I try not to be sorry
over the death of my story--
yet I weep,
can't sleep.
Sheer desperation--
--an inspiration!
This is IT
I CAN'T quit!
I just try--
to satisfy.

Agnes Staudy

* * * * *

THE OCTOBER MEETING

The 192nd meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club was held October 26th at the home of Cel Meiser. Our usual social hour was spent not only in talking,, but as we waited for everyone to arrive, we walked thru Cel's home, enjoying the souvenirs and family heirlooms she brought back from France and her European trip.

Much as we enjoyed and admired everything, something was definitely lacking, for Eddie had not been picked up at his corner by Ella, and Irma had arrived without him also. We would not start without him and were so glad at last to hear the doorbell ring.

He had waited on one corner for Ella all right but she had waited just a block away from him. We know that it is all straightened out by now. (Mea culpa!) The important thing was, he arrived after all.

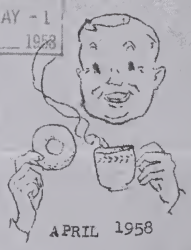
When we began our meeting we found that our President Eddie had resigned that position. But since we would not accept his resignation, happily for us, he is kept at this post.

Margaret Larson read a re-write of her children's story, "Cindy's Robin" in her usual pleasant manner and told us that the incident had happened to her as a child. Irma Reitci read her story of "The Calypso Kid" which had just won 46th place in the Writer's Digest contest and told us of the prize she had received.

Since there were no other papers Cel brought out the slides of her European trip. We FLASHED through France and up the valley of the Rhine with its fairy-tale like castles, into Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Italy. The slides

X-FN4827
M
#571
6 - MAY - 1
Copy 1958

THE HAM-GAYS



APRIL 1958

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

UNDOUBTEDLY

No matter how strong we are
Or what great heights we climb
There is a limitation.....
The inevitable.....Time!

AN UNFORGATTABLE EVENT

An unforgettable event was the 197th meeting of the M.A.P.C. at the home of Ethel Boehme on March 22nd. The theatre party at the Miller had to be called off on account of the sudden closing of the theatre. However, the rest os the planned program was carried out. There were twenty-four at the dinner including Paul Proas and Otto Anderson who came up from Chicago and Louis Brechler from Madison. Only two of our members were absent. Before our arrival, Ethel and Bertha Mason,her co-hostess had set the four tables. When all had arrived and we were ready to sit down, it seemed that nearly all the men were going to be at the large table in the living room, so modestly (?) George and I hid ourselves at a small table in the farthest corner but not until after we had inveigled Marian and Shirley to join us. Here we sat speaking quietly (?) and laughing occasionally (?) while we were enjoying the delicious dinner Ethel and Bertha were serving. Louis helped them too, and my coffee cup never remained empty for long. We laughed so much at our table that I hardly remember what we had. I do know that there was a turkey casserole, home-made rolls, relishes and four or five jello molds,all different kinds and flavors. As many took second helpings, I am sure they all enjoyed the dinner as much as I. And when the dessert was served there were many ahs and ohs? It was some sort of crunchy apple cake with whipped cream and was so delicious that the gals forgot their diet rules. There was so much jabbering and laughing at the other tables, I presume they had a good time too. If they did not, they were good actors! Not a long face in the bunch. Thanks to Ethel and Bertha for an evening of laughter, eats and a good program!

X-FN4827
MAY 1 1958
Copy

ODDS AND ENDS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CO-OPERATIVE PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Publishor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Number Forty-Seven

April 1958

The Co-operative publishers of this issue are:
Alice Julian, 4203 North Winchester Avenue, Chicago 13, Illinois
Sonia Davis, 322 South Berendo Street, Los Angeles 5, California
Luella B. Goodrich, 5252 Middlebranch Road, Canton 5, Ohio
Winnifred Clark Tobey, Lock Box 43, Belding, Michigan

You too, may become a co-operative publisher of this paper. The cost is $2.00 per page or a dollar for a half page or less. Here you have an opportunity of getting your writing published quickly at a small cost. You may also become a co-operative publisher by contributing financially to the cost of the paper without sending a manuscript. We have many unpublished manuscripts on hand waiting for a sponsor.

TO A WOMAN ON A LADDER

Seek wonder past those walls,
O neophite,
Let fancy takes its flight;
Deport
The spirit, whilst your body
holds the fort
Where brushes, mops and
dusty sills
Spitfire with annoying ills.
An angel is the better half
Of every woman. Gather moon-
beams, laugh;
To stars, up, up the paint-
specked ladder climb,
Housecleaning time...
But take care, don't botch
the wall,
Or fall!

Alice Julian

* * * * *

A GOOD IDEA

To make our "outer" life
As great as "inner" dream
That is a true desire
Make our ideals to gleam.
That is what we really want
And that is so worth while;
We have the power to do it,
It is easy as a smile.

Ella B. Dixon

EASTER

Thinking of the Lenton season
Takes one back to Galilee.
Surely one may ask the question,
What does Easter mean to me?

Some have gone that were our loved
ones,
Neighbors, friends, that used to be.
Shall we meet them in the future?
Is this what Easter means to me?

In the joy of heavenly glory
With a heart that's satisfied?
Answer comes: "Meet your Redeemer"
When at last your Eastertide.

Ella Bartlett Dixon

* * * * *

APPRAISAL

What value to hearts never bound,
Holds the meaning of joyous release?
What value to hearts never stormed,
Is the gift of a lasting peace?

Ella Mae Forrest

BUDS OF FRIENDSHIP

Let us scatter buds of friendship
Hearts are starving for a lift;
Silver words and precious handclasps
Make a long-remembered gift.

Eva R. Hartley

X-PN4827

5 - AUG 10
Copy 1955

Smoky Reflections

#515

Fort Johnson, N. Y. : : June 12, 1955



Being the account of wanderings
of an itinerant type-scrambler
deserting the Naugatuck River
to go cruising down the Mohawk

5 - MAY - 1 1958
X-FN4827
.U
#576

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WHEELING IN THE NEWS
THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ISSUE
MARCH-APRIL, 1958

Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

Ann S. Wiestling
1440 National Road
Wheeling, West Virginia

Please send a note or card to: Miss Betty M. Tousch, 3259 Madera Avenue, Oakland 19, California. She is ill at this writing and suffering much pain. Some of her poetry has appeared in our columns from time to time.

THE HEART IS FOND OF LOVELY THINGS

The heart is fond of lovely things:
The silken burst of primrose bloom,
The pondweed in her crystal room,
The grass-lipped brook where bluebell rings,

A hillside brushed with flowering pear,
The spicy breath of furrowed soil,
The roots of trees which thirst and coil,
Sunbeams stepping everywhere.

The heart is fond of lovely things:
The catkins greening in the glen,
The south wind humming to the wren
And life, within this breast, which sings.

--Eva R. Hartley

RURAL PASTOR

Betty K. Dyckman

In disillusioned lives he sows
Both words and deeds; then faith-wheat grows
Through clods of hopelessness and dread,
To feed starved souls with loveoed bread.

TREES AWAKE

The trees awake today
The maple's winter gloves
Become a singing spray
Of green which summer loves.

Beneath the poplar eaves
The squirrels multiply,
Insects embroider leaves
And scorn the red-bird's eye.

Violets dance to spring,
Fern banners are uncurled,
White dogwood buds take wing
To host God's green-swept world.

--Eva R. Hartley

MARCH PARADOX

The sky was blue, October's counterpart,
And snow that fell all through the dark was white
As winter; trees and branches mocked midnight - - -
While there was sun to please a summer heart.
These sights and signs were silhouetted art
Against a towering chimney, red and bright,
Against a distant hill's gray-blue delight; - - -
Reflections of a year form this month's chart.

So like a child is March, both whimsical
And passionate; and fickle is each day
Like any child whose interest is misled
By each fresh sight that's seen, though trivial;
With faintest whiff of violet nosegay
All winter's treasures are discredited.

--Ann S. Wiestling

IMMORTALITY

The gaunt, dead tree
High on a hill top
Is stark against the burning sunset,
Stark against the polished moon
With great arms still, unyielding
Against the wind
Or lost in thunderstorm's black night.
Spring garnishes all the world, but you -

Unchanging, serene, dead.
Where is your immortality?
Since God is your life - - -
And mine for all eternity - - -
Where have you gone, I ask,
Where have you gone to
Meet anew the Spring?

-- Ann S. Wiestling

5 - MAY - 1
Copy 1958

NAPA27
W
#577

W-40

February 1958

Number Ninety

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace Moss Weitman, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York



SCHUMANN SYMPHONY

A purple spill of tones engulfs the night,
From whence majestic scarlet chords arise
Till sweep of white notes in a sinking light,
Rears great night rainbows over ebon skies.
Sad passages sob on the violins,
Where wailing waves of man's emotions roll,
As kettle-drum and cymbal-clash begins
To flood with hope, the moat around the soul.
Some phrases bring caressing tenderness,
Some conjre fantasy and fact alike,
And some are ruthless with a wild excess,
When golden lances of the brasses strike.
Here Schumann's genius makes his score deploy
The ghosts of youth, grief and unbounded joy.

Edward McNamee

* * * * *

Ronald H. Julian, 4203 North Winchester Avenue, Chicago 13, Illinois. Born June 21, 1937 in Chicago. Single. Is a sophomore at the University of Wisconsin. Winter address: 615 North Henry Street, Madison, Wisconsin. Is Treasurer of his fraternity, Lambda Chi Alpha. Was sports and editorial writer for his High School (1953-55). Loves sports and won a trip to the World's Series in 1949 for an essay about base-ball. Was President of his Key Club in High School, the club which originated and helped promote the first Chicago Youth Rally in 1955. Besides sports his chief interest is music. He plays the piano, clarinet and saxophone. The latter in his fraternity's Dixieland Band.

Grace E. Skinner, 3 Maynard Place, Worcester 2, Massachusetts. Birthday is August 19th. Single. She writes: "In regard to hobbies, having worked all my life I never had much time to indulge in any with the exception of poetry and contests which I always liked. I have won numerous prizes from food to quite a few books. Have had about a hundred poems published in small magazines, quite a few of them now out of print; also wrote many for The Boston Post now too, having ceased publication. I sold greeting card verse to Hallmark and verse to The New England Homestead. I certainly enjoy the Bundle each month and have corresponded with quite a few of the members."

5-MAY-
Com
X-FN4827
Y
4578

YOURS TRULY

THE ROCKFORD WRITERS' GUILD

Vol. 9 No. 5 Howard W. White, Ed., 423 Rome Ave., Rockford, Ill. Mar., 1958.

SPRING





The Alder is like a bewitching girl
Taking down her hair from confining pins,
  Shaking a misty, golden curl.
The Pussy Willows all look fat and sleek
From their long hibernating near the creek.
  The Tulips face the cool of March
In dresses colored by the artist Spring.
The Crocus peers from the shelter of her
Warm, green coat, richly furred about her throat.
  Traces are found of Violets,
Scarlet Hepaticas in sheltered place.
These things foretell the passing of Winter,
  That life is going very well.
--Mita Robinson

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The regular monthly program meeting of the Rockford Writers' Guild will be held on Monday, March 17, from 7:00 to 9:00 P. M., in the main library on N. Wyman Street. The meeting will be held as usual in one of the conference rooms. Please check at the desk for directions. Our speaker of the evening will be Mr. Hugh Argraves, who will give a reading of his own poetry. He will also talk about poets he has met; Among these are T. S. Eliot and Gertrude Stein. Mr. Argraves is the only one whose name appeared last year in "Who's Who in Poetry." He recently received a letter from Gov. Harriman of New York stating that he was being considered as Poet Laureate of that State.

The Rockford Writers' Guild Radio Broadcast is scheduled, as usual, for the last Thursday of March (27th) at 8:30 P. M. Watch the papers for any notice of change in schedule. The Broadcast will be prepared and given by Mrs. Robert Strong and Miss Vera Dell Jacobson. We were all saddened by the recent death of our Radio Chairman, Mrs. Robert Ditzler, the former Virginia Waldecker. This broadcast will be dedicated to Virginia and given in her honor.

The Poetry Roundtable continues to meet every Monday night in the library. If you would like to take advantage of these workshop discussions, come bringing your poetry for criticism. Mrs. Evelyn Boettcher is in charge of these meetings.

APRIL

April, why is your visit so brief?
And why do you turn
Each flower and leaf
Precisely, just so,
As if you, in your wisdom
And only you, know
How to create a scent
Forgetable only when
May comes with flowers
That you brought about
With sudden, warm showers.
--Mrs. Perry French.

SACK THE SACK

Paris fashions are off the track:
Models in chemise or sack
Seem on the march, (could be I'm a cynic)
Bound for some maternity clinic.
--Rose Kellogg.

HEREDITY

When Sandy MacTavish had swallowed two bits
The doctor arrived in good time,
But Sandy's poor mother had forty-nine fits
When Sandy disgorged but a dime.
--Malcolm McFadyen.